

POEMS FOR YOUTH

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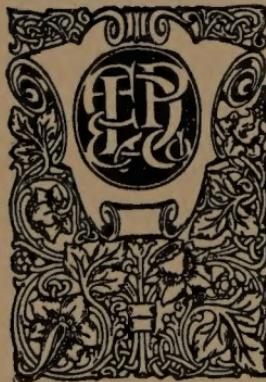
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POEMS FOR YOUTH

An American Anthology

COMPILED BY

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT



NEW YORK

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PREFACE

The primary purpose of this book is to furnish to the American youth of this country, not an entirely comprehensive series of selections from the work of all the American poets of any distinction who have ever written, but, on the other hand, a compendious selection of a certain portion of the best work that has been done in the field of American poetry. The compiler must at once disclaim comprehensiveness for the following reasons.

First, the intention of the editor of the book has been, in so far as proved possible, to select its contents with distinct reference to the understandings of average young people in their late teens and early twenties. Their predilections and chief interests have received consideration. Hence, among the voluminous poetry and verse being written by modern poets, the effort has been to avoid work too subtle, too highly intellectualized, or too entirely experimental. The endeavor has been to include only poems of comparatively simple and direct appeal. In the case of a few poets, old and new, this condition has rendered absolute consistency peculiarly difficult. Emerson's "Uriel" has been included and all of T. S. Eliot's poetry has been omitted. There is no question but that the full meaning of "Uriel" is as far in advance of the average young person's understanding as is the full allusive and ironic force of T. S. Eliot's best poetry, nor is there any question that Mr. Eliot is one of the foremost American poets now living. The attitude that has been taken is simply this. It was a funda-

mental necessity of this particular compilation that work of Emerson's should be included, to preserve the historic sequence of the best American poetry, and, in the opinion of the compiler, a reading of any of Emerson's poetry without a reading of "Uriel," whether or not "Uriel" could be completely comprehended, would be like a knowledge of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. This is also true of Emerson's "Brahma," which has likewise been included. No such historical necessity applies as yet to the work of Mr. Eliot, inasmuch as that work is distinctly contemporaneous. He and a few other poets of the present, the bulk of whose work is in presenting the emotions of highly intellectual and subtle temperaments, will eventually take their places in academic categories—not that this has anything whatever to do with the merits of their poetry—but in this particular compilation it was necessary to bear such categories in mind. At present Eliot, H. D. (the wife of Richard Aldington, the English poet), Ezra Pound, and a few others, remain in their best work poets for distinctly mature audiences. From other modern poets to some of whose work the same characterization might apply, selections have been made that illustrate other virtues of theirs—those of simplicity and directness—and are thought to appeal in some special wise to the apprehension of youth. Modern American poetry is at the present moment particularly full of intellectual and temperamental puzzles, which we have not thought germane to this particular volume.

Second, the compiler must particularly regret the exclusion of the work of Edgar Lee Masters, not for any of the above reasons but because such is Mr. Masters' express wish and recent definite general policy—"for reasons," as he writes, "which are many and good from my stand-

point." We must respect Mr. Masters' attitude in this, if we cannot help deeply regretting the absence of his poetry here. None of the work of Padraic Colum, the distinguished Irish poet now living and writing in America, is here included owing to the feeling of the editor that his work belongs more accurately in Irish anthologies. He is, however, a writer of indubitable genius. Also, in the case of the work of Stephen Crane, a true poet whose free verse antedated our free-verse period by years, it has been impossible to secure permission from the present holders of the Crane copyright to include selections.

Third, this is an anthology in which personal predilection has also played a part; choices have been made not only on the theory that the poems included must be adapted to the interests and emotions of a particular audience, but in well-considered opposition to the stereotyped anthology. A poem's popularity and inclusion in many anthologies has not been allowed to influence the present compiler's personal taste when that taste indicated to him that such a poem was inferior as a work of art to another, less popular, by the poet under consideration. This must account for the omission of certain "household word" poems by Longfellow, the omission of any of the work of such once popular poets as Nathaniel Parker Willis, the inclusion, for example, of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven" in preference to the merely technical brilliance of "The Bells." One exception to this general policy may be cited in the inclusion of "Thanatopsis" by William Cullen Bryant, a poem for which the compiler feels no particular reverence. It was, however, the first American poem to be written in the "grand manner" with more than a merely average amount of success, and as such, and because it was also the work of a young man of

eighteen, it has been included, though in the compiler's own opinion William Ellery Channing was a far more important poet than William Cullen Bryant.

A necessary corollary to this method of selection is that the compiler has also endeavored to remind the younger reader, through prominent inclusion, of a few now-almost-forgotten poems which a number of anthologists have persisted in neglecting in favor of less distinctive work. Into this category may be said to fall the inclusions from Channing, the inclusions from Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," the Civil War sea-fight poem by Brownell, Edward King's ballad of "Captain Loredan," the more recent poems by Arthur Colton and Arthur Upson, and by the young unknown, Francis E. Falkenbury. In several instances, certain poems by poets not otherwise important have been included because they seemed to be peculiarly adapted to this volume.

Throughout, it has been the compiler's belief that the instinct of average youth could be trusted to prove more intelligent in matters of taste than many arbiters of taste have heretofore believed it. A number of inclusions will, of course, be recognized as time-honored. But then it was not the compiler's intention merely to give an exhibition of eccentricity. All the inclusions will, it is his hope, be found to subserve the one purpose originally defined, namely, to present "a selection of a certain portion of the best" as it is particularly adapted to the mind of youth. In general, and finally, the compiler has tried to preserve with all the strictness possible under the conditions, the canons of his own private artistic taste, and he has constantly endeavored to keep before his mind's eye the particular audience for whom his compilation was intended.

W. R. B.

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INTRODUCTION

Less than a century and a half seems to me far enough to go back for the earliest inspiration of American poetry. A stride of one hundred and forty years brings us to the Unitarian preacher of whom no less a judge than the English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge said, "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." No better words could be taken as prescription for a true poet's principal faculties, though the elder Channing, of whom I speak, was not a poet but a theologian, and so finds no place in the anthology which follows. He was originally known as "the apostle of Unitarianism" and harshly hated by contemporary Calvinists. He was widely influential in social and philanthropic activities, and though never an extreme Abolitionist he gave the movement his support. He was a friend of Emerson's, and the uncle of William Ellery Channing, the poet, some of whose poems are included here. He discussed the writings of John Milton and wrote an essay on Self-Culture. He came before Bryant and I like to think of him as initiating the spirit informing the early New England group of poets. Certainly his nephew produced as fine poetry as any written within the next forty years.

To get an idea of the sequence of the poets in that early group, suppose we take the year in which the second William Ellery Channing, the nephew, was born. This was the year 1818, still in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It was the year after Bryant had first published "Thanatopsis," in *The North American Review*. It was the year in which

Ralph Waldo Emerson entered Harvard. Edgar Allan Poe was, at that time, under the guardianship of John Allan, a Scotch tobacco merchant of Richmond, Virginia (both Poe's parents having died in 1811). Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was then ten years old, spending his boyhood in Portland, Maine. Whittier, the same age, was working on his father's farm, writing rhymes on his slate after nightly chores and discovering Robert Burns, a poet who, strangely enough, influenced him strongly thereafter. Oliver Wendell Holmes, two years younger, was going to school in Cambridge. In the year following (1819), James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge at "Elmwood," and Walt Whitman at Huntington, Long Island. No anthology of American poetry could omit including the work of all these writers.

All except Whitman were "scholars" in the prevalent classical meaning of the word. All took their poetic vocations seriously, almost too seriously. But in the perspective of a century since the birth of the latest-named, it seems to me that only three men of highly original genius emerge, Emerson, Whitman, and Poe. Longfellow was a polished gentleman of considerable scholarship, with a perfectly conventional, sentimental cast of mind. Whittier—but suppose we let Lowell speak of him in his *A Fable for Critics*:

There is Whittier, whose swelling and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of the Quaker apart,
And reveals the live Man, still supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrappers of sect.

Lowell was a shrewd judge of his contemporaries. Of Bryant he says as aptly:

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is dignified.

Of Holmes, after remarking his likeness to a Leyden-jar always fully charged with "electrical tingles of hit after hit"—some of which brilliance escapes us to-day, he adds that "you find yourself hoping its [electricity's] wild father Lightning would flame in for a second and give you a fright'ning." Again a good summary.

But a truly sensitive perception will prefer almost any fragment by Emerson or Poe, both of whom Lowell criticized, to the greater part of *Evangeline*, which he thought Theocritus might have written, and which he calls "as quiet and chaste as the author's own life." This poet and critic could, however, turn his brilliantly versified analysis on his own limitations also :

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together in rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

He never quite learned it, a defect of most of the poets of that day. He survives best in the *Biglow Papers*, which should be better remembered. They anticipated the theory of Robert Frost in our own time. Lowell said :

Is there no way left, then, I thought, of being natural, of being *naïf*, which means nothing more than native, of belonging to the age and country in which you are born? The Yankee, at least, is a new phenomenon; let us try to be that. . . . To me the dialect was native, was spoken all about me when a boy, at a time when an Irish day-laborer was as rare as an American one now. Since then I have made a study of it so far as opportunity allowed. But when I write in it, it is as a mother tongue, and I am carried back

far beyond any studies of it to long ago noonings in my father's hay-fields, and to the talk of Sam and Job over their jugs of *blackstrap* under the shadow of the ash-tree which still dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long.

To-day, so heterogeneous and cosmopolitan has our country become that it is hard to point to anyone among us and say, "There is your typical American!" And the new effort to make your poetry reflect "the age and country in which you are born" is a far less simple thing than Lowell conceived it. But it seems to me that the poetry, for instance, of Carl Sandburg shows just that sincere effort. The same may even be said of the very recent poems, *In American*, by John V. A. Weaver. Frost's treatment of contemporary New England seems to me to differ very little in theory from Lowell's treatment of the New England he knew, however much it may differ in approach and technique. We find, therefore, that it is not only Walt Whitman who has fathered the naturalistic poetry of modern America.

In between the theories and the experimentation of both Whitman and Lowell and the new experimentation of the last ten years, fell a period in which American poetry, with vivid exceptions here and there, was influenced by the traditions left by the New England group and by the high traditions of great English verse in general. Influences not altogether worthless, as some quite modern critics have felt them to be. Far from it! The present spirit of American poetry has been boasted to be freer and more honest and more vital. It is extremely doubtful whether this is so. Every generation has its own styles and modes. What is more fundamental than any mere style and mode may be found in the great poetry of any age. Sometimes I regard

it in this way; it seems to me that the people of this country are mechanically the most ingenious people in the world. Our mechanical ingenuity has extended to a large part of our contemporary writing—a peculiar achievement. “Style is all!” we have come to say, “Structure is very nearly all!” and, in saying that, we forget exactly what style really is, or confuse the mere mechanics of an art with the distinct spiritual energy that must inform it to make it great. Do not misunderstand, and think I am referring to a conventionally religious atmosphere or even to a traditionally mystical one—but there is something breathed into great poetry, quite aside from mere technical brilliance or mechanical ingenuity of form and texture, which has always escaped definition. This quality is rarely present in the poetry of any epoch, and I see no cogent reasons for our arrogating to our own particular epoch any particular superfluity of it.

Being a young nation of poets, we have naturally imitated and aped other styles. For a while we were so thrilled and delighted with our cleverness in building big cities, welding big industries, inventing all sorts of labor-saving devices, creating all sorts of demands for all sorts of things we wanted to sell, becoming expert at the technique of mere money-making, that poetry and all the arts in America were regarded as extraneous to the great pleasure of living in such a hubbub of ingenuity. The hubbub subsided a little, and we regarded with some amazement the various sociological problems we had created for ourselves. Something spiritual seemed needed—the thing implicit in great art. Spiritually we began to find ourselves singularly stripped and barren. Cambridge Classics and Household Editions of the Poets (by which were meant merely that early New England Group) had gathered dust in our homes

and come to cause mere boredom and irritation in classrooms at school or college, until we thirsted for something else, something that industrial activity, conventional religion, and conventional "culture" failed to supply. We wanted an artistic interpretation of our own age, a new energizing interpretation, and we have been trying to get it ever since.

Now artistic work is a most difficult kind of labor. You cannot say to yourself, in relation to it, "I will interpret this," or "I will explain that," or "I will preach this other." If you go forth definitely with any such particular intention your own creative writing will turn on you and rend you as an artist. You will find yourself grown into a mere pedant or preacher or politician, but certainly never into a poet. The best you can do, if you want to be a poet, is to experiment with words for your actual impressions of things, until you learn, through much experiment and many failures, the natural words and rhythms for the particular utterances your own psychological and physiological make-up allow you. A certain spontaneity is the lifeblood of poetry. So our modern poetry has been a carnival of experimentation, our poets have attacked the mechanics of poetry with the same ingenuity that our inventors, our captains of industry, and our financiers attacked the problems of building big cities, opening new areas for cultivation, financing big industrial operations, and so on. And, equally naturally, the true spirit of poetry, informing that which we call great, has waited upon comparatively few of the experimenting technicians. So far we can see—and no farther—to-day. In the meanwhile the poetic art in America has greatly revived. We are beginning to be able to express our epoch artistically in a number of different ways, in poetry among them.

Suppose then that we examine a little more closely in detail the evolution of contemporary American poetry. It will be necessary to condense a great deal. In the first place what poets have we to-day, and how many are of our own actual time? Names that ought to be familiar are those of Edwin Markham, Edith M. Thomas, George Edward Woodberry, and Lizette Woodworth Reese. These poets were all born before 1860 and still remain among us. So, of the poets born in the 'sixties, do Clinton Scollard, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Edgar Lee Masters. We think of Robinson as of our own day and of Masters as of one of our most recent poets. But in point of age that is their place. Two of our finest American poets, Louise Imogen Guiney and William Vaughn Moody, are gone, Miss Guiney only recently. Sidney Lanier died as far back as 1881, Edward Roland Sill in 1887. Bret Harte, John Hay, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Joaquin Miller died in the present century. In my own opinion the lineage of the best American poetry, after naming Emerson, Poe, and Whitman, must be traced through Emily Dickinson, Stedman, Aldrich, Sill, Lanier, Louise Guiney, Richard Hovey, and William Vaughn Moody. Hovey died at the beginning of this century and it was at that time that Moody's first book, *The Masque of Judgment*, appeared.

Edwin Arlington Robinson was born within nine days of 1870. It is from 1870, therefore, since Robinson is to-day nationally acknowledged as our greatest living American poet, that we should really date the slow approach of the poetic epoch in which we now live. Robinson's first work appeared in the eighteen-nineties, as did *Songs from Vagabondia* by Richard Hovey and Bliss Carman. In the late 'nineties and the first ten years of the twentieth century,

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the general interest in poetry in America was comparatively slight. I have already referred to the reasons for this. In this interim, however, such poets as Woodberry, Marsham, Gilder, Louise Guiney, Madison Cawein, Lizette Reese, and John G. Neihardt, were writing. William Vaughn Moody's *Poems*, following *The Masque of Judgment*, appeared in 1901. Witter Bynner, Anna Hempstead Branch, Sara Teasdale, and James Oppenheim published first volumes before 1910, and Louis Untermeyer in 1911.

It was in 1913 that the "poetic revival" really began. Two books indicated it, two books widely different in material and method. These were Vachel Lindsay's *General Booth Enters Into Heaven* and Robert Frost's *A Boy's Will* (first published in England). In 1914 Frost's second book, *North of Boston*, appeared in England, and Amy Lowell's *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* first startled the American critics. Miss Lowell immediately proceeded to make known the dicta of that international group of poets, the Imagists, and to spread her theory of polyphonic prose. She became one of the prime movers of the poetic revival in America, an intensely dynamic personality, a brilliant technician, a keen intellect, a fierce champion of intellectual experimentation. In 1914, also, a group of poems by Carl Sandburg, in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, first directed attention to this new and pronouncedly individual poet, with his Whitmanic freedom of expression. In the same year Vachel Lindsay published his second remarkable poem, *The Congo*, and Edgar Lee Masters began to evolve *The Spoon River Anthology* in *Reedy's Mirror*, a weekly published in St. Louis by William Marion Reedy, lately deceased, one of the most remarkable minds and most stalwart champions of modern American literature. When *Spoon River* was

published in book-form, it became the most discussed book of the year and soon was internationally known. It is assured of immortality in American literature.

Ezra Pound, meanwhile, had chosen to live his literary life abroad. His first book of poems had interested England. The appeal of his work is to the most sophisticated intelligence and is often not without pretentious pedantry, but his poems are full of intellectual suggestion. Sometimes brilliant, sometimes merely unintelligible, often critically vituperative, he has been our most persistent *banderillero* in poetry and criticism, completely eschewing America for ancient and modern European culture. He has also encouraged many poets in whose work he had faith.

In 1915 John Gould Fletcher's *Irradiations—Sand and Spray* appeared, and his *Goblins and Pagodas* in 1916. Both volumes have recently been reissued in one, entitled *Preludes and Symphonies*. Adelaide Crapsey's *Cinquains* was published in 1915. Fletcher was of the Imagists and experimented in polyphonic prose. Miss Crapsey had made a long analysis of English metrics and her delicate frail poems were in a tentative form of their own. In 1915 Orrick Johns was turning to new experiment, Conrad Aiken had written the uneven narratives of *Earth Triumphant* and was publishing *Turns and Movies* and *The Jig of Forslin*, and Alfred Kreymborg was launching a group of new poets in *Others*, of which group Maxwell Bodenheim has since accomplished the most. In 1917 appeared Edna St. Vincent Millay's first volume, *Renaissance*, and in 1918 Lola Ridge's *The Ghetto* and Bodenheim's *Minna and Myself*.

The main trend of the pre-war period was toward the most extreme experiment in free verse forms, and through various phases of acrobatical technique. What was funda-

mental has enlarged the range of our poetry. Much that seemed brilliant at the time has since proved, what many came to suspect it of being, a mere St. Vitus dance of inessentials. The old foundations of poetry that are in the strength of the spirit pervading the work and in the power of valid emotions spontaneously and exactly expressed, with a command of all the resources of the old versification, remain to-day practically unmoved.

Meanwhile, two other American poets of distinction had taken root in England, T. S. Eliot, to whom I have already referred, and H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), the wife of Richard Aldington, the English poet. Mr. Aldington and his wife were of the Imagists. Mrs. Aldington I always associate more with the very modern English than with the modern American poets. Her work has been highly acclaimed. It displays great fineness of spirit, severity—almost rigor—of technique, and is intensely classic.

It only remains to be said that *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* led the array of poetry magazines that flourishes to-day. William Stanley Braithwaite, the anthologist, lent his strongest encouragement to the *renaissance*. Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, has to her credit the discovery of much remarkable talent and of some genius. Jessie B. Rittenhouse and Marguerite Wilkinson, both accomplished poets and encouragers of poetry should also be referred to in this connection.

This is, of course, a most condensed résumé. “Free verse,” verse without rhyme (oddly enough, not the French idea of it!) and with new interpretations of “rhythm,” James Oppenheim’s polyrhythmic, Amy Lowell’s and Fletcher’s polyphonic prose, the mental gymnastics of “Others,” the creed of the Imagists, all theories of technique

were widely practised and discussed from 1913 to 1918. Argument waxed extreme in opposing camps. Poetry had actually become to us as a nation *something that mattered*.

But with America's entry into the war æsthetic concerns ceased to matter in comparison with ships, guns, and armed men. Nineteen hundred and eighteen was a year busied with "the purple testament of bleeding war." And since the armistice we have found some of our values revalued. Amy Lowell, Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, and Carl Sandburg are each, however, now authors of a whole shelf of volumes, and still widely known, after Robinson, as our leading poets. Our soil is rich for poetry to-day, doubly enriched by the cultures of other lands. American verse has been forever rescued from its former place in our periodicals as mere "filler" material. After a long interim it has again won a distinct place of its own in our national literature.

Every anthologist commits crimes. I have—how should I hope to be spared the charge!—committed many. But at least I think I have made a selection here that should interest younger people in a strange and elusive art, and in a few of those who have made notable contributions to it in our own land. The name of poet at the present writing is Legion. There are a great many poets not included here who must most certainly have been included in any more categoric and comprehensive collection. If all the poems that are included do not sustain the same level, I can only say that traditions of writing change. There are many kinds of poems. The progress of true poetry is a voyage of discovery. We accept a poet for the thing he has successfully attempted to do, not for the cleverness with which he has aped his precursors or fellows. Remarkable poetry reflects

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a personality remarkable, at least, in some one aspect. Few are remarkable in many.

To the young reader: The thing to do is to read poetry for pleasure, not as a task. Look for exact epithet, un-stereotyped expression. If you become curious about the work of some of these poets, good libraries are always available in which to find out more about them. Your own search and discovery of poems will form your taste better than any amount of theory about the writing of poetry. Your own temperamental bias will indicate the particular kind of poetry that is the best food for your spirit. As to writing it, "one pulse more of firm endeavor"—learn thoroughly from the past before you undertake what you may conceive to be the "poetry of the future." Great verse is a great craft, demanding the most intense and concentrated labour of all the faculties, whatever easy, airy spontaneity it may seem to possess in its final state. As to capturing the spirit that informs the greatest verse, there is no known prescription. Poetry rises to the surface from the wells of deepest emotion. And in some happy hour all the faculties contribute to the expression in perfect phrase of some truly significant emotion or thought. But the instrument of expression must be thoroughly mastered first against that lucky hour! Good hunting!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NEW YORK CITY,
August, 1922.

POEMS FOR YOUTH

POEMS FOR YOUTH

Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867)

Halleck was a descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians. He was born in Guilford, Connecticut, and came to New York City in 1811. He later retired to Guilford on a pension. He and his intimate friend Joseph Rodman Drake published anonymously in the New York *Evening Post* in 1819 the *Croaker* papers—a satire. Halleck's next poem, in the same year, was "Fanny," a travesty. "Marco Bozzaris" was printed by William Cullen Bryant in the New York *Review* in 1825. Halleck's first volume appeared in 1827 and his collected *Poetical Writings* in 1869.

You will find Thomas Campbell, the English poet, writing a quarter of a century before with the same oratorical gesture. "Marco Bozzaris" appeared the year after Byron's death, and Byron's influence had not waned. It undoubtedly affected in this poem one who was ordinarily a writer of the type considered "graceful" at the time. In "Marco Bozzaris" Halleck is much more than graceful, and through a certain amount of theoric rant sounds a strain of truly thrilling poetry. The diction is, of course, largely the diction of another day.

MARCO BOZZARIS *

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;

* From *The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck*. Copyrighted and published by D. Appleton & Company, and reprinted with their permission.

Then wore his monarch's signet ring :
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !”
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
God—and your native land !”

They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death !
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine ;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—

Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,

Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears ;

And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's :
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878)

At the age of thirteen William Cullen Bryant wrote a poem on the Progress of Knowledge for the *Hampshire Gazette*; the next year he wrote a political satire which was published in Boston and aroused attention. Born in Massachusetts, he entered Williams College in 1810. Circumstances enabled him to spend no more than a year in a college education and he soon went to studying law. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar. With his coming-of-age came an improvement in the verse he had been writing for a number of years. "Thanatopsis" appeared in *The North American Review* in 1817. It had been originally written in his eighteenth year.

Bryant later went to New York and finally became editor of the New York *Evening Post* in 1828. He held that position until his death fifty years later. He traveled abroad and to the East, wrote several volumes of *Letters* and several volumes of poems. He also published translations in blank verse of Homer's *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. Despite all his later literary work, "Thanatopsis," the poem of his early youth, remains his highest literary achievement. Even as we have referred Halleck to Campbell, we may refer the work of Bryant to that of William Wordsworth, the English Lake poet, who was born some twenty-five years before Bryant. Wordsworth had gone "back to nature" for his inspiration. The young Bryant followed him. He achieved a solemn oratory that moves with dignity. "Thanatopsis," a didactic poem of a type eschewed by our day, still retains a certain grandeur of expression.

THANATOPSIS *

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours

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She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. . . .

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820)

Drake was born in and died in New York City. He is best known nationally as the author of *The American Flag*. His early life was difficult, but he graduated in medicine in 1816. He married and traveled abroad in 1818, went to New Orleans the next year, hoping to mend his health, and died of consumption two years later. He wrote his first poem when fourteen years old. His collaboration with Halleck in "The Croakers" has already been noted. "The Culprit Fay" was Drake's longest poem. Certain cronies had assured him that there was no use trying to put American rivers into poetry because they lacked truly romantic associations. Drake answered them with "The Culprit Fay." It was published with other poems in book form in 1836, by the poet's daughter.

If you go back as far as the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign in England you will come to an English poet, Michael Drayton, who wrote a long fairy poem, "Nimphidia," published in 1627. Whether or not Drake, nearly two centuries later, had Drayton's poem in mind, he has fancifully peopled American rivers with sprites as Drayton fancifully peopled English dells. Halleck wrote a eulogy on the death of his friend which contains some famous lines.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.

FROM "THE CULPRIT FAY"

SOFT and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream,
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;

The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans ;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river dew.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode ;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From sea-silk beds in their coral caves ;
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste ;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier-crab,
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings,—
They cut the wave with the living oar

And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling ;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide ;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side ;
On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw ;
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain ;
Hopeless is the unequal fight,
Fairy ! naught is left but flight.

He turned him round and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again ;
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide.
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,

And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise ;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.

Oh ! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree ;
—Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore ;
He blessed the force of the charmèd line,
And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moonshine,
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1804-1882)

Emerson was born in Boston. He began as a preacher, after leaving Harvard and studying for his ordination, but resigned from the Second Church in 1832. He continued to preach at large, but his principles in regard to the Holy Communion did not allow him to accept any regular "call" thereafter. He went abroad and returned to Concord, Mass. In 1836 his first book, a small one entitled *Nature*, appeared. Thomas Carlyle, in England, praised it, but the American public remained indifferent. At Cambridge in 1837 Emerson made what Oliver Wendell Holmes called an "intellectual declaration of independence" in a Phi Beta Kappa oration. His first essays appeared in 1841, his first volume of poems in 1846. His later poems were published in 1867. He edited *Parnassus*, one of the best of the older anthologies of verse in the English tongue, in 1874.

Emerson was one of the profoundest thinkers and philosophers, if not the most profound, ever born in the United States. He was a great contemplative. He was an intuitive prophet. All his poems are deeply philosophical. He has been called disjointed, superficial, and obscure. He created no definite philosophical system, founded no school. But few more fully lived the inner life of the spirit, and, as he himself said, "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." His poetry is spasmodic but spontaneous, and by the lightning flash that was the intuition of Emerson one can often see more intensely and with more particularization than in the daylit lucidity of writers of less genius. Emerson's spirit was an Ariel of the visible Universe. He drew upon the most ancient philosophical systems and religions of the world for matter for his poems, as in "Brahma" and "Uriel." You will have to read them again and again and yet again and study and ponder a great deal yourself to be able to begin to realize their true significance. But the labor will be gain. Emerson stands first among American poets for actual genius. He was profounder in thought

than Poe and quite as original in his method of expression; and if Whitman told us a great deal about the material world, Emerson invested the immaterial with the glamour and wonder it may have for an elemental spirit.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE *

GIVE all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean;
It requireth courage stout.
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,

* The poems by Ralph Waldo Emerson are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

It will reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

BRAHMA *

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

URIEL *

It fell in the ancient periods
Which the brooding soul surveys,
Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days.

This was the lapse of Uriel,
Which in Paradise befell.
Once, among the Pleiads walking,

Seyd overheard the young gods talking;
And the treason, too long pent,
To his ears was evident.

The young deities discussed
Laws of form, and metre just,
Orb, quintessence, and sunbeams,
What subsisteth, and what seems.
One, with low tones that decide,
And doubt and reverend use defied,
With a look that solved the sphere,
And stirred the devils everywhere,
Gave his sentiment divine
Against the being of a line.

'Line in nature is not found;
Unit and universe are round;
In vain produced, all rays return;
Evil will bless, and ice will burn.'

As Uriel spoke with piercing eye,
A shudder ran around the sky
The stern old war-gods shook their heads,
The seraphs frowned from myrtle-beds;
Seemed to the holy festival
The rash word boded ill to all;
The balance-beam of Fate was bent;
The bounds of good and ill were rent;
Strong Hades could not keep his own,
But all slid to confusion.

A sad self-knowledge, withering, fell
On the beauty of Uriel;
In heaven once eminent, the god
Withdrew, that hour, into his cloud;

Whether doomed to long gyration
In the sea of generation,
Or by knowledge grown too bright
To hit the nerve of feebler sight.
Straightway, a forgetting wind
Stole over the celestial kind,
And their lips the secret kept,
If in ashes the fire-seed slept.
But now and then, truth-speaking things
Shamed the angels' veiling wings;
And, shrilling from the solar course,
Or from fruit of chemic force,
Procession of a soul in matter,
Or the speeding change of water,
Or out of the good of evil born,
Came Uriel's voice of cherub scorn,
And a blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why.

DAYS *

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

THE BOHEMIAN HYMN *

IN many forms we try
To utter God's infinity,
But the Boundless hath no form,
And the Universal Friend
Doth as far transcend
An angel as a worm.

The great Idea baffles wit,
Language falters under it,
It leaves the unlearned in the lurch ;
Nor art, nor power, nor toil can find
The measure of the eternal mind,
Nor hymn, nor prayer, nor church.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

Longfellow, on his mother's side, was descended from John Alden and Priscilla. He was born and spent his boyhood in Portland, Maine. His father's Yorkshire ancestors had come to America about 1675. Longfellow entered Bowdoin College in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne. After graduation he spent three years abroad studying modern languages. Of these he was professor at Bowdoin, 1829-35. He then revisited Europe and returned to be professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University 1836-54. The tragedy of his second wife's death in 1861 saddened his later years. *Outre-Mer* appeared in 1835 when Longfellow was twenty-eight. *Hyperion*, a prose romance, and *Voices of the Night*, poems, followed in 1839. *Ballads and Other Poems*, in 1841, fully established him as a poet. His middle period contained *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, the best of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and *My Lost Youth*. Including prose tales, drama, translation, and anthologies he published more than twenty-five works. The definitive edition of his works brought out in 1886 ran to eleven volumes. Longfellow received an LL.D. from Cambridge University in England and a D.C.L. from Oxford. A marble bust of the poet was placed in Westminster Abbey in 1884.

Longfellow is primarily the poet of the home. He recounted all phases of home life. He is also at his best as a narrative poet and wrote many lengthy narratives. He spoiled many of his otherwise beautifully simple poems by trite expressions and false romanticism. *Hiawatha* is one of the best existing poetic interpretations of the American Indian.

Longfellow's character was of pronounced simplicity and honesty, and some of his ballads have a splendid ring. His best material was drawn from books and his wide reading in the literature of other races. He was a scholar and a gentleman, but lacked the intellectual rigorousness and fire that would have made him a major poet. Yet no American poet has ever attained such im-

mediate and wide popularity. During his lifetime he tasted his fame to the full.

A DUTCH PICTURE *

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,

* The poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
“Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!”

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still :

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,

And the fort upon the hill ;

The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,

The drumbeat repeated o’er and o’er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song

Throbs in my memory still :

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,

How it thundered o’er the tide !

And the dead captains, as they lay

In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song

Goes through me with a thrill :

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,

The shadows of Deering’s Woods ;

And the friendships old and the early loves

Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves

In quiet neighborhoods.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy’s brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

SCANDERBEG

(*The Spanish Jew’s Second Tale* from “Tales of a Wayside Inn”)

THE battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus, the Hun,
In fire of hell and death’s frost,
On the day of Pentecost.
And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight

From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars,
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said:
“This is the time to laugh.”

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe:
“This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?”

And Iskander answered and said:
“They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod;

But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead ;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand ?”

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains ;
And the Scribe said : “What misdeed
Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest to me this thing ?”
And Iskander answering
Said unto him : “Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

“Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe !
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath’s Pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the King ;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled.”

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said :

"Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered: "Write!"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:
"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen Scribe replied:
"Our pathways here divide;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,

As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear ;
And no one saw the deed ;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar ;
And his heart was merry within,
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born,—
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said : "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design !

King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain,
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head
And after a silence said:
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;

And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is: "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

SERENADE FROM "THE SPANISH STUDENT"

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

From *The Musician's Tale* ("Tales of a Wayside Inn")

"Strike the sails!" King Olaf said;
"Never shall men of mine take flight;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!"

"Sound the horns!" said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the midst overhead
 The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;
In the midst, but in front of the rest,
 The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
 And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
“If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,”
 Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
“Have I a coward on board?” said he.
“Shoot it another way, O King!”

Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf;
"You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

"These soft Danes and Swedes," said the King,
"At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting:
But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged

The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah ! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the main ;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling,
And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck

Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aloft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shields as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
"See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again!

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

Whittier was a Quaker. He early came in contact with the poetry of Robert Burns, and sang the country life of New England as the Ayrshire poet sang that of Scotland. He lived on a farm and was educated as a country boy. At eighteen his first printed poem appeared in a local newspaper, the Newburyport *Free Press*. William Lloyd Garrison was the editor and befriended Whittier. He helped him get his schooling. Whittier afterward held editorial positions in Boston, Haverhill, and Hartford. He became identified with the Anti-Slavery movement, and believed flamingly in universal liberty and equality, but his judgment in action was cool. *Mogg Megone* was his first appearance in book-form. He wrote many pamphlets and poems on the Abolition question and was prominent in the cause politically. He served in the Massachusetts legislature and edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. In 1840 he retired to Amesbury and spent the rest of his life in that vicinity. *The Atlantic Monthly* was established in 1857 and Whittier became one of its most valued contributors. In all he published some twenty-six volumes of poems and wrote, edited, and compiled numerous other works.

Whittier was an honest and religious man of high spiritual integrity. His faults as a poet are those of didacticism and propaganda, but the New England of his day had no truer interpreter. His power of description and narrative ability are often notable. He too sometimes shares "the marvelous gift . . . with him who walked on Rydal-side" for interpreting nature. He was an occasional writer of Biblical eloquence.

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken;
 He has smitten with his thunder
 The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

John Greenleaf Whittier

He strikes one as a more vehement spirit than Longfellow, even though his ballads are inferior in sustained interest. His work smells far less of the lamp and the upholstery of the comfortable study. He was a rugged and song-sworded apostle with a tougher spirit. You will often find banality and sentimentality in his work but his like in religious fervor, expressed in poetry often noble and deeply moving, cannot be found to-day.

TELLING THE BEES *

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm

* The poems by John Greenleaf Whittier are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her windowpane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hive of bees.

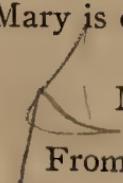
Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"



MOTHER

From "Snowbound"

OUR mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free,
(The common and unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways,)
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look

At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side ;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away ;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.

Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an corr’d in a corrt
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns’ twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an corr’d in a corrt
By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town’s-people on her deck!
“Lay by! lay by!” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an corr'd in a corr
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

SONG OF THE SLAVES IN THE DESERT

WHERE are we going? where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
Lock across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!
Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,
And the palm-tree cool and green:
Bornou land we see no longer,
Here we thirst and here we hunger,
Here the Moor-man smites in anger:
Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few;
Life has one, and death has two:
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies ;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray ;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing,—
Lord of all things!—where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but Thou art strong ;
Short our lives, but Thine is long ;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes ;
We are fools, but Thou art wise !
Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

Poe is thought by many critics of discernment the most original genius among American poets. He and Walt Whitman are certainly the best known of our poets in Europe. Poe's works, both poetry and prose, have repeatedly been translated into many foreign languages. His parents were actors. He was orphaned when two years old and became the ward of Mr. and Mrs. Allan of Richmond, Virginia. He had been born in Boston. At the age of six the Allans took him with them abroad and put him in school near London. When Poe was eleven, they returned to Richmond. He was precociously bright at his studies and notably athletic as a boy.

In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia. He became dissipated. His guardian tried to start him in business but he ran away to Boston and enlisted in the army in 1827. In that summer he published a pamphlet entitled "Tamerlane and Other Poems: by a Bostonian." In 1829, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" appeared with his own name. He entered West Point in 1830, was expelled the next year, and at the same time brought out a volume of "Poems." He then went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, in Baltimore. In 1833 he won the *Saturday Visitor* prize of \$100 for his story "MS. Found in a Bottle." Two years later, at the age of twenty-six he received employment on *The Southern Literary Messenger*. In 1836 he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, then thirteen years old. The next year he went to New York and published the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." In Philadelphia, after that, he contributed to a number of periodicals, and, in New York once more, was associated with Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*. This connection was severed in 1840, when Poe was thirty-one, and in the same year he collected his stories as *Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque*. Three years later *The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe* appeared. He began to write criticism of contemporary American writing. At the age of thirty-

six *The Raven and Other Poems* appeared, and "The Raven" became widely known. Poe was famous, but the next year he had to move to Fordham, as his wife was dangerously ill of tuberculosis. They lived almost in destitution, and the year following she died.

Poe published a prose poem in 1848 and revisited Richmond the next year, lecturing there successfully. Starting north again in September he got only as far as Baltimore. He was taken to the Washington Hospital and died after long delirium. *Tales, Poems, and Essays* were brought out in three volumes, by his executor, in 1850. Another volume was added in 1856, *Arthur Gordon Pym and Miscellanies*. A definitive edition in ten volumes appeared in 1894-95.

Poe's failing was drink. His genius is indisputable. His originality was dazzling. He has left us some of the most strangely beautiful poems in the English language. "The Raven," so widely popular still does not possess the crystalline beauty of "Israfel" or "To Helen," nor the foreboding grandeur of "The Haunted Palace." Poe wove with words as a magician might weave spells. It is impossible to analyze the subtle necromancy of his technique, though it has often been attempted. The fascination of his verse was implicit in his whole being, faults and virtues. If Poe had not been Poe complete we might have had other poetry of great beauty, but not this particular kind. His was a wild spirit of rebellious brilliance. His life alternated between overtowering hopes and ecstasies and the blackest bitterness and sorrow. Many turned aside from him during his life who might and could have done much for him. As it is, he stands apart from all other American poets in a sort of midnight magnificence, jewelled with strange stars.

Poe did not choose his way of life as one adopts a fashion; his own weakness brought him tragedy, his own spiritual power brought him intermittent happiness of the highest kind. He was disoriented in life but his inner ear heard marvelous music.

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings,
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love 's a grown-up God,

Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore.
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

THE HAUNTED PALACE

IN the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingëd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunëd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogenë,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruer of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)

And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber
door.
“ ’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my cham-
ber door—
Only this and nothing more.”

An, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the
lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,
“ ‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door—
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no
longer,
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my cham-
ber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened
wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there,
wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than
before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my win-
dow lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore,—

Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery ex-
plore—

"Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt
and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of
yore.

Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped
or stayed he,

But with mien of lord or lady perched above my cham-
ber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door—

Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
"art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the
nightly shore:

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse
so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing farther then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered;

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and
bust and door ;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable express-
ing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloat-
ing o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer

Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird
or devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore:

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we
both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore:

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting:

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plu-
tonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894)

Born in the same year, son of the pastor of the First Church at Cambridge, Holmes' life is a sharp contrast to that of Poe. He went through a conventional education at Andover and Harvard, and was first noticed for his poem "Old Ironsides," which appeared in the Boston *Advertiser* and saved the frigate *Constitution* from being destroyed. He gave up law for medicine and soon showed himself a pioneer in medical science. He studied in Edinburgh and in Paris and published his first volume of *Poems* in the year he took his medical degree. At the age of thirty he became professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth. The next year he married and began practising medicine in Boston. Seven years later he became Parkman professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard, a position he held for thirty-five years, when he was made Professor Emeritus.

Soon after *The Atlantic Monthly* was founded Holmes began to publish his *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, essays which were brought out in book-form in 1859. *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* appeared the next year. *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* was published more than a decade later. Holmes wrote two novels in the 'sixties, the last one proving in some of its ideas rather radical for the time. He wrote other volumes of essays, biographies of Motley and Emerson, and some eight volumes of verse, the last being published in 1888.

Holmes was the great wit and occasional versifier of his time. Many poems that he wrote, perfect for the occasion they celebrated, have lost for us that timely appeal. He could be grave or gay with equal grace, and his kindly humor was abounding. He remains a distinctly minor poet though a delightful versifier. His life was even and placid compared with that of Poe; in actual living he made far fewer mistakes. But Poe's poetry is in a different category altogether. Holmes had his own brilliance, his own courageous intelligence. He developed his best gifts to the

full and died honored and beloved. Poe flashed through his short forty years erratic as lightning. He was driven by what Francis Thompson, the English Catholic poet has called, "the impiable daemon, Beauty to adore and dream on." Holmes stood steadfast on the ordinary earth, when he waxed "poetic" it was according to the poetic convention of the time. Both writers are excellent after their kind. One star differeth from another in glory. From a literary point of view Poe *was* Poetry, even as his name is part of its name. In the literary heaven his star *is*, of course, by far of the greater magnitude.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE, OR THE
WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS-SHAY"
A LOGICAL STORY *

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay.

* The poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn't break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t 's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T'make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,

Their blunt-ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and lynchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue; ✓
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and Forty at last arrive,
And then come Fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whiffletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
“Huddup!” said the parson.—Off went they.

The Parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n' house on the hill.

—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
 Through the town.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
 In their bloom,
And the name he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here;

But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old, forsaken bough
Where I cling.

William Ellery Channing, 2d (1818-1901)

Of Channing and his famous uncle, the Unitarian preacher, I have spoken in the Introduction. The nephew, the poet, was born in Boston. He studied at Harvard but did not take a degree. He married and was engaged in editorial work in New York and in New Bedford. He lived at Concord, Massachusetts, from 1842 on. His first *Poems* appeared in 1843. He published half a dozen books altogether, including an appraisal of Thoreau, published thirty years after the first poems. Poe criticized him as a transcendentalist, but it is easy to tie a tag to any poet. The first poem I include of Channing's has to me a delicious simplicity almost Chaucerian. Consider the phrases "and gilded them with sheets of bright," "I make the golden flies and their fine bliss," "To see the ocean lash himself in air," "I polish the green ice, and gleam the wall with the white frost, and leaf the brown trees tall." Here adjectives used as nouns and nouns used as verbs, and other inversions of use and order, all contribute to a quaint effect, striking one as both fresh and spontaneous. And in his "Flight of the Wild Geese," such a phrase as "toiling to lift Time's curtain" appeals to me, for one, as most felicitously original. There is a childishness, an amusing quirk of phrase everywhere, a Puckish bravado about this poem that I find mightily gratifying.

Channing was in love with the elements, even with "the jagged, biting knife that hardy winter splits upon the cliff." In a conventional era his poetry is brisk with original epithets and shows a really observing love of nature. He will never rank with our greatest, and the best fruits of his fancy will remain prickly pears to such minds as abhor everything but polish, but I confess my preference for him. To me there is far more color and flavor and individuality in these verses of Channing's than in anything Bryant ever wrote.

THE EARTH-SPIRIT

I HAVE woven shrouds of air
In a loom of hurrying light,
For the trees which blossoms bear,
And gilded them with sheets of bright;
I fall upon the grass like love's first kiss;
I make the golden flies and their fine bliss;
I paint the hedgerows in the lane,
And clover white and red the pathways bear;
I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of rain
To see the ocean lash himself in air;
I throw smooth shells and weeds along the beach,
And pour the curling waves far o'er the glossy reach;
Swing birds' nests in the elms, and shake cool moss
Along the aged beams, and hide their loss,
The very broad rough stones I gladden too;
Some willing seeds I drop along their sides,
Nourish the generous plant with freshening dew,
Till there where all was waste, true joy abides.
The peaks of aged mountains, with my care
Smile in the red of glowing morn elate;
I bind the caverns of the sea with hair,
Glossy, and long, and rich as kings' estate;
I polish the green ice, and gleam the wall
With the white frost, and leaf the brown trees tall.

FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESE

RAMBLING along the marshes,
On the bank of the Assabet,
Sounding myself as to how it went,
Praying that I might not forget,

And all uncertain
Whether I was in the right,
Toiling to lift Time's curtain,
And if I burnt the strongest light;
Suddenly,
High in the air,
I heard the travelled geese
Their overture prepare.

Stirred above the patent ball,
The wild geese flew,
Nor near so wild as that doth me befall,
Or, swollen Wisdom, you.

In the front there fetched a leader,
Him behind the line spread out,
And waved about,
As it was near night,
When these air-pilots stop their flight.

Cruising off the shoal dominion
Where we sit,
Depending not on their opinion,
Nor hiving sops of wit;
Geographical in tact,
Naming not a pond or river,
Pulled with twilight down in fact,
In the reeds to quack and quiver,
There they go,
Spectators at the play below,
Southward in a row.

Cannot land and map the stars
The indifferent geese,
Nor taste the sweetmeats in odd jars,
Nor speculate and freeze;
Raucid weasands need be well,
Feathers glossy, quills in order,
Starts this train, yet rings no bell;
Steam is raised without recorder.

“Up, my feathered fowl, all,”—
Saith the goose commander,
“Brighten your bills, and flirt your pinions,
My toes are nipped,—let us render
Ourselves in soft Guatemala,
Or suck puddles in Campeachy,
Spitzbergen-cake cuts very frosty,
And the tipple is not leechy.

“Let’s brush loose for any creek,
There lurk fish and fly,
Condiments to fat the weak,
Inundate the pie.
Flutter not about a place,
Ye concomitants of space!”

Mute the listening nations stand
On that dark receding land;
How faint their villages and towns,
Scattered on the misty downs!
A meeting-house
Appears no bigger than a mouse.

How long?
Never is a question asked,
While a throat can lift the song,
Or a flapping wing be tasked.

All the grandmothers about
Hear the orators of Heaven,
Then put on their woollens stout,
And cower o'er the hearth at even;
And the children stare at the sky,
And laugh to see the long black line so high!

Then once more I heard them say,—
“ ‘Tis a smooth, delightful road,
Difficult to lose the way,
And a trifle for a load.

“ ‘Twas our forte to pass for this,
Proper sack of sense to borrow,
Wings and legs, and bills that clatter,
And the horizon of To-morrow.”

FROM “THE MOUNTAIN”

IN this sweet solitude, the Mountain’s life,
At morn and eve, at rise and hush of day,
I heard the wood-thrush sing in the white spruce.
The living water, the enchanted air
So mingling in its crystal clearness there
A sweet, peculiar grace from both,—this song,
Voice of the lonely mountain’s favorite bird!
These steeps inviolate by human art,

Centre of awe, raised over all that man
Would fain enjoy, and consecrate to one,
Lord of the desert and of all beside,
Consorting with the cloud, the echoing storm,
When like a myriad bowls the mountain wakes
In all its alleys one responsive roar;
And sheeted down the precipice, all light
Tumble the momentary cataracts,—
The sudden laughter of the mountain-child.

On the mountain-peak

I marked the sage at sunset, where he mused,
Forth looking on the continent of hills;
While from his feet the five long granite spurs
That bind the centre to the valley's side,
(The spokes from this strange middle to the wheel)
Stretched in the fitful torrent of the gale,
Bleached on the terraces of leaden cloud
And passages of light,—Sierras long
In archipelagoes of mountain sky,
Where it went wandering all the livelong year.
He spoke not, yet methought I heard him say,
“All day and night the same; in sun or shade,
In summer flames, and the jagged, biting knife
That hardy winter splits upon the cliff,—
From earliest time the same.
One mother and one father brought us forth
Thus gazing on the summits of the days,
Nor wearied yet when generations fade.
The crystal air, the hurrying light, the night,

William Ellery Channing, 2d

Always the day that never seems to end,
Always the night whose day does never set;
One harvest and one reaper, ne'er too ripe,
Sown by the self-preserved, free from mould,
And builded, in these granaries of heaven,
This ever-living purity of air,
In these perpetual centres of repose
Still softly rocked."

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891)

Lowell was our greatest exponent of a wide culture. And that was his trouble. The most enduring poetry he ever wrote is contained in the *Biglow Papers*, as Yankee as hard cider. He entered Harvard in 1834 and was Class Poet. He graduated from the Law School and brought out a volume of poems called *A Year's Life*. Anything more uninspired than that title it would be hard to imagine. In 1844 appeared his second book, *Poems*. This contained one of his best classical poems, "Rhoecus." Another *Poems* followed four years later, and in 1850, at the age of thirty-one, came his *Poetical Works*. This was the academic Lowell, a cultured young man with most excellent gifts, with much talent and polish, with everything but any genius whatsoever. The other side, the "first rate fighting man" and the native bard began giving the *Biglow Papers* to the world in 1846. The second series appeared during the Civil War. They became widely known, and contained most excellent propaganda for the hour, but best of all they gave us almost our first genuine, unspoilt poetry of the American soil. Lowell meanwhile turned to criticism and *belles-lettres* and in 1855 he became a Harvard professor, teaching modern languages. Two years later he became editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, continuing in that capacity for four years. For five years, up to '69 he was one of the editors of *The North American Review*. He was an essayist of much grace and published half a dozen books of essays during his life, one of them political. More poems appeared in 1868 and in 1870, and in the centenary years of the American Revolution he delivered three memorial poems at Concord, Cambridge, and Boston. Under Hayes he was made ambassador to Spain, and then transferred to England. In 1887 he published his addresses delivered in England, in 1888 his last poems and his *Political Essays* appeared.

Lowell received a D.C.L. from Oxford in 1873 and an LL.D. from Cambridge in the following year. He was a man of excel-

lent scholarship and his "Harvard Commemoration Ode" contains as fine an expression of national patriotism as can be found. His "Ballad of Sir Launfal" is perhaps his most popular poem and embodies some delightful natural description. Elsewhere he wrote ~~work~~ like nature poetry. His technical gift was not at all to be despised and his love for literature was strong and ardent. When he allowed himself awhile to forget his culture and his academic training, and "spoke out in meetin'," he could prove himself one of the most vigorous fighters for the truth that America has had, clear and keen of sight and eloquently forceful in language. But he also wrote in dilettante fashion, influenced by certain English masters. Emerson, somehow, we associate with the cloister, Poe with empyrean, Whitman with the open, and Lowell—almost inevitably—with the drawing-room. We might add, Longfellow with the college study and Whittier with the pulpit. Such impressions never tell the whole story, of course, but they are based upon characteristic differences.

HOSEA BIGELOW'S LAMENT *

BEAVER roars hoarse with melting snows,
And rattles diamonds from his granite;
Time was he snatched away my prose,
And into psalms or satires ran it;
But he, and all the rest that once
Started my blood to contra dances
Find me and leave me but a dunce
That has no use for dreams and fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle through the street,
I hear the drummers making riot,
And I sit thinking of the feet
That followed once and now are quiet,—

* The poems by James Russell Lowell are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

White feet as snow-drops innocent,
That never knew the paths of Satan,
Sad ears that listened as they went,
Lifelong to hear them come will wait on.

Have I not held them on my knee?
Did I not love to see them growing,
Three likely lads as well could be,
Handsome and brave, and not too knowing?

I sit and look into the blaze,
Whose nature, just like theirs, keeps climbing
Long as it lives in shining ways,
And half despise myself for rhyming.

What's talk to them whose faith and truth
On War's red touchstone rang true metal,
Who ventured life and love and youth
For the great prize of death in battle?

To him who, deadly hurt, again
Flashed on before the charge's thunder,
Tipping with fire the bolt of men
That rived the Rebel line asunder?

Come Peace, not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost and dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell of triumph tasted.

Come with hand gripping on the hilt,
And step that proves you Victory's daughter!

Longing for you, our spirits wilt
Like shipwrecked men on rafts for water.

Come, while our Country feels the lift
Of a great instinct shouting Forwards,
And knows that Freedom's not a gift
That tarries long in hands of cowards.

Come, such as mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips that quivered,
And bring fair wages for brave men,
A Nation saved, a Race delivered.

FROM "SUMTHIN' IN A PASTORAL LINE"
["THE BIGLOW PAPERS"]

I, COUNTRY-BORN an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,
An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's notes,—
Half-vent'rinn' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,
The rebble frosts'll try to drive 'em in;
For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds:
Thet's Northun natur', slow, an' apt to doubt,
But when it doos git stirred, ther's no gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then gray hoss-ches'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old:
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows;
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rín' his adobë house.

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams
Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
Grows stronger, ficer, tears out right an' left,
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
Suddin, in one great slope o' shedderin' foam,
Jes' so our Spring gits every thin' in tune,
An' gives one leap from April into June:
Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think,
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink;
The cat-bird in the laylock-bush is loud;
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud;
Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet;

James Russell Lowell

The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade,
An' drows'y simmer with the bees' sweet trade;
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang-bird clings
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings:
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try
With pins,—they'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby!
But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you?—
Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo;
One word with blood in't's ez twice ez good ez two:
'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs aginst the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter thru the air.
I ollus feel the sap start in my veins
In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly pains,
Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to walk
Off by myself to hev a privit talk
With a queer critter thet can't seem to 'gree
Along o' me like most folks,—Mister Me.
Ther' is times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,
An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,—
I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks are nigh,
An' can't bear nothin' closer than the sky;
Now the wind's full ez shifty in the mind
Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,
An, sometimes, in the fairest sou'-west weather,
My inward vane pints east for weeks together,
My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins

Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp ez pins:
Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o' sight,
An' take it out in a fair stan' up fight
With the one cuss I can't lay on the shelf,
The crook'dest stick in all the heap,—myself.

FROM "THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION
ODE"

(A poem read by Lowell at a commemoration service in honor of Harvard men who had fallen in the Civil War, July 21, 1865.)

III

MANY loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,

With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.

Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew

Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;

They followed her and found her

Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.

Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath

Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the last?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that shall outlive us?
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true;
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving,
A long account of nothings paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.

Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;
A seed of sunshine that can leaven
Our earthy dulness with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains elder than the Day;
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,
Still beaconing from the heights of undegenerate years.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

We have lately contrasted Poe and Holmes. And Whitman, I have already said, is of the open. Another contrast lies here, that Whitman's life-period was the same, almost to a year, as James Russell Lowell's. Walt Whitman was born on a farm in Suffolk County on Long Island. His lineage was English and Dutch. His father moved to Brooklyn when the boy was four, and young Whitman lived there until he was about seventeen. He went to public school and learned to be a printer. In 1839 he taught school and edited a paper at Huntington, his birthplace. He continued as printer, editor, and newspaper writer until 1861. Meanwhile, he brought out Leaves of Grass in 1855, the most radical experiment that had yet appeared in American poetry, both in matter and manner. He became the self-appointed spokesman of the common people and his book created discussion. It was enlarged in the next year, and again in '61. He served for three years as a volunteer army nurse in the hospitals near Washington, from '62 on. ~~He became connected~~ with the Department of the Interior in 1865, but the contents of his book caused his expulsion. He obtained another place in the office of the Attorney-General, but, having long been in bad health, was stricken with paralysis in 1873. For ten years he then lived with his brother in Camden, N. J. After that, with the help of friends, he secured his own home in Mickle Street in the same town.

W. M. Rossetti, brother of Dante Gabriel Rossetti the English poet, selected and edited his poems for English circulation in 1868. Whitman became well-known in England and upon the Continent. Swinburne, the great English poet, was a fervent admirer of his work. Enlarged American editions of *Leaves of Grass* continued to appear. Whitman also wrote *Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps*, 1865-66, *Democratic Vistas* (prose), 1871, and in 1876 issued the Centennial Edition of his Works in two volumes. He lectured in New York and Boston on the anniversary of the death

of President Lincoln. The Attorney-General of Massachusetts suppressed the 1882 definitive edition of *Leaves of Grass* which appeared in Boston. It was issued later in Philadelphia. In 1883 appeared *Specimen Days*, a collection of Whitman's prose. In 1888 appeared *November Boughs*, and in 1891 *Good Bye, My Fancy*. The 1892 edition of *Leaves of Grass* includes these. Whitman designed and built his own tomb in the cemetery at Camden.

Walt Whitman was an elemental. His genius lay in tremendous extensive sympathy for all natural forms of life, and in expressing the brooding cosmic meaning of the song of a bird, the rustle of the sea upon the sand, the passage of the wind, the glitter of the stars. He also strove mightily to give the fullest expression to the inarticulate longings of the human heart and the human flesh. He dealt with chaotic and Protean material, he loved vastness, he loved crowds of people, he felt—or declared that he felt—a great brotherly affection for everything, for things the most diverse—a sympathy that found, in the Biblical fashion, nothing common or unclean that God had cleansed with life. By many he is held to be our greatest American poet. He is certainly an enormous figure on our literary skyline, a giant toiling in a cloud.

To others his jumbling of everything together, his interminable catalogues, his frequent hoarse rant and egotistic bluster, will always prove obstacles. Walt fooled himself frequently. He appeals to impatient, rebellious, egocentric minds. But when all that is said there remains something massive and eternal about the personality of Whitman. And his sensitive sympathy, the gentle wistfulness, even, of frequent moods, is very apt to be forgotten in that barker's manner of his in front of the big tent. His detractors have usually been far lesser men than he. He was too tough and rough for the academic New Englanders.

I do not think he was "the good, gray poet." I think he was often full of the old ~~Dick~~. But he let no one else manufacture his opinions for him, he set down what he observed himself. He loved the earth. He lay down and ~~hugged~~ it. He stuck his nose into ~~dock~~ leaf and jimson-weed. He arose and orated mightily to the mountains and vociferated to the sea. He loved life as a gigantic spectacle and it was preposterous to think that he could keep silent about it. He cared nothing for artifices and habiliments.

Walt Whitman

He cared, to tears, about nature growing rankly, lushly, unadorned. He was Pan and Silenus, by turns, Prometheus and old Neptune with sea-weed-tangled beard. He cared less about any one nation or any one race than he cared about all nations and all races. That is why he is probably the most-read poet in our great cosmopolitan New York City. That is why he appeals so widely abroad.

Whitman would have played hob with Lowell's drawing-room. He would have thrown open all the windows and called in all the hired men to a barbecue. And yet, if he could ever have got used to it, I do believe there was a like quality in Lowell that would actually have enjoyed it. But Lowell had been well brought up.

FROM "INFINITY" *

I OPEN my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,

And all I see multiplied as high as I can cipher edge
but the rim of the farther systems.

Wider and wider they spread, expanding, always ex-
panding,

Outward and outward and forever outward.

My sun has his sun and round him obediently wheels,
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest
inside them.

There is no stoppage and never can be stoppage,
If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their
surfaces, were this moment reduced back to a pallid
float, it would not avail in the long run,

We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther, and then farther and
farther.

* From *Leaves of Grass*, by Walt Whitman. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Page & Company.

A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues, do not hazard the span or make it impatient,

They are but parts, anything is but a part.

See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,

The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine
will be there.

FROM "WALT WHITMAN" *

A CHILD said, *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;

How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is, any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer, designedly dropp'd.
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means,
Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,

Growing among black folks as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the
same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of
graves.

Tenderly will I use you, curling grass;
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,
It may be you are from old people, and from women,
and from offspring taken soon out of their mothers'
laps,
And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of
old mothers,
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.

O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues!
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of
mouths for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young
men and women,
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the off-
spring taken soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old
men?
And what do you think has become of the women and
children?

They are alive and well somewhere;
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death;
And if ever there was, it led forward life, and does
 not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceased the moment life appear'd.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed,
 and luckier.

FROM "SONG OF MYSELF" *

30

ALL truths wait in all things,
They neither hasten their own delivery nor resist it,
They do not need the obstetric forceps of the surgeon,
The insignificant is as big to me as any,
(What is less or more than a touch?)

Logic and sermons never convince,
The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.

(Only what proves itself to every man and woman is so,
Only what nobody denies is so.)

A minute and a drop of me settle my brain,
I believe the soggy clods shall become lovers and lamps,
And a compend of compends is the meat of a man or
 woman,
And a summit and flower there is the feeling they have
 for each other,

And they are to branch boundlessly out of that lesson
until it becomes omnific,
And until one and all shall delight us, and we them.

31

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work
of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand,
and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors
of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all
machinery,
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses
any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of
infidels.

FROM “OUT OF THE CRADLE ENDLESSLY
ROCKING” *

ONCE Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and Fifth-month
grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briars,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted
with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouch'd on her nest, silent,
with bright eyes,

And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never
disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

• • • •
Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

• • • •
Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer wonderful causing tears.

He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

• • • •
The aria sinking,
All else continuing, the stars shining,
The winds blowing, the notes of the bird continuous
echoing,

With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly moaning,
On the sands of Paumanok's shore gray and rustling,
The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping,
 the face of the sea almost touching,
The boy ecstatic, with his bare feet the waves, with his
 hair the atmosphere dallying,
The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last
 tumultuously bursting,
The aria's meaning, the ears, the soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there, the trio, each uttering,
The undertone, the savage old mother incessantly crying,
To the boy's soul's questions sullenly timing, some drown'd
 secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard.

Demon or bird (said the boy's soul) !
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really
 to me?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I
 have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake,
And already a thousand singers, a thousand songs, clearer,
 louder and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within
 me, never to die.

O you singer, solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,
O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease per-
petuating you,
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,

Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from
me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before
what there in the night,
By the sea under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there arous'd, the fire, the sweet hell
within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me.

Henry Howard Brownell (1820-1872)

Brownell was born in Providence, Rhode Island. He graduated at Trinity College, and practiced law for five years. In the early years of the Civil War he wrote a poem on Farragut that led to his appointment as acting ensign aboard the *Hartford*. He was an eye-witness of the battle of Mobile Bay, and after the war went with Farragut on his European cruise. He resigned from the Navy in 1868. In 1847 he published *Poems*, in 1864 *Lyrics of a Day*. Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote a preface to his *War Lyrics, and Other Poems* that appeared in 1866. Brownell's poem on "The Bay Fight," from which it has been necessary to make excerpts here, is one of the most striking narrative poems of the Civil War, and one of the most accurate. The battle was fought on August 5th, 1864. The poem was written shortly after, from personal and close observation. There are few or no instances in literature of so fine a poem having had its inception under such circumstances. Brownell wrote another and companion poem "The River Fight," which it would be well worth your while to look up. You will find an excerpt from it in Stedman's "American Anthology."

FROM "THE BAY FIGHT" *

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,
The steady Trade blew strong and free,
The Northern Light his banners paled,
The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
The blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

* The poem by Henry Howard Brownell is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren reach
Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
From Brazos to San Blas that roll
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

A weary time,—but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame!

“Man your starboard battery!”
Kimberly shouted;—
The ship, with her hearts of oak,
Was going, ’mid roar and smoke,
On to victory!
None of us doubted,
No, not our dying,—
Farragut’s Flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,
Morgan roared on our right;—
Before us, gloomy and fell,

With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight!

Ha, old ship! do they thrill,
The brave two hundred scars
You got in the River-Wars?
That were leeched with clamorous skill,
(Surgery savage and hard,) Splinted with bolt and beam,
Probed in scarfing and seam,
Rudely linted and tarred
With oakum and boiling pitch,
And sutured with splice and hitch,
At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard!

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown,
(Wont of old renown)—
But every ship was drest
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day;
Sixty flags and three,
As we floated up the bay—
At every peak and mast-head flew
The brave Red, White, and Blue,—
We were eighteen ships that day.

On, in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the line of Death
That our devilish Foe had laid,—

Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villainous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell!

And there, O sight forlorn!
There, while the cannon
Hurtled and thundered,—
(Ah, what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn!)—
Caught by the under-death
In the drawing of a breath
Down went dauntless Craven,
He and his hundred!

A moment we saw her turret,
A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er her,
Like the crest of a breaking wave,—
In that great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The fort their monument,
(Seen afar in the offing,)
Ten fathom deep lie Craven
And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
Closing up in their stations;—
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations,
(Christening the generations)

When valor were all too late,
If a moment's doubt be harbored ;—
From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old chief,—
“Go on!”—’twas all he said,—
Our helm was put to starboard,
And the *Hartford* passed ahead.

• • • • •

Trust me, our berth was hot,
Ah, wickedly well they shot—
How their death-bolts howled and stung !
And the water-batteries played
With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung ;
So the battle raged and roared ;—
Ah, had you been aboard
To have seen the fight we made !

How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip !
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship !

And how the enemy's shell
Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers ;—
But ah, the pluck of the crew !
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,
Boldly they worked and well—
Steadily came the powder.
Steadily came the shell.
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
Quickly they cleared the wreck—
And the dead were laid to port,
All a-row, on our deck.

• • • •
And now, as we looked ahead,
All for'ard, the long white deck,
Was growing a strange dull red—
But soon, as once and again
Fore and aft we sped,
(The firing to guide or check,) You could hardly choose but tread
On the ghastly human wreck,
(Dreadful gobbet and shred
That a minute ago were men!)

Red, from main-mast to bitts !
Red, on bulwark and wale,
Red, by combing and hatch,
Red, o'er netting and vail !

And ever, with steady *con*,
The ship forged slowly by,—
And ever the crew fought on,
And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see
How by their guns they stood,

Right in front of our dead,
Fighting square abreast,—
Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red,
Chrism of fire and blood!

So, up the Bay we ran,
The Flag to port and ahead—
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead.

A league from the Fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag,—
When lo! looking down the Bay,
There flaunted the Rebel Rag;—
The Ram is again under way
And heading dead for the Flag!

Steering up with the stream,
Boldly his course lay,
Though the fleet all answered his fire,
And, as he still drew nigher,
Ever on bow and beam
Our Monitors pounded away;—
How the *Chickasaw* hammered away!

Quickly breasting the wave,
Eager the prize to win,
First of us all the brave
Monongahela went in
Under full head of steam;—
Twice she struck him abeam,

Till her stem was a sorry work,
(She might have run on a crag!)
The *Lackawana* hit fair,
He flung her aside like cork,
And still held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen shroud,
(Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm,)
Our Admiral's voice rang loud,
“Hard-a-starboard your helm!
Starboard! and run him down!”

Starboard it was,—and so,
Like a black squall's lifting frown,
Our mighty bow bore down
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death
In battle and stormy weather,—
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
Drayton, courtly and wise,
Kindly cynic, and wise,
(You hardly had known him now,
 The flame of fight in his eyes!)—
His brave heart eager to feel
How the oak would tell on the steel!

But, as the space grew short,
A little he seemed to shun us,
Out peered a form grim and lanky,
And a voice yelled—"Hard-a-port!
Hard-a-port!—here's the damned Yankee
Coming right down on us!"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul
With a gnarring shudder and growl:
He gave us a deadly gun;
But, as he passed in his pride,
(Rasping right alongside!)
The Old Flag, in thunder-tones,
Poured in her port broadside,
Rattling his iron hide,
And cracking his timber bones!

Just then, at speed on the Foe,
With her bow all weathered and brown,
The great *Lackawana* came down
Full tilt, for another blow;—
We were forging ahead,
She reversed—but, for all our pains,
Rammed the old *Hartford*, instead,
Just for'ard the mizzen chains!

Ah! how the masts did buckle and bend,
And the stout hull ring and reel,
As she took us right on end!
(Vain were engine and wheel,
She was under full steam)—

With the roar of a thunder-stroke
Her two thousand tons of oak
Brought up on us, right abeam !

A wreck, as it looked, we lay,—
(Rib and plank shear gave way
To the stroke of that giant wedge !)
Here, after all, we go—
The old ship is gone!—ah, no,
But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind then,—at him again !
His flurry now can't last long ;
He'll never again see land,—
Try that on *him*, Marchand !
On him again, brave Strong !

Heading square at the hulk,
Full on his beam we bore ;
But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog
Lay on the tide like a log,
He vomited flame no more.

Our ship and her fame to-day
Shall float on the storied Stream
When mast and shroud have crumbled away,
And her long white deck is a dream.

And the ships shall sail once more,
And the cloud of war sweep on

To break on the cruel shore;—
But Craven is gone,
He and his hundred are gone.

• • • •
The Dahlgrens are dumb,
Dumb are the mortars;
Never more shall the drum
Beat to colors and quarters,—
The great guns are silent.

O brave heart and loyal!
Let all your colors dip;—
Mourn him, proud ship!
From main deck to royal.
God rest our Captain,
Rest our lost hundred!

Droop, flag and pennant!
What is your pride for?
Heaven, that he died for,
Rest our Lieutenant.
Rest our brave threescore!

• • • •
Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind:
The Mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind!

Bayard Taylor (1825-1878)

The memory of Bayard Taylor lives in one of the most spirited love poems in the English language. He was born in Pennsylvania and died in Berlin, Germany. He was a globe-trotter, as it is called, living constantly, for the best part of his life, in constant change of scene. From a child he desired to be both a poet and a traveler. He wrote his first verse at the age of seven. His first published poem, "Soliloquy of a Young Poet" appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* of that era. He was then only sixteen. His first book of poems appeared three years later, *Ximen; or the Battle of the Sierra Morena, and Other Poems*, by James Bayard Taylor. This year he first went abroad and traveled Europe for two years on foot. His book upon his travels, *Views Afoot; or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff*, was published later. In 1848, at the age of twenty-three, he was head of the literary section of the *New York Tribune*. In 1849 he sailed for California, as a forty-niner. He later wrote a book about it, *Eldorado*. He married, but his wife died two months later. He sailed for Europe in 1851 and, after he had left, his volume, *A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs* came out. He journeyed to the East and his letters home to the *Tribune* brought him more recognition. After that he published many books of travel and lectured widely. In 1856, after a nervous breakdown, he sailed again for Europe, and there met and married in Germany the daughter of the German astronomer, Professor Hansen. In 1859, at the age of thirty-four, he established his home at "Cedarcroft," Pennsylvania. He continued, however, to travel abroad and to make many lecture tours. In 1862 he became secretary to the legation in Russia. He published several novels, a translation of Goethe's *Faust* and about ten volumes of poems. In 1878 he was sent as United States Minister to Germany. He projected a *Life of Goethe*, but never lived to finish it. His widow re-edited his works and wrote, with H. E. Scudder, his life and letters.

Here we have the incorrigible nomad, and, only incidentally, the poet; but Bayard Taylor was a man who possessed himself of the cultures of many diverse countries, and wrote fluently a variety of books. He was even an excellent parodist. A man of the greatest versatility, with brilliant gifts. If not a great poet, he was one of the most gifted and finished writers of his time. As a journalist he was distinguished, as a man he was widely popular, and claimed all the best minds of his time as his friends.

BEDOUIN SONG *

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,

* The poems by Bayard Taylor are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

THE VILLAGE STORK

THE old Hercynian Forest sent
His weather on the plain;
Wahlwinkel's orchards writhed and bent
In whirls of wind and rain.
Within her nest, upon the roof,
For generations tempest-proof,
Wahlwinkel's stork with her young ones lay,
When the hand of the hurricane tore away
The house and the home that held them.

The storm passed by ; the happy trees
Stood up and kissed the sun ;
And from the birds new melodies
Came fluting one by one.

The stork, upon the paths below,
Went sadly pacing to and fro,
With dripping plumes and head depressed,
For she thought of the spoiled ancestral nest,
And the old, inherited honor.

“Behold her now !” the throstle sang
From out the linden tree ;
“Who knows from what a line she sprang,
Beyond the unknown sea ?”
“If she could sing, perchance her tale
Might move us,” chirruped the nightingale.
“Sing ? She can only rattle and creak !”
Whistled the bullfinch, with silver beak,
Within the wires of his prison.

And all the birds there, or loud or low,
Were one in scoff and scorn ;
But still the stork paced to and fro,
As utterly forlorn.
Then suddenly, in turn of eye,
She saw a poet passing by,
And the thought in his brain was an arrow of fire,
That pierced her with passion, and pride, and ire,
And gave her a voice to answer.

She raised her head and shook her wings,
And faced the piping crowd.

"Best service," said she, "never sings.
True honor is not loud.
My kindred carol not, nor boast;
Yet we are loved and welcomed most,
And our ancient race is dearest and first,
And the hand that hurts us is held accursed
In every home of Wahlwinkel!"

"Beneath a sky forever fair,
And with a summer sod,
The land I come from smiles—and there
My brother was a god!
My nest upon a temple stands
And sees the shine of desert lands;
And the palm and the tamarisk cool my wings,
When the blazing beam of the noonday stings,
And I drink from the holy river!"

"There I am sacred, even as here;
Yet dare I not be lost,
When meads are bright, hearts full of cheer,
At blithesome Pentecost.
Then from mine obelisk I depart,
Guided by something in my heart,
And sweep in a line over Libyan sands
To the blossoming olives by Grecian lands,
And rest on the Cretan Ida!"

"Parnassus sees me as I sail;
I cross the Adrian brine;
The distant summits fade and fail,
Dalmatian, Apennine;

The Alpine snows beneath me gleam,
I see the yellow Danube stream;
But I hasten on till my spent wings fall
Where I bring a blessing to each and all,
And babes to the wives of Wahlwinkel!"

She drooped her head and spake no more;
The birds on either hand
Sang louder, lustier than before—
They could not understand.
Thus mused the stork, with snap of beak:
"Better be silent, than so speak!
Highest being can never be taught:
They have their voices, I my thought;
And they were never in Egypt!"

Walter Mitchell (1826-1908)

The author of this remarkably realistic and vivid sea-poem was a clergyman born in Nantucket, Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard in 1846 and entered the Episcopal ministry. He was editorially connected with *The Churchman*. He wrote several novels, one well-known at the time, *Bryan Maurice*, and a volume of poems. He died in New York City.

There are weak lines and trite and banal phrases in this poem, but its worth, at a time when so many were writing fustian about the sea, with allusions that would make any mariner laugh, is in its being written from actual observation and without mere "poetic device." It is an honest description, presented with gusto and the actual feeling, of a squall off shore.

TACKING SHIP OFF SHORE

THE weather-leech of the topsail shivers,
The bow-lines strain, and the lee-shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow,
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island Head?
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye,
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "*Full and by!*"
Is suddenly changed for "*Full for stays!*"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays ;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "*Stand by for stays!*"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "*Ready! About!*"

No time to spare ! It is touch and go ;
And the captain growls, "*Down, helm ! hard down !*"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's
frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea ;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "*Ay, ay, sir ! Ha-a-rd a lee !*"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats ;
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps ;
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and sheets!*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall :
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for, "Mainsail, haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung :
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go, and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more :
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall ?
I steady the helm for the open sea ;
The first mate clamors, "Belay there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly ;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
In my fo'castle bunk, in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck and my watch is below.

Silas Weir Mitchell (1829-1914)

Dr. Mitchell is chiefly remembered as a novelist, as the author of *Hugh Wynne*, *Free Quaker*, *The Adventures of François*, and many other works of fiction. He also, however, began publishing poetry with *The Hill of Stones*, 1882, and was the author of several volumes of verse. His *Collected Poems* have been out for some years. He was born in Philadelphia and graduated from Jefferson Medical College in 1850. He published many medical works of importance. His son, Langdon Mitchell, is a poet and dramatist.

This poem of Dr. Mitchell's reflects a mood almost every boy has experienced, whether from reading Shakespeare or some mere tale of adventure. It seems therefore particularly suitable for this volume.

ON A BOY'S FIRST READING OF "KING HENRY V" *

WHEN youth was lord of my unchallenged fate,
And time seemed but the vassal of my will,
I entertainèd certain guests of state—
The great of older days, who, faithful still,
Have kept with me the pact my youth had made.

And I remember how one galleon rare
From the far distance of a time long dead
Came on the wings of a fair-fortuned air,
With sound of martial music heralded,
In blazonry of storied shields arrayed.

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So the *Great Harry* with high trumpetings,
The wind of victory in her burly sails !
And all her deck with clang of armor rings :
And under-flown the Lily standard trails,
And over-flown the royal Lions ramp.

The waves she rode are strewn with silent wrecks,
Her proud sea-comrades once ; but ever yet
Comes time-defying laughter from her decks,
Where stands the lion-lord Plantagenet,
Large-hearted, merry, king of court and camp.

Sail on ! sail on ! The fatal blasts of time
That spared so few, shall thee with joy escort ;
And with the stormy thunder of thy rhyme
Shalt thou salute full many a centuried port
With "Ho ! for Harry and red Agincourt!"

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Emily Dickinson was born and died at Amherst, Massachusetts. Her father was the treasurer of Amherst College. The poet was a complete recluse. She hardly left her own house during her lifetime. She sought the advice of Colonel Thomas W. Higginson in 1862, as to her work, and he corresponded with her for many years. He and her sister Sue and her friend Mabel Loomis Todd knew most about her poetry. Three or four only of her poems were printed during her lifetime, despite her remonstrance.

After her death, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd brought out her *Poems* in 1890, *Poems—Second Series* in 1892, and *Poems—Third Series* in 1896. In 1914, her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, published a further volume, *The Single Hound*. The same relative has just published her *Life and Letters*, and edited her complete *Poems* in one volume.

Emily Dickinson, it is almost needless to say, never wrote for publication. Poems and letters reveal a shyly courageous, sharply individual, and quite fantastic spirit. Her personality and her work avoid categories. She wrote entirely spontaneously, to please herself and out of affection for a very few. She never desired fame, but fame has stolen upon her sleeping. Her fancy is entirely and freshly her own, sometimes she hides herself in the cryptic, sometimes she repeats herself or simply tangles herself up in fantasy. Yet she has said some of the shrewdest things within the smallest compass, and apparently with the least effort, of any American poet. When her verses are likely to rhyme too patly she seems often purposely to remove the rhymes. Her acuteness is always busily determined not to be caught by your own acuteness, and she is usually peeping at you from around a corner. She conducts the wedding of odd words with an innocence and sobriety that is wholly delicious. I believe she wrote many of her poems hit or miss on any old scrap of paper, but they remain the oracle's flitting, whispering leaves.

THE LONELY HOUSE *

I KNOW some lonely houses off the road
A robber'd like the look of.—
Wooden barred,
And windows hanging low,
Inviting to
A portico,
Where two could creep:
One hand the tools,
The other peep
To make sure all 's asleep.
Old-fashioned eyes,
Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the kitchen'd look by night,
With just a clock,—
But they could gag the tick,
And mice won't bark;
And so the walls don't tell,
None will.

A pair of spectacles ajar just stir—
An almanac's aware.
Was it the mat winked,
Or a nervous star?
The moon slides down the stair
To see who's there.

* From *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Published by Little, Brown & Company, and reprinted by their permission.

There's plunder,—where?
Tankard, or spoon,
Earring, or stone,
A watch, some ancient brooch
To match the grandmama,
Staid sleeping there.

Day rattles, too,
Stealth's slow;
The sun has got as far
As the third sycamore.
Screams chanticleer,
“Who's there?”
And echoes, trains away,
Sneer—“Where?”
While the old couple, just astir,
Fancy the sunrise left the door ajar!

“MUCH MADNESS IS DIVINEST SENSE” *

MUCH Madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur,—you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.

PARTING *

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell:
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

Helen Hunt Jackson (1831-1885)

Who now remembers that Helen Hunt Jackson wrote "A Century of Dishonor" in behalf of the American Indians, attacking the policy of the United States toward them? She too, like Emily Dickinson, was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, and only a year later; but her life led her much farther afield. She was educated at Ipswich, Massachusetts, and at the age of twenty-one married Captain Edward Hunt of the United States Army, who died in 1863. In 1875 she married again, and lived at Colorado Springs. In 1883 she was appointed special examiner into the condition of the Mission Indians of California, after her book on the Indians had appeared. In 1884 she wrote a novel dealing with the Indians, *Ramona*. Two other novels followed.

Verses by H. H. had appeared in 1870 and *Sonnets and Lyrics* in 1876. "Coronation," here included, is perhaps one of her best-known poems. Her work was widely known in her own day, and these several poems remain to us the expression of an unusually brave and free-born spirit.

CORONATION *

At the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

* From *Poems by H. H.* (1892), by Helen Hunt Jackson. Published by Little, Brown & Company, and reprinted by their permission.

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
 Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
 Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
 The beggar turned, and pitying,
Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee,
 Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
 Shook off the crown, and threw it by.
"O man! thou must have known," he said.
 "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
 Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
 Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
 Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
 "This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
 Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
 The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen
 The king?" The cry ran to and fro;

Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

POPPIES IN THE WHEAT *

ALONG Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air, with ebb and flow
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro
To mark the shore. The farmer does not know
That they are there. He walks with heavy feet,
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain,
But I,—I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me in which, though bread be sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

Edmund Clarence Stedman (1833-1908)

Stedman combined poetry with banking and was for many years an active member of the Stock Exchange in Wall Street. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, entered Yale at the age of fifteen, took first prize for his poem "Westminster Abbey," and was suspended at the end of his sophomore year. After having won public recognition over twenty years later he was restored to his class and made an M.A. He edited the Norwich *Tribune* and Winsted *Herald*, 1852-55. While on the New York *Tribune* he first printed "Osawatomie Brown." He joined the staff of the New York *World* in 1860, and was its war correspondent during the Civil War. He also served in the Attorney-General's office at Washington. In 1864 he helped construct and finance the first section of the first Pacific railroad. He entered Wall Street in 1864, desiring to gain a livelihood for literary work. From 1860 on he published about a dozen volumes of poetry, anthologies, lectures, and so on. He held his seat in the Stock Exchange until 1900. His *Complete Poems* appeared in 1908. He had become President of the American Copyright League in 1891.

Stedman's "Pan in Wall Street" deals with a *locale* he knew well. "John Brown of Osawatomie," written in 1859, expresses Stedman's sturdier side. Later criticism of the real John Brown shows that historic American in less heroic aspects. However, Stedman's poem was sincerely written and contains real feeling and fire. Stedman did a great service to poetry in the compilation of his "American" and "Victorian" anthologies, and was ever a firm friend of all poets in this country. In poetry his real life was lived.

Beside the poems mentioned above, "Kearney at Seven Pines" is a dashing poem of the Civil War; the rest of Stedman's poetry is fairly negligible, though much of it is written with grace and skill. Stedman knew and corresponded with all the best poets of his time, and his position as an anthologist in America is equivalent to that of Francis Turner Palgrave in England.

PAN IN WALL STREET*

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations ;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations ;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer ;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar :
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

* The poems by Edmund Clarence Stedman are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
 The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
 From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
 Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
 But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
 His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
 Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
 Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
 And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
 Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
 The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
 With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
 From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
 Came beasts from every wooded valley.

The random passers stayed to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up “Yankee Doodle Dandy”!

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“Great Pan is dead!”—and all the people
Went on their ways:—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee
farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons—all stalwart men of
might.
There he spoke aloud for Freedom, and the Border-
strife grew warmer,
Till the rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the
night;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find his house
burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle, and boldly fought for
Freedom;
Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading
band;
And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven
help and speed 'em!—
They would save those grand old prairies from the
curse that blights the land;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his
ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men; and they labored day
and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril, and their very lives
seemed charmed;
Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of
Heaven—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed
all unarmed;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a ter-
rible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat
of battle,
But in peace, behind his plough-share,—and they
loaded him with chains,
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad
their cattle,
Drove him, cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew
out his brains;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
. Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's
vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the
Almighty,

He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed
and torn him so;—

He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day
and night; he

Would so pursue its footsteps,—so return it blow for
blow—

That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in
town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue
eye grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing
battle from afar;

And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife
waxed milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border
War,

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare
and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes
behind him,

Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are
born,

Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew
where to find him,

Edmund Clarence Stedman

Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and
shorn;

For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's
gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels,
or such trifles;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved
Sharpe's rifles;

And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there
again.

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

"Boys, we've got an army large enough to march and
whip the town!"

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes,
and then arm them;

Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the potent
'South;

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims
rise to harm them—

These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed
the warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John
Brown!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a
a Sunday:

"This good work," declared the captain, "shall be on
a holy night!"

It was on a Sunday evening, and, before the noon of
Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates
—black and white,

Captain Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the
sentry down;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets
and the cannon;

Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one
by one;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they
ran on,

And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was
done.

Mad Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took
the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder,
made he;

It was all done in the midnight, like the emperor's
coup d'état;

"Cut the wires! stop the rail-cars! hold the streets and
bridges!" said he,

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for
guiding star,—

This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here
and thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charles-
town Volunteers,

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hast-
ened whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand
grenadiers!

General Brown,
Osawatomie Brown!

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pour-
ing down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old
Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the mar-
vellous assurance—

Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them
straight about;

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamped around the town.

But to storm with all the forces we have mentioned,
 was too risky;
So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government
 Marines—
Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls
 with Bourbon whiskey,
Till they battered down Brown's castle with their lad-
 ders and machines;
And Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave
 old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily
 away;
And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too
 late for slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fixed their bullets in his
 clay;
And Old Brown,
 Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them
 laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hast-
 ened on the trial;
How Old Brown was placed, half-dying, on the Charles-
 town court-house floor;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all
 denial;

What the brave old madman told them—these are
known the country o'er.

“Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,”

Said the judge, “and all such rebels!” with his most
judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don’t do it! for I tell you that the
flagon,

Filled with blood of Old Brown’s offspring, was first
poured by Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown’s life-veins, like the
red gore of the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your
slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you’ve nailed
his coffin down!

Harriet Prescott Spofford (1835-1921)

This poet was born in Maine, educated in New Hampshire and later lived in Newburyport, Massachusetts. She wrote many stories for magazines. After her marriage she resided on Deer Island in the Merrimac River, near Newburyport. Beginning with *Sir Rohan's Ghost* published in 1859, she wrote some eight or ten books of stories and of verse. *The Amber Gods and Other Stories* was about her best book of tales. The following poem celebrates the final passing of Spanish sea-power after our war with Spain. It is a great subject and Mrs. Spofford has made it a vivid pageant. Youth is the time to read of buccaneering, and we all have our literary memories, at least, of "The Navy of Old Spain." This poem seems to me to recall the apparitions of the Spanish Main both with vigor and historical accuracy.

PHANTOMS ALL *

COME, all you sailors of the southern waters,
 You apparitions of the Spanish main,
Who dyed the jewelled depths blood-red with slaughters,
 You things of crime and gain !

Come, caravel and pinnace, on whose daring
 Rose the low purple of a new world's shore ;
Come from your dreams of desperate seafaring
 And sun your sails once more.

Build up again your stately height, storm-harried
 Santa Maria, crusted with salt stains ;

* The poem by Harriet Prescott Spofford is used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Come quick, you black and treacherous craft that carried
Columbus home in chains!

And out of all your angry flames and flashes,
Proud with a pride that only homeward yearned,
Swim darkly up and gather from your ashes,
You ships that Cortes burned!

Come, prows, whence climbing into light deific
Undazzled Balboa planted o'er the plain,
The lonely plain of the unguessed Pacific,
The standard of great Spain.

In Caribbean coves, dark vanished vessels,
Lurking and hiding thrice a hundred years,
Figure again your mad and merry wrestles,
Beaks of the buccaneers!

Come, you that bore through boughs of dripping blossom,
Ogeron with his headsman and his priest,
Where Limousin with treasure in his bosom
Dreamed, and in dreaming ceased.

Barks at whose name to-day the nursling shivers,
Come, with the bubble-rafts where men swept down
Along the foam and fall of mighty rivers
To sack the isthmian town!

Through dusky bayous known in old romances
In one great furtive squadron move, you host

That took to death and drowning those free-lances,
The Brethren of the Coast!

Come, Drake, come, Hawkins, to your sad employer,
Come, L'Olonnois and Davila, again,
Come, you great ships of Montbar the Destroyer,
Of Morgan and his men!

Dipping and slipping under shadowy highlands,
Dashing in haste the swifter fate to meet,
Come from your wrecks on haunted keys and islands,
Cervera's valiant fleet!

Galleons, and merchantmen, and sloops of story,
O silent escort, follow in full train
This passing phantom of an ancient glory,
The Navy of Old Spain!

William Henry Venable (1836-1918)

Venable was president of the Chickering Institute at Cincinnati from 1881 to 1886. He was born in Warren Co., Ohio. He published his first book, *June on the Miami, and Other Poems* in 1871, two volumes of poems after that, a biography of William D. Gallagher in 1888, and two books dealing with the Ohio Valley. He also edited *Dramatic Scenes from the Best Authors* in 1874.

The included Catbird poem seems to me an unusually actual poem about a bird. It is not a mere "poetical conceit." For this reason I have liked it enough to include it. The author remains one of our minor poets, but in this particular poem he has achieved originality.

MY CATBIRD *

A CAPRICCIO

PRIME cantante!

Scherzo! Andante!

Piano, pianissimo!

Presto, prestissimo!

Hark! are there nine birds or ninety and nine?

And now a miraculous gurgling gushes

Like nectar from Hebe's Olympian bottle,

The laughter of tune from a rapturous throttle!

Such melody must be a hermit-thrush's!

But that other caroler, nearer,

Outrivalling rivalry with clearer

Sweetness incredibly fine!

Is it oriole, red-bird, or blue-bird,

Or some strange, un-Auduboned new bird?

* From *The Poems of William Henry Venable*, Copyrighted, 1923, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

All one, sir, both this bird and that bird;
The whole flight are all the same catbird!
The whole visible and invisible choir you see
On one lithe twig of yon green tree.
Flitting, feathery Blondel!
Listen to his rondel!
To his lay romantical,
To his sacred canticle.
Hear him lilting!
See him tilting
His saucy head and tail, and fluttering
While uttering
All the difficult operas under the sun
Just for fun;
Or in tipsy revelry,
Or at love devilry,
Or, disdaining his divine gift and art,
Like an inimitable poet
Who captivates the world's heart,
And don't know it.
Hear him lilt!
See him tilt!

Then suddenly he stops,
Peers about, flirts, hops,
As if looking where he might gather up
The wasted ecstasy just spilt
From the quivering cup
Of his bliss overrun.
Then, as in mockery of all
The tuneful spells that e'er did fall
From vocal pipe, or evermore shall rise,
He snarls, and mews, and flies.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1908)

Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which is the "Rivermouth" of his book about his own childhood, *The Story of a Bad Boy*. He went to New York City when seventeen, became friends with N. P. Willis, and did critical work for *The Evening Mirror* and *The Home Journal*. When nineteen his "Ballad of Babie Bell," a very sentimental effort, was printed in the *New York Journal of Commerce* and became popular as a "heart-throb" poem. Aldrich joined the New York literary group composed of Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, Fitz James O'Brien, etc. He was a metropolitan journalist for about eleven years. Later, in 1881, he became editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, a position he held for nine years.

His first volume of verse, *The Bells*, appeared when he was eighteen. His *The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems* followed four years later. In '61 came *Pampinea* and in 1874 *Cloth of Gold* showed his decided love of the Oriental atmosphere in poetry, a love shared by Taylor and Stoddard. Besides these volumes he published, during the remainder of his life, about five more volumes of verse, his *Complete Poems* in 1882, and his *Household Edition* in 1895. His prose comprised some half dozen novels, chiefly of the lighter order. His poetic dramas, *Mercedes* and *Judith of Bethulia* were both presented on the stage.

Aldrich is best when brief, though he reveled in exotic imagery and Oriental magnificence in many of his poems. In his briefest verse, however, there is a finished craftsmanship unusual in most poetry and applied to some rarely intuitive thought. Aldrich cut fine cameos, and could present in polished miniature an arresting picture. He ranks as the best of our lighter lyrists. His defect was sentimentality, his power lies in what might be called the goldsmith work of poetry.

IDENTITY *

SOMEWHERE—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in No-man's-land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

“And who are you?” cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
“I know not,” said the second Shape,
“I only died last night!”

HEREDITY

A SOLDIER of the Cromwell stamp,
With sword and psalm-book by his side,
At home alike in church and camp:
Austere he lived, and smileless died.

But she, a creature soft and fine—
From Spain, some say, some say from France;
Within her veins leapt blood like wine—
She led her Roundhead lord a dance!

In Grantham church they lie asleep;
Just where, the verger may not know.
Strange that two hundred years should keep
The old ancestral fires aglow!

* The poems are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

In me these two have met again;
To each my nature owes a part:
To one, the cool and reasoning brain;
To one, the quick, unreasoning heart.

ACT V

(Midnight)

FIRST, two white arms that held him very close,
And ever closer as he drew him back
Reluctantly, the unbound golden hair
A thousand delicate fibres reaching out
Still to detain him; then some twenty steps
Of iron staircase winding round and down,
And ending in a narrow gallery hung
With Gobelin tapestries—Andromeda
Rescued by Perseus, and the sleek Diana
With her nymphs bathing; at the farther end
A door that gave upon a starlit grove
Of citron and dwarf cypress; then a path
As bleached as moonlight, with the shadow of leaves
Stamped black upon it; next a vine-clad length
Of solid masonry; and last of all
A gothic archway packed with night, and then—
A sudden gleaming dagger through his heart.

FREDERICKSBURG

THE increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
And on the churchyard by the road, I know
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow. . . .
'Twas such a night two weary summers fled;
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.
Listen! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow
Where the swift currents of the river flow
Past Fredericksburg; far off the heavens are red
With sudden conflagration; on yon height,
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath;
A signal rocket pierces the dense night,
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath:
Hark!—the artillery massing on the right,
Hark!—the black squadrons wheeling down to Death!

William Dean Howells (1837-1921)

Howells is, of course, one of the most eminent of American novelists. He came to the East from Ohio. In 1860 he published *Poems of Two Friends* with John Piatt. He was United States Consul at Venice from 1861 to 1865. His *Venetian Life*, published shortly after, began his reputation. A collection of his *Poems* followed in 1867. He was long associated with *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, holding an honorary editorial position there until the date of his death.

Howells published in all a great many novels, books of essays; much autobiographical and editorial work. Other volumes of his poems appeared in 1886 and 1895. He has been called, until recently, "The Dean of American Letters." His was the groundwork laid for the modern American realistic novel. He was primarily a novelist and not a poet, but his poetry has never met with the appreciation in America that, it seems to me, is its due. Howells' strength as a poet lies in the fact that he always seems driven to expression by the recognized import of a definite idea, not by mere vague emotionalism. He seeks to ape no one. The deep sympathy of the man and the strong humanity can be felt in his *Judgment Day*, the precision of his artistry in *In Earliest Spring*. He never impressed his own personality quite strongly enough upon his poetry, as he as certainly did upon his novels, but his poems contain both nobility and beauty.

JUDGMENT DAY *

BEFORE Him weltered like a shoreless sea
The souls of them that had not sought to be,
With all their guilt upon them, and they cried,
They that had sinned from hate and lust and pride,

* From *Stops of Various Quills*, by William Dean Howells, New York, Harper & Brothers.

"Thou that didst make us what we might become,
Judge us!" The Judge of all the earth was dumb;
But high above them, in His sovereign place,
He lifted up the pity of His face.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION *

INNOCENT spirits, bright, immaculate ghosts!
Why throng your heavenly hosts,
As eager for their birth
In this sad home of death, this sorrow-haunted earth?

Beware! Beware! Content you where you are,
And shun this evil star,
Where we who are doomed to die
Have our brief being, and pass, we know not where
or why.

We have not to consent or to refuse;
It is not ours to choose:
We come because we must,
We know not by what law, if unjust or if just.

The doom is on us, as it is on you,
That nothing can undo;
And all in vain you warn:
As your fate is to die, our fate is to be born.

* From *Stops of Various Quills*, by William Dean Howells, New York,
Harper & Brothers.

IN EARLIEST SPRING *

Tossing his mane of snows in wildest eddies and tangles,

Lion-like, March cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath,

Through all the moaning chimneys, and thwart all the hollows and angles

Round the shuddering house, threatening of winter and death.

But in my heart I feel the life of the wood and the meadow

Thrilling the pulses that own kindred with fibres that lift

Bud and blade to the sunward, within the inscrutable shadow,

Deep in the oak's chill core, under the gathering drift.

Nay, to earth's life in mine some prescience, or dream, or desire

(How shall I name it aright?) comes for a moment and goes,—

Rapture of life ineffable, perfect—as if in the brier, Leafless there by my door, trembled a sense of the rose.

* The poem by William Dean Howells is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

John Hay (1838-1905)

John Hay was a statesman and diplomat. He was born in Salem, Indiana, graduated at Brown University, and was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1861. The Civil War began his active life. He saw active service. He became a Major and Assistant Adjutant-General, and finally a Colonel by brevet. He was our Secretary to the Paris legation from 1865 to 1867, chargé d'affaires at Vienna, 1867 to 1868, and Secretary of Legation at Madrid, 1868 to 1870. Bret Harte had already become known in the East for his work on *The Overland Monthly* in California, for "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Plain Language from Truthful James." The West was beginning to invade our fiction and poetry. John Hay's own *Pike County Ballads* appeared in 1871. They are in marked contrast to his *Castilian Days* of the same year. They remain in marked contrast to anything else he ever wrote. Later he used to try to forget that he had written them; which is strange, because they remain the most authentic literary work he gave us.

It was in the New York *Tribune* that "Pike County Ballads" first appeared when Hay was writing editorials for that paper. Later he became Assistant-Secretary of State under Hayes and in 1897 was made Ambassador to Great Britain. In 1898 he became McKinley's Secretary of State. Eight years before he had published *Poems*, of a conventional type. They are now completely forgotten. With J. G. Nicolay he wrote the authoritative history of Abraham Lincoln. It is also believed that he wrote a novel dealing with the labor situation in a vein sympathetic to the working-class. This was *The Bread Winners*, published anonymously in 1883. He never laid claim to the authorship. He is an example of the mind that found government service and emolument worth more than the exercise of his true literary gift, which he always seems to have distrusted.

JIM BLUDSO OF THE *PRAIRIE BELLE* *

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he 's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the *Prairie Belle*?

He were n't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
 And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
 To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire,—
 A thousand times he swore
He 'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

* This poem is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The *Movastar* was a better boat,
But the *Belle* she *would n't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
“I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot 's ashore.”

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure 's you 're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He were n't no saint,—but at jedgment
I 'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with him.

John Hay

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Bret Harte (1839-1902)

(Francis) Bret Harte was born at Albany, New York, and went west to California at the age of fifteen. There he became school-teacher, typesetter, express-agent, miner, and journalist. He was made secretary of the U. S. Branch Mint in 1864, became editor of *The Californian* and published therein his parodies of contemporary literature, *Condensed Novels*. In 1868 he became one of the first editors of the new *Overland Monthly*. Here appeared his "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Plain Language from Truthful James," etc. He became widely known and came east in 1871. He was appointed U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Germany, in 1878, and at Glasgow, Scotland in 1880. He finally made his home near London, England, dropping out of the ken of all of his friends and never returning to America.

Chance brought about Harte's first printing of "Plain Language from Truthful James" in *The Overland* but it was immediately reprinted everywhere and made his fame. His *Poems* appeared in 1871, in the same year with *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches*. *East and West Poems* were brought out in the same year. For the next six years a book by Harte appeared annually, his stories, his *Poetical Works*, his later poems and tales. 1878, 1883, 1885 saw other poems and stories; his novel *Maruja* appeared in 1885, *Three Partners* was the last of his volumes, coming out in 1897.

Bret Harte was one of the pioneers who gave our great and primitive West a place in our national literature. His best poems are not all in dialect, and his "Song of the Bullet" has appeared in numberless anthologies. Many of his stories are both melodramatic and sentimental, and these are the defects of many of his poems. In spite of this he conveys truly the *locale* of the time, and combines tragedy and comedy unusually well.

CHIQUITA *

BEAUTIFUL! Sir, you may say so. Thar isn't her match
in the county.

Is thar, old gal,—Chiquita, my darling, my beauty?
Feel of that neck, sir,—thar's velvet! Whoa!
Steady,—ah, will you, you vixen!
Whoa! I say. Jack, trot her out; let the gentleman look
at her paces.

Morgan!—She ain't nothin' else, and I've got the papers
to prove it.

Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred dollars
won't buy her.

Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know Briggs
of Tuolumne?—

Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his brains
down in 'Frisco?

Hedn't no savey—hed Briggs. Thar, Jack! that'll do,—
quit that foolin'!

Nothin' to what she kin do, when she's got her work
cut out before her.

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys
is jockeys;

And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss
has got in him.

* The poems by Bret Harte are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got Flanigan's leaders?

Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough ford in low water!

Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the Jedge and his nevey

Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain and the water all round us;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake Creek jest a-bilin',

Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge on the river.

I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and his nevey, Chiquita;

And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford, and Chiquita

Buckled right down to her work, and, afore I could yell to her rider,

Took water jest at the ford, and there was the Jedge and me standing,

And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat, and a-driftin' to thunder!

Would ye b'lieve it? That night, that hoss, that 'ar filly, Chiquita,

Walked herself into her stall, and stood there, all quiet and dripping:

Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of harness,
Jest as she swam the Fork,—that hoss, that ar' filly,
Chiquita.

That's what I call a hoss ! and—What did you say ?—
Oh, the nevey ?

Drownded, I reckon,—leastways, he never kem back to
deny it.

Ye see the derned fool had no seat, ye couldn't have
made him a rider ;

And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses—well,
hosses is hosses !

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

(TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.)

WHICH I wish to remark—

And my language is plain—

That for ways that are dark,

And for tricks that are vain,

The heathen Chinee is peculiar,

Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;

And I shall not deny

In regard to the same

What that name might imply.

But his smile it was pensive and childlike,

As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies:
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve;
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

CROTALUS

(The Rattle-snake)

No life in earth, or air, or sky;
The sunbeams, broken silently,
On the bared rocks around me lie,—

Cold rocks with half-warmed lichen scarred,
And scales of moss; and scarce a yard
Away, one long strip, yellow-barred.

Lost in a cleft! 'Tis but a stride
To reach it, thrust its roots aside,
And lift it on thy stick astride!

Yet stay! That moment is thy grace!
For round thee, thrilling air and space,
A chattering terror fills the place!

A sound as of dry bones that stir
In the Dead Valley! By yon fir
The locust stops its noonday whir!

The wild bird hears; smote with the sound,
As if by bullet brought to ground,
On broken wing, dips, wheeling round!

The hare, transfixed, with trembling lip,
Halts, breathless, on pulsating hip,
And palsied tread, and heels that slip.

• • • •
Enough, old friend!—'t is thou. Forget
My heedless foot, nor longer fret
The peace with thy grim castanet!

I know thee! Yes! Thou mayst forego
That lifted crest; the measured blow
Beyond which thy pride scorns to go,

Or yet retract! For me no spell
Lights those slit orbs, where, some think, dwell
Machicolated fires of hell!

I only know thee humble, bold,
Haughty, with miseries untold,
And the old Curse that left thee cold,

And drove thee ever to the sun,
On blistering rocks ; nor made thee shun
Our cabin's hearth, when day was done,

And the spent ashes warmed thee best ;
We knew thee,—silent, joyless guest
Of our rude ingle. E'en thy quest

Of the rare milk-bowl seemed to be
Naught but a brother's poverty
And Spartan taste that kept thee free

From lust and rapine. Thou ! whose fame
Searches the grass with tongue of flame,
Making all creatures seem thy game ;

When the whole woods before thee run,
Asked but—when all was said and done—
To lie, untrodden, in the sun !

WHAT THE BULLET SANG

O joy of creation,
 To be !
O rapture, to fly
 And be free !
Be the battle lost or won,
Though the smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
 Born for me !

I shall know him where he stands
 All alone,
With the power in his hands
 Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
 All my own!

It is he—O my love!
 So bold!
It is I—all thy love
 Foretold!
It is I—O love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! what is this
 Lieth there so cold?

Joaquin Miller (1841-1913)

Miller's real name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller and he was born in Indiana. His parents were immigrants. He has said he was born in a covered wagon crossing the plains. When the boy was twelve years old his family trekked by wagon to Oregon from the Middle West. At about fourteen Miller ran away from home to become a gold miner and lived with the Indians. He returned to Oregon, studied law, was admitted to the bar, edited *The Democratic Register*, wrote a defense of the Mexican brigand, Joaquin Murietta, and took his first name for a pseudonym. He became judge of Grant County, Oregon, and visited England and Europe in 1870.

He had been discouraged by the reception in America of his first two books of verse. They had fallen perfectly flat. In London he printed privately a small edition of his *Pacific Poems* and distributed them for review. They proved the sensation of a London season. He became known as the "Byron of Oregon." The next year he published *Songs of the Sierras* and roamed about Europe. In 1887 he came back to live near Berkeley, California, as a picturesque hermit with ideas about founding a school for young writers and a belief in certain rituals of the open.

He produced some dozen volumes, among them several very poor novels. A collective edition of his poems appeared in California in 1897.

Miller wrote rhetorically, with wide melodramatic gestures, and an air of immense *braggadocio*. The greater part of his poetry will not live. But he expressed well a certain undeniably melodramatic atmosphere that clothed the early Far West; here and there he shows real descriptive ability, and occasionally his oratory is more than mere declamation, as in "Columbus." His faults of bombast and his inability truly to portray human nature are shown in the larger portion of his work. To the people of England, for a while, he typified the "odd Americans"; his work was, at the time, received as our most characteristic literary product. Miller was our literary Colonel Cody, with his "Wild West Show," though in most particulars the Colonel's show was much more authentic.

COLUMBUS *

(August 3—October 12, 1492)

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

* Permission to use these poems granted by the Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco, publishers of Joaquin Miller's poetical works.

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

DEAD IN THE SIERRAS

His footprints have failed us,
Where berries are red,
And madroños are rankest,—
The hunter is dead!

The grizzly may pass
By his half-open door;
May pass and repass
On his path, as of yore;

The panther may crouch
In the leaves on his limb ;
May scream and may scream,—
It is nothing to him.

Prone, bearded, and breasted
Like columns of stone ;
And tall as a pine—
As a pine overthrown !

His camp-fires gone,
What else can be done
Than let him sleep on
Till the light of the sun ?

Ay, tombless ! what of it ?
Marble is dust,
Cold and repellent ;
And iron is rust.

VAQUERO

His broad-brimmed hat pushed back with careless air,
The proud vaquero sits his steed as free
As winds that toss his black abundant hair.
No rover ever swept a lawless sea
With such a haught and heedless air as he
Who scorns the path, and bounds with swift disdain
Away, a peon born, yet born to be
A splendid king ; behold him ride and reign.

How brave he takes his herds in branding days,
On timbered hills that belt about the plain ;
He climbs, he wheels, he shouts through winding ways
Of hiding ferns and hanging fir ; the rein
Is loose, the rattling spur drives swift ; the mane
Blows free ; the bullocks rush in storms before ;
They turn with lifted heads, they rush again,
Then sudden plunge from out the wood, and pour
A cloud upon the plain with one terrific roar.

Now sweeps that tawny man on stormy steed,
His gaudy trappings tossed about and blown
About the limbs as lithe as any reed ;
The swift long lasso twirled above is thrown
From flying hand ; the fall, the fearful groan
Of bullock toiled and tumbled in the dust—
The black herds onward sweep, and all disown
The fallen, struggling monarch that has thrust
His tongue in rage and rolled his red eyes in disgust.

Edward Roland Sill (1841-1887)

Sill was an invalid most of his life, a teacher who frequently hated teaching, an unsettled mind, a melancholy temperament. He was born at Windsor, Connecticut, and graduated from Yale in 1861. He taught several years in Ohio and was Professor of English literature at the University of California from 1874 to 1882. He wrote "Hermione," "The Hermitage," "The Venus of Milo" and other poems; he contributed prose essays to *The Atlantic Monthly*. A posthumous collection of his prose was issued in 1900.

Sill had a gift for humane irony. His "Fool's Prayer" expresses best the human being's bitterest criticism of himself. "The Links of Chance" demonstrates how trivial things govern large events. With such saddening speculations Sill's mind was largely occupied. His literary gift was slender but put to fine use. His temperament was lovable and he left many friends and a small amount of fine writing.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER *

THE royal feast was done ; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried : "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before ;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

* The poems by Edward Roland Sill are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

THE LINKS OF CHANCE

HOLDING apoise in air
My twice-dipped pen,—for some tense thread of thought
Had snapped,—mine ears were half aware
Of passing wheels; eyes saw, but mind saw not,
My sun-shot linden. Suddenly, as I stare,
Two shifting visions grow and fade unsought:—

Noon-blaze: the broken shade
Of ruins strown. Two Tartar lovers sit:
She gazing on the ground, face turned, afraid;
And he, at her. Silence is all his wit.
She stoops, picks up a pebble of green jade
To toss: they watch its flight, unheeding it.

Ages have rolled away;
And round the stone, by chance, if chance there be,
Sparse soil has caught; a seed, wind-lodged one day,
Grown grass; shrubs sprang; at last a tufted tree:
Lo! over its snake root yon conquering Bey
Trips backward, fighting—and half Asia free!

Sidney Lanier (1842-1881)

Lanier was primarily a musician, came of a family of musicians, and endeavored to bring to poetry the qualities of great music. He was a Georgian by birth and graduated from Oglethorpe College. He was an early volunteer in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, was a blockade-runner, and was taken prisoner. He was a captive for five months at Point Lookout and there probably contracted the consumption that finally resulted in his death.

He taught in Alabama after the war and practised law in Macon, Georgia. He became first flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore in 1873. All his best poetry was written in Baltimore. His first literary work has been *Tiger Lilies*, a novel founded on army life and published in 1867. The publication of his poem "Corn" in *Lippincott's* attracted some attention. He wrote the Centennial Ode for the exposition of 1876. He lectured on the relation between music and poetry at Johns Hopkins University in 1879. These lectures formed the basis of his *The Science of English Verse*, a book that all students of poetry should possess. He wrote also a book on Florida, a study of the novel, and several books for boys. His poems were edited by his wife, with a memoir by William Hayes Ward, and published three years after his death, which came from tuberculosis, in the mountains of North Carolina.

Lanier was too much of a theorist to be a major poet. But the same stricture equally well applies to a number of striking versifiers of our own day. Lanier made his own experiments and frequently "brought off" successfully a difficult mingling of rhythms. The noble and tender feeling in his best poetry rarely lapses into sentimentality. Music was his first love, poetry his avocation, but much can be learned both from his theory and practice, and to the technical discussion of the art he contributed some striking, if not always tenable, ideas.

THE HOUND *

(From *The Jacquerie*)

THE hound was cuffed, the hound was kicked,
O' the ears was cropped, o' the tail was nicked,

(All.) Oo-hoo-o, howled the hound.

The hound into his kennel crept;

He rarely wept, he never slept.

His mouth he always open kept,

Licking his bitter wound,

The hound,

(All.) U-lu-lo, howled the hound.

A star upon his kennel shone

That showed the hound a meat-bare bone.

(All.) O hungry was the hound!

The hound had but a churlish wit:

He seized the bone, he crunched, he bit.

“An thou wert Master, I had slit

Thy throat with a huge wound,”

Quo' hound.

(All.) O, angry was the hound.

The star in castle-windows shone,

The Master lay abed, alone.

(All.) Oh ho, why not? quo' hound.

He leapt, he seized the throat, he tore

The Master, head from neck, to floor,

And rolled the head i' the kennel door,

And fled and salved his wound,

Good hound!

(All.) U-lu-lo, howled the hound.

* From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, edited by his wife. Copyright, 1884,
1891, by Mary D. Lanier; new edition published 1909, by Charles Scribner's
Sons.

FROM "THE MARSHES OF GLYNN" *

BEAUTIFUL glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of
leaves,—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul
that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good ;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long
did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
mine ;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the
West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul
of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I
know,

And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass
within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
Marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain.

.

Inward and outward to northward and southward the
beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows
the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray loop-
ing of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the
woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea
and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad
in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light
or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

• • • •

How still the plains of the waters be!

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height:

And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep

Roll in on the souls of men,

But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in

On the length and the breadth of the marvellous
Marshes of Glynn.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER *

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.

Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.

But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him :
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last :
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

THE STIRRUP-CUP *

DEATH, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare :
Look how compounded, with what care
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt :
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt ;
'T is thy rich stirrup-cup to me ;
I 'll drink it down right smilingly.

Ambrose Bierce (1842-?)

Bierce is famous chiefly for his weird stories and his gifts as a scathing satirist. He was born in Ohio of New England parents, served both as private and officer through the Civil War, and spent the remainder of his life chiefly in California, where he became a leading critic of the Coast, early noted for his sharp satires and fearless invectives in the San Francisco *Examiner*.

Bierce possessed a genius that might be compared to Poe's for the weird and fantastic tale. He wrote many volumes of such stories. His collected works have now been published and his power in a certain domain of fiction is attaining a far more general recognition than formerly. In San Francisco journalism he will ever remain an outstanding figure, a writer of keen intelligence who said exactly what he thought, without fear or favor. In recent years he disappeared into Mexico and his end is shrouded in mystery. His prose, in the final casting up of accounts, will rank higher than his poetry, but his poetry is written with incisive irony.

CREATION *

God dreamed—the suns sprang flaming into place,
And sailing worlds with many a venturous race.
He woke—His smile alone illumined space.

MONTEFIORE *

I SAW—’t was in a dream, the other night—
A man whose hair with age was thin and white;
One hundred years had bettered by his birth,
And still his step was firm, his eye was bright.

* From the *Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce*, Copyright, 1910, by The Neale Publishing Company, New York.

Before him and about him pressed a crowd.
Each head in reverence was bared and bowed,
 And Jews and Gentiles in a hundred tongues
Extolled his deeds and spake his fame aloud.

I joined the throng and, pushing forward, cried,
“Montefiore!” with the rest, and vied
 In efforts to caress the hand that ne’er
To want and worth had charity denied.

So closely round him swarmed our shouting clan
He scarce could breathe, and, taking from a pan
 A gleaming coin, he tossed it o’er our heads,
And in a moment was a lonely man!

John B. Tabb (1845-1909)

Father Tabb was a Catholic priest, born in Virginia. He served as captain's mate on a blockade-runner during the Civil War, was ordained in 1884, and was instructor in literature in St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland, for a number of years. He published *Poems* in 1883, and numerous other volumes later. Father Tabb's brief lyrics have a point and a polish that has made many of them worthy of preservation. Here is given one of his best. Blindness overtook his later years. He was a great lover of Edgar Allan Poe's work and a cloistral poet of singularly haunting power.

EVOLUTION *

Out of the dusk, a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

* From *Poems*, by John B. Tabb. Copyright, 1894, by Small, Maynard & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

Joseph Ignatius Constantine Clarke (1846—)

Mr. Clarke, who is an editor and playwright, was born in Ireland and came to America in 1868. He joined the editorial staff of the New York *Herald*, and continued there until 1883, when he became managing editor of the New York *Journal*. Afterward he edited *The Criterion*, etc. He wrote *Robert Emmet*, a tragedy, and *Malmorda, a Metrical Romance*, and various plays. He published *The Fighting Race and Other Poems and Ballads*. "The Fighting Race" was written at the time of our war with Spain. Mr. Clarke's characteristically Irish poem has a swing and a *verve* that makes it unforgettable.

THE FIGHTING RACE

"READ out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head.
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers—all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We 're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here 's to the Maine, and I 'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Joseph Ignatius Constantine Clarke

"Wherever there 's Kellys there 's trouble," said Burke.

"Wherever fighting 's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"

Said Kelly, "you 'll find my name."

"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,

"When it 's touch and go for life?"

Said Shea, "It 's thirty-odd years, bedad,

Since I charged to drum and fife

Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen

Stopped a rebel ball on its way.

There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—

Kelly and Burke and Shea—

And the dead did n't brag." "Well, here 's to the flag!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 't was in Ireland, for there 's the place,"

Said Burke, "that we 'd die by right,

In the cradle of our soldier race,

After one good stand-up fight.

My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,

And fighting was not his trade;

But his rusty pike 's in the cabin still,

With Hessian blood on the blade."

"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great

When the word was 'clear the way!'

We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—

Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here 's to the pike and the sword and the like!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies;
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees;
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Lloyd Mifflin (1846-1921)

Lloyd Mifflin was the son of a portrait painter, and an artist in his own right. He was born in Pennsylvania. Bad health obliged him to abandon painting in 1877, and he turned to literary work. He published many volumes of poems, and specialized in the sonnet form. His best work attempts the very heights. "Fiat Lux" is a good example of his merit, and his demerit, as a sonneteer. His reach sometimes exceeded his grasp, but his work retains distinction.

FIAT LUX

THEN that dread angel near the awful throne,
Leaving the seraphs ranged in flaming tiers,
Winged his dark way through those unpinioned spheres
And on the void's black beetling edge, alone,
Stood with raised wings, and listened for the tone
Of God's command to reach his eager ears,
While Chaos wavered, for she felt her years
Unsceptred now in that convulsive zone.
Night trembled. And, as one hath oft beheld
A lamp lit in a vase light up its gloom,
So God's voice lighted him, from heel to plume:
Let there be Light, It said, and Darkness, quelled,
Shrunk noiseless backward in her monstrous womb
Through vasts unwinnowed by the wings of eld!

Will Henry Thompson (1848-)

Will H. Thompson, a brother of Maurice Thompson, the author, was also a writer, and a Georgia lawyer. He was born at Calhoun, Ga. He served in the Confederate army and removed to Crawfordsville, Indiana, in 1868. There he later established a legal partnership with his brother. He became a resident of Seattle, Washington, in 1889.

The Battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1-3, 1863, and was the most crucial period of the whole Civil War. The tide definitely turned there in favor of the North. Pickett's charge was a notable feature of this stubborn battle. Its failure caused Lee's retirement.

Thompson's poem is one of the most striking poems of the Civil War, where many are spirited.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG *

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield:
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

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Will Henry Thompson

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons !

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew !
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo !

A thousand fell where Kemper led ;
A thousand died where Garnett bled ;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke,
The remnant through the batteries broke,
And crossed the works with Armistead.

“Once more in Glory’s van with me !”
Virginia cried to Tennessee ;
“We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day !”
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee ! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say,
“Close round this rent and riddled rag !”
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet.
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet.

Above the bayonets mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud,
The death-cry of a nation lost.

The brave went down ; without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace :
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face.

They fell who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand :
They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

Will Henry Thompson

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium:
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns: He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

Edward King (1848-1896)

King was born in Middlefield, Massachusetts, and died in Brooklyn, New York. He was in Paris in 1868 as correspondent for American papers. He wrote a volume of French character sketches, *My Paris*, *The Great South*, several novels, one a striking indictment of the sweatshops of the East Side. He published several volumes of poems. *Echoes from the Orient*, 1880, and *A Venetian Lover*, 1887. It is in the latter volume that the ballad of "Captain Loredan" appears.

This seems to me one of the most gallant ballads that has ever gone unrecognized for its intrinsic merits for such a long period of time.

CAPTAIN LOREDAN

A. D. 1499

OLD Venice grappled with the Turk
In fourteen hundred ninety-nine;
In truth it was a troubled work,
And ruddy were the seas as wine;
For dread Bajazat set afloat
Against our fleet three hundred sail;
And when he took a fishing boat,
Remorselessly his soldiers smote
Our helpless men, and poured their blood
Upon the Adriatic's flood.
His cruisers left a bloody trail.

. . . Our Admiral Grimani lay
In hesitating silence till,
While yet irresolute, one day
He heard our flock of galleys thrill
With lusty, manly singing,
With clamor loud and long;
And through his brain went ringing
This burden of the song:

*"Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
For he will show the way!
Give us our Captain Loredan
And he will tempt the fray!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who leans upon his oar;
He'll tell you how brave Loredan
Slew twenty Turks and more!"*

So through the ships the story ran
And o'er the seas the glory ran—
The story of
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan.

Grimani felt his cheeks grow white,
But not with fear—it was with rage; .
For he had sworn that in this fight
He'd blot proud Loredan's bright page.
"What is this Captain Loredan
But officer at my command?"
He cried. "I'll crush the daring man,
And lest he rush into the van
Of battle, newer fame to win,

I'll fold my galley's banners in,
And hug the comfortable land."

So said he; and he paced the deck
With jealous envy at his side,
While grim Bajazet wrought his wreck
Among our shipping far and wide.
But still came breezes bringing
Our galley oarsmen's song;
O'er purple waters flinging
Its protest against wrong:

*"Oh, where is Captain Loredan?
He's here with us to-day!
Give us our Captain Loredan—
He will not bid us stay!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who leans upon his oar—
He'll tell you how staunch Loredan
Has swept the waves before."*

So through the ships the story ran
And o'er the seas the glory ran,
The story of
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan.

Nor day nor night Grimani stirred;
The Turkish fleet, grown bold, drew near
For action, but Grimani's sneer
Froze up their hearts; until one morn
Out from the glimmering splendor broke
A blood-red dawn—for battle born:

And haughtily, as if in scorn,
The crescent's pennant fluttered high
Upon a mighty craft close by,
Standing alone.

. . . Then with one stroke
Of springing oars, a galley sped—
Out from our midst; a second came
To join her—and like lightning fled
Beyond Grimani's cry of "Shame!"
What are those oarsmen singing
Who my command disdain?"
Back came the answer, ringing
In strange ecstatic strain:

*"This is the Captain Loredan;
These be his galleys twain!
Lo! here is Captain Loredan,
Whom fools cannot restrain!
Now listen to this hoary man
Who toils upon his oar;
And win with Captain Loredan,—
Or Venice see no more!"*

So through the ships the story ran,
And through all hearts the glory ran—
The story of—
The glory of
Victorious great Loredan!

The Turkish monster thrilled with life;
From her gigantic sides rained down
Huge missiles with destruction rife;
And many a fighter fell to drown

Between the galley's sides that shook
As if with frenzied laughter, when
The thunder's of our cannon took
The yellow from the Turk's wild look,
And brought the ashes to his lips.
He could not fight these bellowing ships,
Nor war with these enchanted men
Who climbed along his galleon's rail ;
Who swam, and sank, and sprang in space,
Still fighting ; men who scorned to wail,
Though carved by swords ; and who with grace
Kept up their rhythmic singing
With dying lips that bled,
Sang—to the galleys clinging
With fingers battle-red :

*"This is the Captain Loredan
And we are all his men!
How like you Captain Loredan,
Who fights you one to ten?
Now listen to this hoary man,
Who still is at his oar;
And fly from Captain Loredan,
Or Byzance see no more!"*

So through the ships the story ran
And o'er the seas the glory ran—
 The story of
 The glory of
 Victorious great Loredan !

Swift sailing from the roseate East
Came kindred ships the Turks to aid,
And now the struggle's rage increased ;
Wild flames broke forth to make afraid
The Moslems on their conquered craft.
Just as the banner of Saint Mark
Was raised upon her, fore and aft,
Came a weird shudder ; and abaft
The wretched Turks ran quakingly
To leap into the crimsoned sea.
Then came vast thunder.

It was dark.

The ship, our splendid galleys, all
Went skyward—rending friends and foes,
As fire burst through the wooden walls
To stores of powder.

Then arose—

Out of the chaos bringing
A harmony complete—
A sound of voices singing
This chorus strong and sweet:

*"To die with Captain Loredan
Is joy enough for men!
Who would not die for Loredan
No matter how or when?
Oh, listen to this hoary man
Who floats upon his oar
He sings the death of Loredan
Who ne'er will lead us more!"*

To Venice so the story ran,
And through the world the glory ran:
 The story of
 The glory of
Victorious dead Loredan.

Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

Miss Lazarus was chiefly noted during her lifetime for her literary crusade in behalf of her race, fired to this by the persecution of the Jews in Russia. Her antecedents were Portuguese Jewish. She began writing poetry at fourteen. At the age of eighteen her *Poems and Translations* were published. Four years later came *Admetus and Other Poems*. She also wrote romance and tragedy and *The Dance of Death*, a drama of persecution in the 12th century. He likewise translated Heine and brought out in 1882 *Songs of a Semite*. Her complete verse, with a memoir, appeared in 1888.

Miss Lazarus worked among the Jewish refugees in New York and her poetry is full of fire and indignation and pity in their cause. I give here one of her quieter poems which yet possesses a dignity and classic distinction that set it apart. She was a true bearer of the torch, a courageous and vivid figure in her time, eloquent against wrong.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS*

THERE was a man who watched the river flow
Past the huge town, one gray November day.
Round him in narrow high-piled streets at play
The boys made merry as they saw him go,
Murmuring half-loud, with eyes upon the stream,
The immortal screed he held within his hand.
For he was walking in an April land
With Faust and Helen. Shadowy as a dream

* The poem by Emma Lazarus is used with the permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Was the prose-world, the river and the town.
Wild joy possessed him; through enchanted skies
He saw the cranes of Ibucus swoop down.
He closed the page, he lifted up his eyes,
Lo—a black line of birds in wavering thread
Bore him the greetings of the deathless dead!

James Whitcomb Riley (1849-1916)

Riley was one of the most widely popular of American poets because he dealt in homely sentiment with a lavish hand. He was born in Indiana. Starting to become a lawyer he joined a patent-medicine traveling wagon. That might serve as a sort of symbolism of his life. He ceased in his literary work to be judicious and ladled out the soothing-syrup of sentimentality. Riley was by turns a sign-painter, an actor, and a newspaper man. He contributed verse to the Indianapolis papers as far back as 1873. He joined the Indianapolis *Journal* and wrote for it dialect poems purporting to come from one "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone." His first book of verse in "Hoosier" was entitled *The Old Swimmin' Hole, and 'Leven More Poems* and appeared in 1883. He followed this success soon with other volumes. Riley wrote for the ordinary person and the ordinary person responded. But the Indiana bard also made a certain idiom absolutely his own. He was clever with his refrains, and his versification in general was above the ordinary. His work still has a strong hold on the heart of the people and will have for a long time to come. To other sections of the country he made intensely real the Hoosier domain. He is one of the most enduring of our folk-poets.

"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN" *

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
turkey-cock,

* From the Biographical Edition of the *Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the ~~risin'~~ sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmosfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;

The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the
shed;

The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller
keeps

Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yaller
heaps;

And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-folks
is through

With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and
sausage too! . . .

I don't know how to tell it—but ef such a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around
on *me*—

I'd want to 'commode 'em—all the whole-indurin'
flock—

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE *

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs
away,

* From the Biographical Edition of the *Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley*. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,
an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
board-an'-keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things is
done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,

An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onc't they was a little boy would n't say his pray'rs--

An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,

His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him
bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he was n't there
at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole,
an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres,
I guess;

But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-
about!

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was
there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she did n't
care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an'
hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her
side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
knowed what she 's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all squenched away,—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and
dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphan's
tear,
An' he'p the pore and needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!
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Eugene Field (1850-1895)

Eugene Field was a Missourian by birth and was educated in that state. He began newspaper work in St. Louis. For ten years he followed the profession of journalist in St. Joseph, Kansas City and Denver. In 1883 he went to the Chicago *Daily News* under Melville E. Stone, and with that paper he stayed till he died. In 1882 appeared his *Denver Tribune Primer*. After he came to Chicago he began more serious efforts in prose and verse. He published, *Culture's Garland*, 1887, *A Little Book of Western Verse*, 1889, *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, the same year, *With Trumpet and Drum*, children's poems, 1892, *Second Book of Verse*, 1893, and so on. The complete edition of the works of Eugene Field came out in 1896.

Eugene Field has been called the childrens' laureate; he was "a fellow of infinite jest," and one of the most individual humorists this country has produced. Examples are given here both of his dialect verse and of the fanciful nonsense poetry he wrote for children. He was a finished versifier.

OUR TWO OPINIONS*

Us two wuz boys when we fell out,—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 't wuz about,
Some small deeff'rence, I'll allow.
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

* From *The Poems of Eugene Field*, complete edition. Copyright, 1910, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Grew up together 'nd would n't speak,
Courted sisters, 'nd marr'd 'em, too ;
'Tended same meetin'-house oncet a week,
A-hatin' each other through 'nd through !
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered,—me 'nd Jim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther' d be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time nex' day ;
'Nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'nd home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv me,
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him.

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him ;
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim !
He went *his* way 'nd *I* went *mine*,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we,—
I havin' *my* opinyin uv Jim,
*'Nd he havin' *his* opinyin uv me.*

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I hain't forgot that last, last night
When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up 'nd shuck hands, afore the fight.

'Nd, after it all, it 's soothin' to know
That here *I* be 'nd yonder 's Jim,—
He havin' his opinyin uv *me*,
'Nd *I* havin' my opinyin uv *him*.

THE DINKEY-BIRD *

IN an ocean, 'way out yonder
(As all sapient people know,)
Is the land of Wonder-wander,
Whither children love to go:
It 's their playing, romping, swinging,
That give great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfalula tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,
And taffy 's thick as peas,—
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there 's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I 'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And staccatos are so sweet,—
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

I 'm sure you like to go there
To see your feathered friend,—
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!

George Parsons Lathrop (1851-1898)

Lathrop was born in Hawaii. He was educated in New York and in Dresden, Germany. At the age of twenty-four he became assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, a position he held for two years. In 1883 he moved to New York City. He helped organize the American Copyright League and was for long its secretary. He published a study of Hawthorne, *Gettysburg, a Battle Ode*, several volumes of verse, and several novels.

Lathrop lives in his poem "Keenan's Charge." The poets of the time of the Civil War seemed to be inspired to their best work by that bloody conflict. It is simply a matter of record that their poems in peace-time were neither as powerful nor as effective as their poems inspired by battle. This may be a sad commentary upon human nature, but it is the truth. Lathrop is an excellent example. Had he written his other poems with the same fervor and vividly conveyed emotion he would have been a far better poet. As it is, this poem of Chancellorsville, together with the poems of Brownell and Thompson, give a good idea of the spirited poetry that emerged from such terrible internecine strife as our American Civil War.

KEENAN'S CHARGE *

I

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet:
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

* From *Dreams and Days*, by George Parsons Lathrop. Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"They 've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke:

Broke and fled.
No one stayed—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There 's one hope still,—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" (mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot!"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
The General looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone,
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"
"Are soldiers, General." "Then
Charge, Major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed,—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked into Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant,—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in and sabred and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line—ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles—of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre-call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer:

George Parsons Lathrop

They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood (1852-)

Mr. Wood has outlived most of his generation who were poets. He has had a most interesting life. Born at Erie, Pennsylvania, and graduated from West Point in the class of 1874, he was an army officer for some ten years, serving in Indian campaigns during 1877-78. In 1884 he was admitted to the bar and practised at Portland, Oregon. He retired from practice in 1919.

It was not till 1901 that Mr. Wood published his *A Book of Tales, Being Myths of the North American Indians*. In 1904 he brought out *A Masque of Love*. Eleven years later came *The Poet in the Desert*, a book of extraordinarily youthful vigor, a strong protest against mere convention. It contains ringing arraignments of the tyrannical aspects of the modern order, and much descriptive beauty. *Sunrise* is one of the descriptive passages. For the exquisite lyric, *It Is Spring*, I am indebted to Mr. Wood, who kindly allowed me to make a choice from among his manuscripts.

SUNRISE

THE lean coyote, prowler of the night,
Slips to his rocky fastnesses.
Jack-rabbits noiselessly shuttle among the sage-brush,
And, from the castellated cliffs,
Rock-ravens launch their proud black sails upon the day.
The wild horses troop back to their pastures.

The poplar-trees watch beside the irrigation-ditches.
Orioles, whose nests sway in the cotton-wood trees by
the ditch-side, begin to twitter.

All shy things, breathless, watch
The thin white skirts of dawn,
The dancer of the sky,
Who trips daintily down the mountain-side
Emptying her crystal chalice. . . .
And a red-bird, dipped in sunrise, cracks from a poplar's
 top
His exultant whip above a silver world.

IT IS SPRING AND ALL IS WELL

WHEN wake-robin is white in shady dells
And nest-building sparrows stop a while to sing ;
When flickers clack their broken bells,
It is the Spring, it is the certain Spring,
And all is well.
When hens are cackling in the straw
And asparagus its bed upheaves,
When cuckoos call and black crows caw,
And swallows turn masons in the eaves ;
When young hearts feel the strange earth-spell
And midday is a-buzz with insect wings
And evening is tinkling with cow-bells
And barefoot boys come home, one fish on string ;
It is the Spring, it is the certain Spring
And all is well.

Edwin Markham (1852-)

Edwin Markham is one of our older living poets, and is still known for one poem, "The Man with the Hoe," written after seeing Millet's famous picture, and published at the close of the nineteenth century. His poem was a protest against the exploitation of labor. It appeared first in the San Francisco *Examiner*, and was copied all over the world. In 1901 Markham came east and published his *Lincoln, and Other Poems*, the title-poem of which was recently selected by the Lincoln Memorial Committee from more than 200 Lincoln poems to be read at the Dedication Ceremonies of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D.C. on May 30, 1922.

Markham's later volumes contain some interesting and some even stirring poetry, but have nothing to equal these, his two best poems.

Markham came from Oregon. His parents were pioneers. He grew up in California, working on a cattle-ranch. He educated himself to be a teacher and became superintendent and principal of several schools near San José. His subsequent success as a poet, aside from his early attempts at poetry, was due in part to the awakening of a social consciousness, which the twentieth century ushered in. People were beginning to question the structure of the prevalent social system. Markham's initial poem struck when the iron was hot. The "Lincoln" is even better poetry, *per se*. Its climax is magnificent.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE *

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous picture.)

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

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Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; —
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE *

(This poem was selected by the Lincoln Memorial Committee from more than 200 Lincoln poems to be read at the Dedication Ceremonies of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C., May 30, 1922.)

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.

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She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy ;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears ;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face ;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth ;
The smack and tang of elemental things ;
The rectitude and patience of the cliffs ;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves ;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well ;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea ;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn ;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars ;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock ;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns ; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow :
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart ;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Irwin Russell (1853-1879)

Russell was born in Mississippi, and died obscurely in New Orleans. He is said to have been one of the first Southern writers to put the negro character and dialect into verse. He died before he was twenty-seven, being wayward and dissipated. His poems appeared in 1888 with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris, the famous author of *Uncle Remus*. In 1917 an illustrated edition of his *Christmas Night in the Quarters* was printed.

DE FUST BANJO *

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
Keep silence fur yo' betters! don't you heah de banjo
talkin'?

About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies,
listen!

About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' overflow," said Noah, lookin'
solemn—

Fur Noah tuk de "Herald," an' he read de ribber
column—

An' so he sot his hands to wuk a'clarin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah
Natchez.

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their permission.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an'
a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to
happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o'
beas'es—

Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de
thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! It come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de
critters,
An' men he'd hired to wuk de boat—an' one to mix de
bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tel', whut wid
all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'
cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de
packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de
racket;

An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an'
bent it,

An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz in-
vented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an'
screws an' aprin;

An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' taprin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimbel fur to ring it:
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to
string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-
stringin';

Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner
graces:

An' sorted ob 'em by de size—f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twuz "*Nebber
min' de wedder*,"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder:
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de
figgers;

An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob
niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not
de slightes' showin'

Ob any ha'r a' all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber
los' 'em—

Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de
'possum!

Edith Matilda Thomas (1854-)

Miss Thomas was born at Chatham, Ohio, and educated at the Geneva Normal Institute. She has resided in New York City since 1888. In 1881 she met Helen Hunt Jackson, who encouraged her to write. She has published some dozen volumes of poems and has also written a number of sketches of nature and literary essays. She is one of the most distinguished of our older living poets.

A FAR CRY TO HEAVEN *

WHAT! dost thou pray that the outgone tide be rolled
back on the strand,
The flame be rekindled that mounted away from the
smouldering brand,
The past-summer harvest flow golden through stubble-
lands naked and sere,
The winter-gray woods upgather and quicken the
leaves of last year?—
Thy prayers are as clouds in a drouth; regardless, un-
fruitful, they roll;
For this, that thou prayest vain things, 't is a far cry
to Heaven, my soul,—
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

Thou dreamest the word shall return, shot arrow-like
into the air,
The wound in the breast where it lodged be balm'd
and closed for thy prayer,

* The poem by Edith Matilda Thomas is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

The ear of the dead be unsealed, till thou whisper a
boon once denied,
The white hour of life be restored, that passed thee
unprized, undescried!—
Thy prayers are as runners that faint, that fail, within
sight of the goal,
For this, that thou prayest fond things, 't is a far cry
to Heaven, my soul,—
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

And cravest thou fondly the quivering sands shall be
firm to thy feet,
The brackish pool of the waste to thy lips be made
wholesome and sweet?
And cravest thou subtly the bane thou desirest be
wrought to thy good,
As forth from a poisonous flower a bee conveyeth safe
food?
For this, that thou prayest ill things, thy prayers are
an anger-rent scroll;
The chamber of audit is closed,—'t is a far cry to
Heaven, my soul,—
Oh, a far cry to Heaven!

George Edward Woodberry (1855-)

As Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University, Professor Woodberry encouraged, and exercised a fine influence upon, many of our younger writers. He was greatly liked and revered. He was born at Beverly, Massachusetts, educated at Exeter, and graduated from Harvard in 1877. He taught at the University of Nebraska for several years, and joined the staff of *The Nation*. He then occupied himself with literature at Beverly until he received the Columbia appointment in '91, which he held until 1904. He has written criticism, essays, biography, and a number of books of poems. He edited the *Complete Works* of Shelley and *Works* of Edgar Allan Poe. Professor Woodberry's poetry adheres rather closely to the classical tradition, but it often has a spiritual vehemence of its own. His work is uneven and not always well-sustained. He is apt to run to sonorous verbiage. His thought, however, usually has more depth and subtlety to it than is immediately apparent. I include here poems in his simpler genuinely lyrical vein. His defect is emotional unrestraint. There is a Woodberry Society in Boston given over to a study of his work. He has a position in American poetry somewhat equivalent to that Matthew Arnold occupied in the England of his day, though Woodberry's poetry cannot stand by Arnold's certainly. A very accomplished and great-hearted gentleman, he is regarded with respect even by those who differ with his particular poetic theories.

O, STRUCK BENEATH THE LAUREL

O, STRUCK beneath the laurel, where the singing fountains are,
I saw from heaven falling the star of love afar;
O, slain in Eden's bower nigh the bourn where lovers rest,
I fell upon the arrow that was buried in my breast;

Farewell the noble labor, farewell the silent pain,
Farewell the perfect honor of the long years lived in
vain;
I lie upon the moorland where the wood and pasture
meet,
And the cords that no man breaketh are bound about
my feet.

O, INEXPRESSIBLE AS SWEET

O, INEXPRESSIBLE as sweet,
Love takes my voice away;
I cannot tell thee when we meet
What most I long to say.

But hadst thou hearing in thy heart
To know what beats in mine,
Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,
In melodies divine.

So warbling birds lift higher notes
Than to our ears belong;
The music fills their throbbing throats,
But silence steals the song.

COMRADES

WHERE are the friends that I knew in my Maying,
In the days of my youth, in the first of my roaming?
We were dear; we were leal; O, far we went straying;
Now never a heart to my heart comes homing!

Where is he now, the dark boy slender
Who taught me bare-back, stirrup and reins?
I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful, tender
Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.

Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter,
Softer than love, in his turbulent charms;
Who taught me to strike and to fall, dear fighter.
And gathered me up in his boyhood arms;
Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding,
Suppled my limbs to the horseman's war;
Where is he now, for whom my heart's biding,
Biding, biding—but he rides far?

O love that passes the love of woman!
Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,
When the breath of life with a throb turns human,
And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set?
Ever, forever, lover and rover—
They shall cling nor each from other shall part
Till the reign of the stars in the heavens be over,
And life is dust in each faithful heart!

They are dead, the American grasses under;
There is no one now who presses my side;
By the African chotts I am riding asunder,
And with great joy ride I the last great ride.
I am fey; I am fain of sudden dying;
Thousands of miles there is no one near;
And my heart—all the night it is crying, crying,
In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.

Hearts of my music—them dark earth covers;
Comrades to die, and to die for, were they;—
In the width of the world there were no such rovers—
Back to back, breast to breast, it was ours to stay;
And the highest on earth was the vow that we cherished,
To spur forth from the crowd and come back never
more,
And to ride in the track of great souls perished
Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands,
Who had joy of me, riding the Tartar glissade,
And one far faring o'er orient islands
Whose blood yet glints with my blade's accolade;
North, west, east, I fling you my last hallooing,
Last love to the breasts where my own has bled;
Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps pursuing
My star where it rises a Star of the Dead.

Henry Cuyler Bunner (1855-1896)

Bunner was the famous editor of *Puck* in the 1890s, one of our sprightliest composers of light verse, and a short story writer of shrewd humor. He came from Oswego and at first entered into business in New York. He was only twenty-two when he became editor of *Puck*, which was then the best of our comic weeklies. He was adept both at French verse-forms and more serious poetic efforts. *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*, his first poems, appeared in 1884. He published much verse in *Puck* and kept a generation laughing. He also wrote all manner of prose squibs and longer stories. A collection of his poems was brought out in 1896. *Vers de société* and *vers d'occasion* are just as hard to write as serious poetry. The difference is not in the difficulty of composition, but simply in the type of inspiration. Bunner did delicately well what most would bungle. He is as important in his lighter vein as Whitman in his more exalted station. Indeed he might have said to a man like Whitman, in the words of Emerson's squirrel, "If I cannot carry forests on my back, neither can you crack a nut."

THE WAY TO ARCADY *

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, what 's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry?

* From *The Poems of H. C. Bunner*. Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady?
The spring is rustling in the tree,—
The tree the wind is blowing through,—
It sets the blossoms flickering white.
I knew not skies could burn so blue
Nor any breezes blow so light.
They blow an old-time way for me,
Across the world to Arcady.

Oh, what 's the way to Arcady?
Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
Quit mocking of the songbird's note.
How have you heart for any tune,
You with the wayworn russet shoon?
Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide.
I 'll brim it well with pieces red,
If you will tell the way to tread.

*Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
And if you but keep pace with me
You tread the way to Arcady.*

And where away lies Arcady,
And how long yet may the journey be?

*Ah, that (quoth he) I do not know:
Across the clover and the snow—
Across the frost, across the flowers—
Through summer seconds and winter hours,
I 've trod the way my whole life long,
And know not now where it may be;*

*My guide is but the stir to song,
That tells me I cannot go wrong,
Or clear or dark the pathway be
Upon the road to Arcady.*

But how shall I do who cannot sing?
I was wont to sing, once on a time,—
There is never an echo now to ring
Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

*'T is strange you cannot sing (quoth he),—
The folk all sing in Arcady.*

But how may he find Arcady
Who hath nor youth nor melody?

*What, know you not, old man (quoth he),—
Your hair is white, your face is wise,—
That Love must kiss that Mortal's eyes
Who hopes to see fair Arcady?
No gold can buy you entrance there;
But beggared Love may go all bare—
No wisdom won with weariness;
But Love goes in with Folly's dress—
No fame that wit could ever win;
But only Love may lead Love in
To Arcady, to Arcady.*

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
And fame and name, and great men's praise;
But Love, ah Love! I have it not.

There was a time, when life was new—
But far away, and half forgot—
I only know her eyes were blue;
But Love—I fear I knew it not.
We did not wed, for lack of gold,
And she is dead, and I am old.

All things have come since then to me,
Save Love, ah Love! and Arcady.

*Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he),—
My way's for Love and Arcady.*

But you, you fare alone, like me;
The gray is likewise in your hair.
What love have you to lead you there,
To Arcady, to Arcady?

*Ah, no, not lonely do I fare;
My true companion's Memory.
With Love he fills the Spring-time air;
With Love he clothes the Winter tree.
Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
My song goes straight to one who stands,—
Her face all gladdening at the sound,—
To lead me to the Spring-green lands,
To wander with enlacing hands.*

*The songs within my breast that stir
Are all of her, are all of her.
My maid is dead long years (quoth he),—
She waits for me in Arcady.*

*Oh, yon 's the way to Arcady,
To Arcady, to Arcady;
Oh, yon 's the way to Arcady,
Where all the leaves are merry.*

“A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE” *

A PITCHER of mignonette
In a tenement's highest casement,—
Queer sort of flower-pot—yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set,
To the little sick child in the basement—
The pitcher of mignonette
In the tenement's highest casement.

Lizette Woodworth Reese (1856—)

Miss Reese was born at Baltimore, Maryland. She was educated at private schools and taught English in the Baltimore Western High School. She published in 1887 *A Branch of May*, 1891, *A Handful of Lavendar*, 1896, *A Quiet Road*, 1909, *A Wayside Lute*. Her titles indicate Miss Reese's type of poetry, quiet, full of tender feeling and old world fragrance. Technically she is an excellent lyrist and sonneteer. "Tears" is one of the finest sonnets that has been written by an American. Miss Reese is still writing, fortunately for American poetry.

TEARS *

WHEN I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street,—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

* From *A Wayside Lute*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese, and reprinted by the permission of the publisher, Thomas Bird Mosher, Portland, Maine.

IN TIME OF GRIEF *

DARK, thinned, beside the wall of stone,
The box dripped in the air;
Its odor through my house was blown
Into the chamber there.

Remote and yet distinct the scent,
The sole thing of the kind,
As though one spoke a word half meant
That left a sting behind.

I knew not Grief would go from me,
And naught of it be plain,
Except how keen the box can be
After a fall of rain.

* From *A Quiet Road*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese, and reprinted by the permission of the publisher, Thomas Bird Mosher, Portland, Maine.

Clarence Urmy (1858-)

Clarence Urmy still lives in California. He is an organist, born in San Francisco. In 1884 he published *A Rosary of Rhyme*, and in 1897 *A Vintage of Verse*. Other books have followed.

This poem and the ensuing poems by Mr. Walsh, Mr. Lindsey, and Miss Cone, seem to me to group themselves together as speaking in various fashions to youth's love of gallantry.

BLONDEL *

WITHIN my heart I long have kept
A little chamber cleanly swept,
Embroidered with a fleur-de-lis,
And lintel boughs of redwood-tree;
A bed, a book, a crucifix,
Two little copper candlesticks
With tapers ready for the match
The moment I his footfall catch,
That when in thought he comes to me
He straightway at his ease may be.
This guest I love so to allure—
Blondel, King Richard's Troubadour!

He often comes, but sings no more
(He says his singing days are o'er!);
Still, sweet of tongue and filled with tales
Of knights and ladies, bowers and vales,

* From *A Californian Troubadour*, by Clarence Urmy, and reprinted by the permission of the publisher, A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

He caps our frugal meal with talk
Of langue d'oïl and langue d'oc,
Of Picardy and Aquitaine,
Blanche of Castile and Charlemagne,
Of ménestrel, trouvère, conteur,
Mime, histrion, and old harpeur—
Small wonder that I love him well,
King Richard's troubadour, Blondel!

Still, as he comes at candle-light
And goes before the east is bright,
I have no heart to beg him keep
Late hour with me when wooed by sleep;
But one request I ever make,
And ever no for answer take:
He will not make the secret mine,
What song he sang at Dürrenstein!
Sleep, troubadour! Enough that thou
With that sweet lay didst keep thy vow
And link thy name by deathless art
With Richard of the Lion Heart!

William Lindsey (1858-1922)

Mr. Lindsey was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, and entered upon a business career at the age of nineteen. He moved to Boston in 1888. His *Apples of Istakhar*, poems, appeared in 1895 and *At Start and Finish* in 1900. More recently a poetic drama by Mr. Lindsey, *Red Wine of Rousillon*, was staged in New York prior to his recent death. "En Garde" is an early poem.

EN GARDE, MESSIEURS*

EN GARDE, Messieurs, too long have I endured,
Too long with patience borne the world's rebuff;
Now he who shoulders me shall find me rough;
The weakness of an easy soul is cured.

I 've shouted, leathern-lunged, when fame or gold,
Were won by others, turned to aid my friend;—
Dull-pated ever,—but such follies end;
Only a fool 's content, and in the cold.

My doublet is in tatters, and my purse
Waves in the wind, light as my lady's fan;
Only my sword is bright; with it I plan
To win success, or put my sword to nurse.

* From *Apples of Istakhr*, by William Lindsey. Copyright, 1895, by Cope-land & Day, and Small, Maynard & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

I wait no longer for the primal blow ;
Henceforth my stroke is first, I give offense ;
I claim no more an over-dainty sense,
I brook no blocking where I plan to go.

En garde, Messieurs ! and if my hand is hard,
Remember I 've been buffeted at will ;
I am a whit impatient, and 'tis ill
To cross a hungry dog, Messieurs, en garde.

Helen Gray Cone (1859-)

Miss Cone graduated from the New York Normal College, where she became instructor in English literature. She has published several volumes of poetry, and assisted Miss Jeanette L. Gilder in originally editing *Pen Portraits of Literary Women*. The following poem is from Miss Cone's book *The Ride to the Lady, and Other Poems*, published in 1891.

THE LAST CUP OF CANARY

SIR HARRY LOVELOCK, 1645

So, the powder 's low, and the larder 's clean,
And surrender drapes, with its blacks impending,
All the stage for a sorry and sullen scene:
Yet indulge me my whim of a madcap ending !

Let us once more fill, ere the final chill,
Every vein with the glow of the rich canary !
Since the sweet hot liquor of life 's to spill,
Of the last of the cellar what boots be chary ?

Then hear the conclusion : I 'll yield my breath,
But my leal old house and my good blade never !
Better one bitter kiss on the lips of Death
Than despoiled Defeat as a wife forever !

Let the faithful fire hold the walls in ward
Till the roof-tree crash ! Be the smoke once riven
While we flash from the gate like a single sword,
True steel to the hilt, though in dull earth driven !

Do you frown, Sir Richard, above your ruff,
In the Holbein yonder? My deed ensures you!
For the flame like a fencer shall give rebuff
To your blades that blunder, you Roundhead boors,
you!

And my ladies, a-row on the gallery wall,
Not a sing-song sergeant or corporal sainted
Shall pierce their breasts with his Puritan ball,
To annul the charms of the flesh, though painted!

I have worn like a jewel the life they gave;
As the ring in mine ear I can lightly lose it.
If my days be done, why, my days were brave!
If the end arrive, I as master choose it!

Then fill to the brim, and a health, I say,
To our liege King Charles, and I pray God bless him!
'Twould amend worse vintage to drink dismay
To the clamorous mongrel pack that press him!

And a health to the fair women, past recall,
That like birds astray through the heart's hall flitted;
To the lean devil Failure last of all,
And the lees in his beard for a fiend outwitted!

Hamlin Garland (1860-)

Hamlin Garland was born in Wisconsin, educated in Iowa, taught school in Illinois, and came to Boston from Dakota in 1884. Here he taught in the School of Oratory and engaged in literary work. Since 1891 he has chiefly resided in Chicago, with trips to the Northwest and abroad. Garland is chiefly known as a novelist and won the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography of the year, his "A Daughter of the Middle Border," in 1922. His novels mostly deal with the development of the West. Back in 1893 he published *Prairie Songs*, now out of print. He has never considered himself primarily a poet, but his poem "The Ute Lover" is a powerful portrait and leaves an indelible impression of the "wild, sad, sunny, brazen country, hot as hate"—which is just as characteristically American as the stone-walled New England pasture.

THE UTE LOVER

BENEATH the burning brazen sky,
The yellowed tepees stand.
Not far away a singing river
Sets through the sand.
Within the shadow of a lonely elm tree
The tired ponies keep.
The wild land, throbbing with the sun's hot magic,
Is rapt as sleep.

From out a clump of scanty willows
A low wail floats,—
The endless repetition of a lover's
Melancholy notes,

So sad, so sweet, so elemental,
All lovers' pain
Seems borne upon its sobbing cadence,—
The love-song of the plain.
From frenzied crying forever falling,
To the wind's wild moan,
It seems the voice of anguish calling
Alone! alone!

Caught from the winds forever moaning
On the plain,
Wrought from the agonies of woman
In maternal pain,
It holds within its simple measure
All death of joy,
Breathed though it be by smiling maiden
Or lithe brown boy.

It hath this magic, sad though its cadence
And short refrain—
It helps the exiled people of the mountain
Endure the plain;
For when at night the stars a-glitter
Defy the moon,
The maiden listens, leans to seek her lover
Where waters croon.

Flute on, O lithe and tuneful Utah,—
Reply, brown jade;
There are no other joys secure to either
Man or maid.

Soon you are old and heavy-hearted,
Lost to mirth;
While on you lies the white man's gory
Greed of earth.

Strange that to me that burning desert
Seems so dear.
The endless sky and lonely mesa,
Flat and drear,
Calls me, calls me as the flute of Utah
Calls his mate,—
This wild, sad, sunny, brazen country,
Hot as hate.

Again the glittering sky uplifts star-blazing;
Again the stream
From out the far-off snowy mountains
Sings through my dream;
And on the air I hear the flute-voice calling
The lover's croon,
And see the listening, longing maiden
Lit by the moon.

Clinton Scollard (1860—)

Clinton Scollard is principally known as a graceful versifier, who has often turned his hand to the French verse-forms, chiefly the *ballade* with a certain success. He has published many books of poems in which there is a great deal that is negligible and derivative. He has been an entirely traditional poet, but in certain poems of the East, that remind us somewhat of the excursions of Bayard Taylor, Aldrich, and Stoddard, he has displayed stronger feeling and greater power. The best of these is certainly "Khamsin," a celebration of the wind that is the scourge of the great desert, though "As I came down Mount Lebanon" may be mentioned for a certain haunting beauty.

Mr. Scollard was born at Clinton, New York, graduated at Hamilton College, took graduate courses at Harvard and Cambridge, England, and was Professor of English literature at Hamilton College from 1888 to 1896. Clinton, New York, has been his permanent residence for many years. Beside being a poet of some accomplishment, he and Frank Dempster Sherman, up to the time of the latter's death, remained two of the most pleasing fashioners of *vers de société* in this country, and Scollard also ventured into the historical and patriotic ballad. He was a friend of Madison Cawein, the Southern poet, who wrote with equal grace and gentility, though Cawein's transcripts from nature were more authentic. The Khamsin is a west wind blowing continuously for fifty days.

KHAMSIN *

OH, the wind from the desert blew in!—

Khamsin,

The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery south,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And shrivelled the fruit on the orange-tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water-skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light;
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;

* The poem by Clinton Scollard is used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind ;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind,

Khamsin,

The wind from the desert blew in.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's shrine ;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine ;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept,
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.
The tiny fledgelings died in the nest ;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast.
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread,
The plague ! the plague ! the plague !—

Oh the wind, Khamsin,
The scourge from the desert, blew in !

Thomas Fleming Day (1861-)

Mr. Day, who was born in England, is to-day the head of Thomas Fleming Day, Inc. of New York City, providing from "The Bosuns' Locker" "everything for the yacht and boat," and specializing in yacht tenders, canoes, motor boats, sail craft, and life boats. A good many years ago—in 1895, to be exact—he brought out his *Songs of Sea and Sail* through the Rudder Publishing Company of which he was long President. Mr. Day is a devout lover of all craft of the sea. His poem, "The Coasters," if a certain Kipling flavor is apparent in it, is at the same time one of the truest and most spirited descriptions of native American shipping that we have, written by one thoroughly familiar with his subject. At the same time it has a technical merit as finished versification that is not easily achieved.

THE COASTERS *

*Overloaded, undermanned,
Trusting to a lee,
Playing I-spy with the land,
Jockeying the sea—
That's the way the Coaster goes,
Through calm and hurricane:
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Mexico to Maine.*

* From *Songs of Sea and Sail*, by Thomas Fleming Day.

Thomas Fleming Day

O East and West! O North and South!
We ply along the shore,
From famous Fundy's foggy mouth,
From woes of Labrador;
Through pass and strait, on sound and sea,
From port to port we stand—
The rocks of Race fade on our lee,
We hail the Rio Grande.
Our sails are never lost to sight;
On every gulf and bay
They gleam, in winter wind-cloud white,
In summer rain-cloud gray.

We hold the coast with slippery grip;
We dare from cape to cape:
Our leaden fingers feel the dip
And trace the channel's shape.
We sail or bide as serves the tide;
Inshore we cheat its flow,
And side by side at anchor ride
When stormy head-winds blow.
We are the offspring of the shoal,
The hucksters of the sea;
From customs theft and pilot toll
Thank God that we are free.

*Legging on and off the beach,
Drifting up the strait,
Fluking down the river reach,
Towing through the gate—*

*That's the way the Coaster goes,
Flirting with the gale:
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From York to Beavertail.*

*Here and there to get a load,
Freighting anything;
Running off with spanker stowed,
Loafing wing-a-wing—
That's the way the Coaster goes,
Chumming with the land:
Everywhere the tide flows,
Everywhere the wind blows,
From Ray to Rio Grande.*

We split the swell where rings the bell
On many a shallow's edge,
We take our flight past many a light
That guards the deadly ledge;
We greet Montauk across the foam,
We work the Vineyard Sound,
The Diamond sees us running home,
The Georges outward bound;
Absecom hears our canvas beat
When tacked off Brigantine;
We raise the Gulls with lifted sheet,
Pass wing-and-wing between.

Off Monomoy we fight the gale,
We drift off Sandy Key;
The watch of Fenwick sees our sail
Scud for Henlopen's lee.

Thomas Fleming Day

With decks awash and canvas torn
 We wallow up the Stream;
We drag dismasted, cargo borne,
 And fright the ships of steam.
Death grips us with his frosty hands
 In calm and hurricane;
We spill our bones on fifty sands
 From Mexico to Maine.

*Cargo reef in main and fore,
 Manned by half a crew,
Romping up the weather shore,
 Edging down the blue—
That's the way the Coaster goes,
 Scouting with the lead:
Everywhere the tide flows,
 Everywhere the wind blows,
 From Cruz to Quoddy Head.*

Louise Imogen Guiney (1861-1920)

Miss Guiney was born in Boston, the daughter of General Patrick Guiney, a veteran of the Civil War. She graduated from Elmhurst Academy, Providence, Rhode Island, and studied also with private tutors. She resided in and near Boston until 1901 when she went to England, living for a number of years near Oxford. She died at Chipping-Camden, England, toward the end of 1920.

Her first book of poems was *Songs at the Start* which was published in 1884. This was followed by *The White Sail* in 1887. In the meantime she had shown herself a thoroughly scholarly and charming essayist in *Goose Quill Papers*, 1885. *A Roadside Harp* contains probably her finest poetry. This volume appeared in 1893. She published other books, both of poetry and of essays and biographical work. Her last collections of poems, *Happy Endings*, appeared in 1909.

Louise Guiney was ardent in the Roman Catholic faith; there were also elements in her temperament that made her akin both to the ancient Greek and the Gipsy. Her chief admiration among English critical writers was William Hazlitt and she thrilled to the days of the English cavaliers. She was half the antiquary and half the happy vagabond. Her best poems are written with an almost masculine vigor, though her "Song: In Leinster" illustrates how essentially feminine was her nature. Some of her poems are less successful in the direct emotional response they awaken than others, but rarely in Miss Guiney's work will you find a weak or halting line, never a shoddy one. Spiritual integrity and artistic sincerity of the very highest order inform her writing. She felt the high traditions of poetry as a strength and a benison, not as an encumbrance. Her prose, such as *Brownies and Bogies*, 1888, *A Little English Gallery*, 1894, *Patrins*, 1897, all exhibit the gaiety as well as the gravity of her spirit, the diverse charms of her literary personality.

Louise Imogen Guiney

My own predilection ranks Louise Imogen Guiney in the first rank of our American poets, old or new. She wrote out of genuine inspiration and her craftsmanship rarely failed. Her poetry is high-hearted and brave and has the great qualities of clarity and charity. She never dishonored or debased the written word.

THE WILD RIDE *

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and
neighing.*

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the saddle

Weatherworn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,

With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;

There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us:

What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sun-beam:

Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pur-suing.

* The poems by Louise Imogen Guiney are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty :
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing
and neighing.*

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind ;

We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God ! All 's well with Thy troopers
that follow.

SONG

In Leinster

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile ;
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall ?

The shower-sodden earth, the earth-colored streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me, in dreams,
And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,
It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and
still ;
But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall !

A FRIEND'S SONG FOR SIMOISIUS

THE breath of dew, and twilight's grace,
Be on the lonely battle-place ;
And to so young, so kind a face,
The long, protecting grasses cling !
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing !)

In rocky hollows cool and deep,
The bees our boyhood hunted sleep ;
The early moon from Ida's steep
Comes to the empty wrestling-ring
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing !)

Upon the widowed wind recede
No echoes of the shepherd's reed,
And children without laughter lead
The war-horse to the watering.
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing !)

Thou stranger Ajax Telamon !
What to the loveliest hast thou done,
That ne'er with him a maid may run
Across the marigolds in spring ?
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing !)

With footstep separate and slow
The father and the mother go,
Not now upon an urn they know
To mingle tears for comforting.
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing!)

The world to me has nothing dear
Beyond the namesake river here:
O Simois is wild and clear!
And to his brink my heart I bring;
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing!)

My heart no more, if that might be,
Would stay his waters from the sea,
To cover Troy, to cover me,
To save us from the perishing.
(Alas, alas,
The one inexorable thing!)

Bliss Carman (1861-)

Bliss Carman is a Canadian by birth, coming from New Brunswick. His forebears, being Loyalists, withdrew from Connecticut at the time of the American Revolution. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, at Edinburgh, and at Harvard. After leaving Harvard he began to reside permanently in the United States.

This was in 1889, and in 1893 his first book of poems was published, *Low Tide on Grand Pré*. He was immediately recognized as an outstanding lyrist. He celebrated a pagan worship of nature with vivid and wistful feeling. He formed a strong friendship with the American poet, Richard Hovey, and together they collaborated on the series of *Songs from Vagabondia*, which began to appear in 1894.

In this series Carman did some of his most original and untrammeled work. He brought out his own *Ballads of Lost Haven* in 1897, and published a great many other volumes. He has also written volumes of essays.

Of late years Carman's poetry has become thinner and the glamour that surrounded his earlier work has faded away. He has suffered from misfortune and ill health, though the many friends made by his comradely and lovable personality have rallied round him. In his earlier work we have some of the most refreshing and blithe lyricism, some of the gayest fantasy that has emerged from American poetry. No modern songs are better to read on the open road than those of Bliss Carman. Among his many lyrics and ballads many still retain their powerful natural beauty and odd fascination. And the work that he and Hovey did together will remain a delightful heritage to youth and its dreams.

DAISIES *

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

IN THE HOUSE OF IDIEDAILY *

OH, but life went gayly, gayly,
In the house of Idiedaily!

There were always throats to sing
Down the river-banks with spring,

When the stir of heart's desire
Set the sapling's heart on fire.

Bobolincolns in the meadows,
Leisure in the purple shadows,

Till the poppies without number
Bowed their heads in crimson slumber,

* From *Songs of Vagabondia*, New Holiday Edition in Three Volumes.
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And the twilight came to cover
Every unreluctant lover.

Not a night but some brown maiden
Bettered all the dusk she strayed in,

While the roses in her hair
Bankrupted oblivion there.

Oh but life went gayly, gayly,
In the house of Idiedaily!

But this hostelry, The Barrow,
With its chambers, bare and narrow,

Mean, ill-windowed, damp, and wormy,
Where the silence makes you squirmey,

And the guests are never seen to,
Is a vile place, a mere lean-to,

Not a traveller speaks well of,
Even worse than I heard tell of,

Mouldy, ramshackle and foul.
What a dwelling for a soul!

Oh, but life went gayly, gayly,
In the house of Idiedaily!

There the hearth was always warm,
From the slander of the storm.

There your comrade was your neighbor,
Living on to-morrow's labor.

And the board was always steaming,
Though Sir Ringlets might be dreaming.

Not a plate but scoffed at porridge,
Not a cup but floated borage.

There were always jugs of sherry
Waiting for the makers merry,

And the dark Burgundian wine
That would make a fool divine.

Oh, but life went gayly, gayly,
In the house of Idiedaily!

Richard Hovey (1864-1900)

Hovey was but thirty-six when he died. He was born in Illinois and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1885. He tried theology, the stage, journalism, lecturing, and was for a time Professor of English Literature at Barnard College. His earliest influence was that of Sidney Lanier. His early love of ritualism is reflected in certain poems of his Arthurian cycle. He spent some years abroad and made the earliest translations of Maeterlinck published in America. From 1891 to 1898 he published most of *Lancelot and Guinevere: A Poem in Five Dramas*. He was still engaged upon its completion at the time of his death. This he considered his most important work. Certainly it contains passages of splendid poetry and shows great versatility of technique.

His chief fame will remain in the *Songs from Vagabondia* series that he and Bliss Carman wrote together. These poems, vigorously, freely, and spontaneously written, have the freshness of youth and coruscate with delightful fancy; they possess also a vigorous swing and dash that his more carefully prepared odes and his elegy upon the death of Thomas William Parsons lack in great measure. Hovey was somewhat too concerned with his mission as a poet and came under different influences of which he was just succeeding in ridding his poetry at the time of his death. He had then just published in book-form *Taliesin: A Masque* in his Lancelot-Guinevere cycle, which is pure Shelleyan poetry or nothing, and which he considered his highest attempt. He held a university position at the time which would have enabled him to exercise his slowly-maturing but unusual gifts to the full. He was cut off at the hour of his greatest promise.

For the vigor and originality of his best poetry, though his work was very uneven, Hovey takes a higher place in American verse than men whose general average of excellence was somewhat higher. At his best his original powers are remarkable. He desired also to champion the people, to hearten and be comrades with the world. He was restlessly torn between a love of the

almost exotic in art and the demands of open-hearted comradeship which he felt a poet must fulfil. No more thoroughly masculine poet has written in America. At his best he has left us intensely brave and buoyant song.

A STEIN SONG *

(*From "Spring"*)

GIVE a rouse, then, in the Maytime

For a life that knows no fear!

Turn night-time into daytime

With the sunlight of good cheer!

For it's always fair weather

When good fellows get together,

With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba,

And the birds are on the wing,

And our hearts are patting juba

To the banjo of the spring,

Then it's no wonder whether

The boys will get together,

With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty

When the spring is in the air;

And we've faith and hope a-plenty,

And we've life and love to spare:

And it's birds of a feather

When we all get together,

With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

* From *Songs of Vagabondia* (New Holiday Edition in Three Volumes). Copyright, 1908, by Small, Maynard & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling ;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

UNMANIFEST DESTINY *

(Written when the war between the United States and Spain had brought into use the phrase "manifest destiny," with reference to the new world policy of the nation.)

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of the Nation guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides !

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame ?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun ?
Who knew that God was in the flame ?

* From *Along the Trail*, by Richard Hovey. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned ;
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate ;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

AT THE CROSSROADS *

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going !
Here's luck !
For we know not where we are going.

* From *Songs of Vagabondia*, (New Holiday Edition in Three volumes.) Copyright, 1908, by Small, Maynard & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.
There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under—
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.
Here's luck!
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

Madison Cawein (1865-1914)

Cawein was a Kentucky poet whose chief achievement lay in his descriptions of nature, usually peculiar to his native state. He also wrote ballads of a certain merit. He devoted himself to poetry his life long, and some of his fairy poems have great charm. Often his more imaginative verse seems to reflect the influence of the great English poet, John Keats.

His first book, *Blooms of the Berry*, appeared in 1887. It was followed by many other volumes, and his complete poetic works are now available. He dealt not only in poems of nature, but in poems of myth and romance. His verse in great quantity clogs somewhat. His technique, while finished, is often over-traditional. He is one of minor poets, but his work shows devotion to the worship of beauty.

"HERE IS THE PLACE WHERE LOVELINESS KEEPERS HOUSE" *

HERE is the place where Loveliness keeps house,
Between the river and the wooded hills,
Within a valley where the Springtime spills
Her firstling wild-flowers under blossoming boughs :
Where Summer sits braiding her warm, white brows
With bramble-roses ; and where Autumn fills
Her lap with asters ; and old Winter frills
With crimson haw and hip his snowy blouse.

* From *The Poems of Madison Cawein*, in Five Volumes. Copyright, 1912, by Small, Maynard & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

Here you may meet with Beauty. Here she sits
Gazing upon the moon, or all the day
Tuning a wood-thrush flute, remote, unseen;
Or when the storm is out, 'tis she who flits
From rock to rock, a form of flying spray,
Shouting, beneath the leaves' tumultuous green.

THE OLD BAYOU*

THE rosy egret, Sunset,
Wings up the moss-gray skies;
And creeping underclouds, the Dusk,
A burning beetle, dies.
Round cypress, oak, and willow
A raucous music cries,
And from the water, dark beneath,
The mist's white shadows rise,
And glimmering down the bayou
With starlight-twinkling eyes,
The Twilight oars her blue canoe
Pale-prowed with fireflies.
Her owlet-call the Darkness
Utters in vague surmise;
Then with a sibilant voice afar
The bayou Hush replies.
Now Night the cricket hinges
Of her old doorway tries,

* From *The Poet, The Fool and the Faeries*, by Madison Cawein. Copyright, 1912, by Small, Maynard & Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

And stealing through the House of Dreams
 Sleep to the silence sighs.
Wide to the dark one window
 She flings, and from it flies
A moth—the round, white, wandering Moon,
 Whose ghostly image lies
Upon the bayou's bosom
 In strangely shimmering wise—
A phantom barque with a phantom maid,
 Who a phantom paddle plies.

SNOW *

THE moon, like a round device
On a shadowy shield of war,
Hangs white in a heaven of ice
With a solitary star.

The wind has sunk to a sigh,
And the waters are stern with frost;
And gray, in the eastern sky,
The last snow-cloud is lost.

White fields, that are winter-starved,
Black woods, that are winter-fraught,
Cold, harsh as a face death-carved,
With the iron of some black thought.

* From *The Poems of Madison Cawein*, in Five Volumes. Copyright, 1912,
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lishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Inc.

Robert William Chambers (1865-)

Robert W. Chambers is known as a popular novelist who early displayed unusual gifts as a writer and has since chosen to produce a sort of fiction that often belies the talent with which he began. His earliest book of weird tales, and of studio tales, *The King in Yellow* will remain one of the most promising in American fiction. Elsewhere, in imaginative and fantastic vein, and once or twice in a fantastic sort of satire, Chambers has evidenced the possession of qualities rare among the writers of the day. His series of second-rate society novels cannot discount that. And occasionally in his historical novels he has written extremely well. He was born in Brooklyn and studied at the École des Beaux Arts, Paris. He returned to New York in 1893. His first novel was entitled *In the Quarter* and was the product of life as he had observed it in Paris. His first historical novel was *The Red Republic*, 1895. *With the Band*, a collection of poems doing for the American Army what Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* have done for the British Army, appeared in 1896. They celebrate certain aspects of the old American Army which has now changed very largely. The original touch, the human-nature, and the surprising *élan* exhibited in "The Recruit," typical as it is of the old Army, make it worth perpetuation here. Chambers could always versify with an individual touch. He has commercialized gifts as individual as those possessed by any writer of his time. This poem is an instance of the versatility that was in him. It is as successful a dialect poem as any Bret Harte or Riley ever wrote, though perhaps more narrow in appeal.

THE RECRUIT

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out yer toes!"

Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But, be jabers, ye look it!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye monkey-faced devil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan—two!—

Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden

To dhrill such a mug!

Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!—

Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!

Ye 've jaws like a goat—

Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!

Wan—two!—

Time! Mark!

Ye 've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants padd'n!—

Sure, man, ye 've no shape!

Behind ye yer shoulders

Stick out like two bowlders;

Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!
Wan—two!—
Time! Mark!
I 'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Me heart it ud gladden
To blacken yer eye.
Ye 're gettin' too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye,—
'T is halt! that I say,—
Will ye heed what I told ye?
Wan—two!
Wan—two!"

Be jabers, I 'm dhryer than Brian Boru!
Wan—two!—
Time! Mark!

What 's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"I 'll not stay a gadd'n
Wid dagoes like you!
I 'll travel no farther,
I 'm dyin' for—wather;—
Come on, if ye like,—
Can ye loan me a quather?
Ya-as, you,
What,—two?"

And ye 'll pay the potheen? Ye 're a daisy! Whur-roo!

You 'll do!

Whist! Mark!

The Rigiment 's flatthered to own ye, me spark!"

Arthur Colton (1868—)

Arthur Colton, born in Connecticut, should be better known as an American prose writer; he has published several novels and volumes of short stories, and his literary style is inimitably his own. He is librarian of the University Club in New York City and a graduate of Yale University. As an undergraduate he was considered exceptionally brilliant in the literary field. He has written comparatively little but what he has produced is of rare quality. "Harps in Babylon" is his most arresting poem and one of the strongest individual poems of late years. It expresses completely the domination of the modern city.

HARPS IN BABYLON *

THE harps hung up in Babylon,
Their loosened strings rang on, sang on,
And cast their murmurs forth upon
The roll and roar of Babylon:
*"Forget me, Lord, if I forget
Jerusalem for Babylon,
If I forget the vision set
High as the head of Lebanon
Is lifted over Syria yet,
If I forget and bow me down
To brutish gods of Babylon."*

Two rivers to each other run
In the very midst of Babylon,
And swifter than their current fleets
The restless river of the streets

* From *Harps Hung Up In Babylon*, by Arthur Colton. Copyright, 1907, by Henry Holt and Company.

Of Babylon, of Babylon,
And Babylon's towers smite the sky,
But higher reeks to God most high
The smoke of her iniquity:
*"But oh, betwixt the green and blue
To walk the hills that once we knew
When you were pure and I was true,"*—
So rang the harps in Babylon—
*"Or ere along the roads of stone
Had led us captive one by one
The subtle gods of Babylon."*

The harps hung up in Babylon
Hung silent till the prophet dawn,
When Judah's feet the highway burned
Back to the holy hills returned,
And shook their dust on Babylon.
In Zion's halls the wild harps rang,
To Zion's walls their smitten clang,
And lo! of Babylon they sang,
They only sang of Babylon:
*"Jehovah, round whose throne of awe
The vassal stars their orbits draw
Within the circle of Thy law,
Can'st Thou make nothing what is done,
Or cause Thy servant to be one
That has not been in Babylon,
That has not known the power and pain
Of life poured out like driven rain?
I will go down and find again
My soul that's lost in Babylon."*

William Vaughn Moody (1869-1910)

We come now to two of the most important poets in modern American verse, Moody and Robinson. William Vaughn Moody's first volume appeared in 1900, the year of Richard Hovey's death. He stepped into the first place in American poetry, even as Hovey left it, having led the van for a brief period. *The Masque of Judgment*, with which Moody began, is as transcendental an effort as *Taliesin*, with which Hovey really closed his career. Moody's poetic drama displays more originality. The diction is both stricter and richer, the handling of superhuman characters and effects indicates a keener, more searching intellect. *Poems*, following in the next year, surprised with their searching realism as well as by their imaginative and lyrical power. The book displayed remarkable variety. Certain influences were apparent but the technique throughout was admirable. Moody was both prophetic and insurgent. There was no doubt that one with all the equipment of a major poet had appeared again in American letters. A complete edition of Moody's *Plays and Poems* was published in 1912 in two volumes, two years after his death. *The Fire-bringer*, a later poetic drama concerned with Prometheus, contains, in "Pandora's Song" one of the most glorious lyrics in our poetry. Moody's uncompleted *Death of Eve* gave promise of being one of the profoundest poems ever written by a man about woman. His striking "Ode in Time of Hesitation" makes Lowell's former much-praised "Commemoration Ode" pale beside it. It is one of the few odes in our own poetry that does not shine by reflected glory but lives and breathes in its own still vibrant passion. It is rhetoric, perhaps, but it is great rhetoric.

Moody turned to playwriting and wrote a prose drama, *The Great Divide* in 1907 that was produced with great success by Henry Miller. He followed it with *The Faith Healer*, a far less popular play, but far better. He died the year following. His letters have since been published. His mind is shown as richly

scholarly with abundant native wit and a strong love of life. He was an Indianan by birth and was educated at Harvard. He traveled after that and taught for eight years at the University of Chicago. He frequently rebelled against the hampering influences of an academic existence brought to bear upon the creative temperament. Mrs. Moody, who survives him, has befriended a great many of the younger poets of this country.

Moody's art was of the first importance and he was stricken at the time of his greatest promise. It is impossible here to indicate the entire scope of his work, but one of the best of his shorter poems, "Gloucester Moors," is given and in "The Menagerie" we have passages which have been well said to be "among the most remarkable passages in which the biological theory of evolution has been interpreted by poetry." But Moody also dealt in the transcendental, and remained unsatisfied by merely materialistic conclusions. His were strong unflagging wings in the empyrean of speculative philosophy.

PANDORA'S SONG *

OF wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear,
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
And the failure of the breath,

* The poems by William Vaughn Moody are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

William Vaughn Moody

I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn !
The triumph clear, the silver scorn !
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the gray disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying !

GLOUCESTER MOORS

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.

By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here ;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon ;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip ;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God ! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about ?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out ?

William Vaughn Moody

I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,

Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

THE MENAGERIE

THANK God my brain is not inclined to cut
Such capers every day! I'm just about
Mellow, but then—There goes the tent-flap shut.
Rain's in the wind. I thought so: every snout
Was twitching when the keeper turned me out.

That screaming parrot makes my blood run cold.
Gabriel's trump! the big bull elephant
Squeals "Rain" to the parched herd. The monkeys
scold,
And jabber that it's rain water they want.
(It makes me sick to see a monkey pant.)

William Vaughn Moody

I'll foot it home, to try and make believe
I'm sober. After this I stick to beer,
And drop the circus when the sane folks leave.
A man's a fool to look at things too near:
They look back, and begin to cut up queer.

Beasts do, at any rate; especially
Wild devils caged. They have the coolest way
Of being something else than what you see:
You pass a sleek young zebra nosing hay,
A nylghau looking bored and distingué,—

And think you've seen a donkey and a bird.
Not on your life! Just glance back, if you dare.
The zebra chews, the nylghau hasn't stirred;
But something's happened, Heaven knows what or
where,
To freeze your scalp and pompadour your hair.

I'm not precisely an æolian lute
Hung in the wandering winds of sentiment,
But drown me if the ugliest, meanest brute
Grunting and fretting in that sultry tent
Didn't just floor me with embarrassment!

'Twas like a thunder-clap from out the clear,—
One minute they were circus beasts, some grand,
Some ugly, some amusing, and some queer:
Rival attractions to the hobo band,
The flying jenny, and the peanut stand.

Next minute there were old hearth-mates of mine!
Lost people, eyeing me with such a stare!
Patient, satiric, devilish, divine;
A gaze of hopeless envy, squalid care,
Hatred, and thwarted love, and dim despair.

Within my blood my ancient kindred spoke,—
Grotesque and monstrous voices, heard afar
Down ocean caves when behemoth awoke,
Or through fern forests roared the plesiosaur
Locked with the giant-bat in ghastly war.

And suddenly, as in a flash of light,
I saw great Nature working out her plan;
Through all her shapes from mastodon to mite
Forever groping, testing, passing on
To find at last the shape and soul of Man.

Till in the fulness of accomplished time,
Comes brother Forepaugh, upon business bent,
Tracks her through frozen and through torrid clime,
And shows us, neatly labeled in a tent,
The stages of her huge experiment;

Blabbing aloud her shy and reticent hours;
Dragging to light her blinking, slothful moods;
Publishing fretful seasons when her powers
Worked wild and sullen in her solitudes,
Or when her mordant laughter shook the woods.

William Vaughn Moody

Here, round about me, were her vagrant births ;
Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she essayed ;
Her qualms, her fiery prides, her crazy mirths ;
The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,
Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was afraid,

On that long road she went to seek mankind ;
Here were the darkling coverts that she beat
To find the Hider she was sent to find ;
Here the distracted footprints of her feet
Whereby her soul's Desire she came to greet.

But why should they, her botch-work, turn about
And stare disdain at me, her finished job ?
Why was the place one vast suspended shout
Of laughter ? Why did all the daylight throb
With soundless guffaw and dumb-stricken sob ?

Helpless I stood among those awful cages ;
The beasts were walking loose, and I was bagged !
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged,—
A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Deliver me from such another jury !
The Judgment-day will be a picnic to't.
Their satire was more dreadful than their fury,
And worst of all was just a kind of brute
Disgust, and giving up, and sinking mute.

Survival of the fittest, adaptation,
And all their other evolution terms,
Seem to omit one small consideration,
To wit, that tumblebugs and angleworms
Have souls: there's soul in everything that squirms.

And souls are restless, plagued, impatient things,
All dream and unaccountable desire;
Crawling, but pestered with the thought of wings;
Spreading through every inch of earth's old mire
Mystical hanker after something higher.

Wishes *are* horses, as I understand.
I guess a wistful polyp that has strokes
Of feeling faint to gallivant on land
Will come to be a scandal to his folks;
Legs he will sprout, in spite of threats and jokes.

And at the core of every life that crawls
Or runs or flies or swims or vegetates—
Churning the mammoth's heart-blood, in the galls
Of shark and tiger planting gorgeous hates,
Lighting the love of eagles for their mates;

Yes, in the dim brain of the jellied fish
That is and is not living—moved and stirred
From the beginning a mysterious wish,
A vision, a command, a fatal Word:
The name of Man was uttered, and they heard.

William Vaughn Moody

Upward along the æons of old war
They sought him: wing and shank-bone, claw and bill
Were fashioned and rejected; wide and far
They roamed the twilight jungles of their will;
But still they sought him, and desired him still.

Man they desired, but mind you, Perfect Man,
The radiant and the loving, yet to be!
I hardly wonder, when they came to scan
The upshot of their strenuousness,
They gazed with mixed emotions upon *me*.

Well, my advice to you is, Face the creatures,
Or spot them sideways with your weather eye,
Just to keep tab on their expansive features;
It isn't pleasant when you're stepping high
To catch a giraffe smiling on the sly.

If nature made you graceful, don't get gay
Back-to before the hippopotamus;
If meek and godly, find some place to play
Besides right where three mad hyenas fuss:
You may hear language that we won't discuss.

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed hat,
Or her best fellow with your tie tucked in,
Don't squander love's bright springtime girding at
An old chimpanzee with an Irish chin:
There may be hidden meaning in his grin.

Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-)

Robinson's first work appeared before Moody's; although they were born in the same year. Robinson is to-day first among our American poets. He was born at Head Tide, Maine, lived as a child in Gardiner, Maine, and in 1891 entered Harvard College. In 1896 *The Torrent and the Night Before*, his first small collection of poems, was privately printed. The following year appeared *The Children of the Night*. Five years passed before he brought out *Captain Craig*. President Roosevelt became interested in this work of his distant relative, and it was through him that Robinson held a position in the New York Custom House from 1905 to 1910. In 1910 appeared his *The Town Down the River*, and he left the Custom House. Six years later he published *The Man Against the Sky*. His reputation has grown slowly. He has always worked alone, remote from any coterie. He has sacrificed most of the social pleasures of life to the stringent demands of his art. He has given his best efforts to a patient, brooding search for truth and a painstaking analysis of his fellowman. Without obtruding it, and without emotionalism, his work is full of a deep sympathy for humanity and a shrewd perception of life's many ironies. His poems are always close-packed with philosophical meditation. Often the careful suggestiveness in his curt phrase becomes almost cryptic. He never labors the obvious, sometimes he avoids it so fastidiously than one loses the way. If he is often deeply ironical he can also be deeply tender, eschewing the sentimental with an ascetic distaste. His *Collected Poems* are now available, and he has written several dramas, *The Porcupine* and *Van Zorn*.

Robinson has probed as deep into human motives and weaknesses as did Browning in his day. He is not so robust as Browning, nor does he possess Browning's other main attribute, that of the romantic troubadour and lover. He has, however, made a certain type of sonnet entirely his own, the deeply graven conscientious portrait of odd types of men in peculiar situations—except that when you ponder them you begin to realize that the qualities dwelt upon are not at all alien to humanity in general

and the situations at our elbow every day. Robinson also likes grim situations. The mysteriousness of his technique, however, is not a pose; it is simply part of the man; he expresses his own perception as straightforwardly and concretely as it is possible for him to put it.

"Luke Havergal" is one of his earlier poems, hence more romantic in tone than anything he has done since. The portraits of Miniver Cheevy and Richard Cory are immortal. The poem on Lincoln is a profound study. Observe the searching accuracy of Robinson's epithet, the extreme care given to the exact phrasing of his exposition. It is a main characteristic of this poet. He has always fulfilled strictly the artistic obligations incurred by great gifts.

LUKE HAVERGAL *

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,—
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,—
And in the twilight wait for what will come.
The wind will moan, the leaves will whisper some,—
Whisper of her, and strike you as they fall;
But go, and if you trust her she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal—
Luke Havergal.

No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies
To rift the fiery night that 's in your eyes;
But there, where western glooms are gathering,
The dark will end the dark, if anything:
God slays Himself with every leaf that flies,
And hell is more than half of paradise.
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies—
In eastern skies.

* From *The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson*. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers; also by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,—
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,—
Bitter, but one that faith can never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this—
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go,—for the winds are tearing them away,—
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
Nor any more to feel them as they fall;
But go! and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal—
Luke Havergal.

MINIVER CHEEVY *

MINIVER CHEEVY, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors ;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant ;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one ;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing ;
He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it ;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking ;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

THE MASTER *

*(Lincoln as seen, presumably, by one of his contemporaries
shortly after the Civil War)*

A FLYING word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we have applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:

With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

— RICHARD CORY *

WHENEVER Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
“Good-morning,” and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king,
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

George Sterling (1869-)

George Sterling is the most distinguished living poet of our far West, though born in the East, at Sag Harbor, N. Y. He is a San Franciscan, and his name first became known in the East through Ambrose Bierce's praise of his volume *A Wine of Wizardry*, in an article that appeared in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in or about 1907. Sterling had already published *The Testimony of the Suns*, a volume of tremendously ambitious power, in which he strove to make planets and stellar systems vocal in a strange chant of creation and dissolution. *A Wine of Wizardry* was praised by Bierce as containing some of the most beautiful lines in all English verse, and certainly many of its phrases and pictures were marvelously skilful. It showed at once that here was a considerable craftsman in words, a poet with an unusually fine feeling for language and with high descriptive power. The poem lacked any particular emotional appeal; it was a brilliant experiment in technique. Just as a certain almost Miltonic grandeur was implicit in *The Testimony of the Suns*, so Keats and Coleridge seemed to brood in spirit over some of the passages of *A Wine of Wizardry*. Sterling continued to produce other volumes. His work became more subjective and increased in simplicity. He became more purely lyrical. He became more poignant. In my own opinion his art has come to its finest flower in some of his sonnets. I find a few of them not inferior to any sonnets in the language. That is why I have confined my selections here to what I consider the best of his sonnets.

Much of Sterling's work will remain largely traditional, lacking the tense power of his greater moments. Some of his lyrics are lovely, but many of them will fade. A few of his ballads are richly sonorous. His work always displays a reverence for poetry as a sacred art. He has also tried his hand at poetic drama and has written a number of commemorative poems. His earliest training was Roman Catholic but his philosophy as it evolved

became strongly agnostic, if not atheistic. There still remains in him, however, a certain ineradicable mysticism, even if it is only expressed in wistful speculation. His temperament is a strange mixture of rebellious pride, love of the open, of the stars, the wind, "the blind sea chanting in the sun," and also of the mysteriously exotic in literature. He has always been athletic, is a strong swimmer, has rejoiced in the blue skies and brilliant hills of California. He has also experienced much and suffered much. He is still giving us strong and skilful poetry and should continue to do so for many years. Already he has demonstrated the high value of his best work in the annals of American verse.

THE BLACK VULTURE *

ALOOF upon the day's immeasured dome,
He holds unshared the silence of the sky.
Far down his bleak, relentless eyes descry
The eagle's empire and the falcon's home—
Far down, the galleons of sunset roam ;
His hazards on the sea of morning lie ;
Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh
Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.

And least of all he holds the human swarm—
Unwitting now that envious men prepare
To make their dream and its fulfillment one,
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm,
Their hearts, contemptuous of death, shall dare
His roads between the thunder and the sun.

* From *Selected Poems of George Sterling*. Copyright, 1923, by Henry Holt and Company.

THE NIGHT OF GODS *

THEIR mouths have drunken the eternal wine—
The draught that Baal in oblivion sips.
Unseen about their courts the adder slips,
Unheard the sucklings of the leopard whine;
The toad has found a resting-place divine,
And bloats in stupor between Ammon's lips.
O Carthage and the unreturning ships,
The fallen pinnacle, the shifting Sign!
Lo! when I hear from voiceless court and fane
Time's adoration of eternity,—
The cry of kingdoms past and gods undone,—
I stand as one whose feet at noontide gain
A lonely shore; who feels his soul set free,
And hears the blind sea chanting to the sun.

ALDEBARAN AT DUSK *

THOU art the star for which all evening waits—
O star of peace, come tenderly and soon!
Nor heed the drowsy and enchanted moon,
Who dreams in silver at the eastern gates
Ere yet she brim with light the blue estates
Abandoned by the eagles of the noon.
But shine thou swiftly on the darkling dune
And woodlands where the twilight hesitates.

Above that wide and ruby lake to-West
Wherein the sunset waits reluctantly,
 Stir silently the purple wings of Night.
She stands afar, upholding to her breast,
As mighty murmurs reach her from the sea,
 Thy lone and everlasting rose of light.

Edwin Ford Piper (1871-)

Mr. Piper was born in Nebraska and since 1905 has taught at the University of Iowa. Most of his life has been spent in the saddle. He received his M.A. from the University of Nebraska in 1900 and studied at Harvard for a year. In 1918 came his book of poems *Barbed Wire and Other Poems*, dealing with life in the modern West. He is deeply interested in cowboy ballads and the folk-lore of his region.

SWEETGRASS RANGE *

COME sell your pony, cowboy—
Sell your pony to me;
Braided bridle and your puncher saddle,
And spend your money free.

“If I should sell my pony,
And ride the range no more,
Nail up my hat and my silver spurs
Above my shanty door;

“And let my door stand open wide
To the snow and the rain and sun;
And bury me under the green sweetgrass
Where you hear the river run.”

* From *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.

As I came down the sweetgrass range
And by the cabin door,
I heard a singing in the early dusk
Along the river shore;

I heard a singing to the early stars,
And the tune of a pony's feet.
The joy of the riding singer
I never shall forget.

Arthur Guiterman (1871-)

Arthur Guiterman was born in Vienna, Austria, of American parents. He has published numerous volumes of verse, both grave and gay. He is one of the most technically ingenious of our light versifiers, and his "Rhymed Reviews" are still a most delightful feature of *Life*. Mr. Guiterman has also a deep interest in ballad poetry. Though his greatest talent is for humorous verse, in "Quivira," at least, he has written a ballad of great vigor, color, and spirit.

QUIVIRA *

FRANCISCO CORONADO rode forth with all his train,
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred spears of
Spain,
To seek the rumored glory that pathless deserts
hold—
The city of Quivira whose walls are rich with gold.

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded spur
at heel,
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile!
While High Emprise and Joyous Youth, twin marshals
of the throng,
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks, with trumpet-note
and song.

* From *A Ballad-Maker's Pack*, by Arthur Guiterman. Copyright, 1921,
by Harper & Brothers.

Beside that brilliant army, beloved of serf and lord,
There walked as brave a soldier as ever smote with
sword,

Though naught of knightly harness his russet gown
revealed—

The cross he bore as weapon, the missal was his
shield.

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers, and angry
hearts grew tame,

And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray Padilla
came;

And brawny spearmen bowed their heads to kiss the
helpful hand

Of him who spake the simple truth that brave men
understand.

What pen may paint their daring—those doughty
cavaliers!

The cities of the Zuñi were humbled by their spears.
Wild Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow
Of blades that won Granada and conquered Mexico.

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally-call was blown
Where Colorado rushes down through God-hewn walls
of stone;

Still, North and East, where deserts spread and treeless
prairies rolled,

A Fairy City lured them on with pinnacles of gold.

Through all their weary marches toward that fitting
goal

They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart and
soul.

He bound the wounds that lance-thrust and flinty
arrow made;
He cheered the sick and failing; above the dead he
prayed.

Two thousand miles of hardship behind their banners
lay.
And sadly fever, drought, and toil had lessened their
array,
When came a message fraught with hope to all the
steadfast band;
"Good tidings from the northward, friends! Quivira
lies at hand!"

How joyously they spurred them! How sadly drew
the rein!
There shone no golden palace, there blazed no jeweled
fane.
Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met their
view—
A squalid Indian village; the lodges of the Sioux!

Then Coronado bowed his head. He spake unto his
men:
"Our quest is vain, true hearts of Spain! Now ride we
home again.
And would to God that I might give that phantom city's
pride
In ransom for the gallant souls that here have sunk
and died!"

Back, back to Compostela the wayworn handful bore;
But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest once more.
His soul still longed for conquest, though not by lance
and sword;
He burned to show the Heathen the pathway to the
Lord.

Again he trudged the flinty hills and dazzling desert
sands,
And few were they that walked with him, and weapon-
less their hands—
But and the trusty man-at-arms, Docampo, rode him
near
Like Great Heart, guarding Christian's way through
wastes of Doubt and Fear.

Where still in silken harvests the prairie-lilies toss,
Among the dark Quiviras Padilla reared his cross.
Within its sacred shadow the warriors of the Kaw
In wonder heard the Gospel of Love and Peace and
Law.

They gloried in their Brown-robed Priest; and oft in
twilight's gold
The warriors grouped, a silent ring, to hear the tale
he told,
While round the gentleman-at-arms their lithe-limbed
children played
And shot their arrows at his shield and rode his guarded
blade.

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its curving
shell,
The Friar rose at dawning and spake his flock fare-
well :
“—And if your Brothers northward be cruel, as ye
say,
My Master bids me seek them—and dare I answer
‘Nay’?”

Again he strode the path of thorns ; but ere the evening
star
A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and plumes of
war.
Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts were
most his own ;
“My children, bear the tidings home—let me die here
alone.”

He knelt upon the prairie, begirt by yelling Sioux.—
“Forgive them, oh, my Father ! they know not what
they do !”

The twanging bow-strings answered,
 Before his eyes, unrolled
The City of Quivira whose streets are paved with
gold.

Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney (1871-

A number of years ago a short poem appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, "Past the Dull Roofs, the Sky"—which gave evidence of the existence of a new poet with rare perception. "The Simple Field that I Shall Buy" originally appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. Mrs. Sweeney, I believe, has published little. She is connected with *The Atlantic Monthly*. She is one of the American poets from whom we could wish more poems as effortlessly lovely as this.

THE SIMPLE FIELD THAT I SHALL BUY *

THE simple field that I shall buy
With my four gold pieces—
I have it clear within my eye:—
 Green as a marigold leaf is
In spring when every leaf is new,
 And from the road's dull travel climbing
To breeze and sun and silences,
 And sprent and pied with blue.

And here, with every bright rain wet,
 My color shall always be—
The great, sweet-breathed, pale violet,
 And the tall blowing chicory,
Like one lost, slender, windy tower,—
 And yonder, on the last pale levels,
A lovely mist, risen faithfully—
 The blue-eyed grass in flower.

* Reprinted by permission of *McClure's Magazine*.

To hills I shall look far away,
And to a running river's brim;
But it is here I make my stay—
Here chants my quiet morning hymn;
Here are Desire and Renown;
And here, in my windy field down lying,
My blowing grasses set the rim
Of all my world and all I own.

Cale Young Rice (1872-)

Mr. Rice, born in Kentucky, is the author of many volumes of poetry and drama, and his *Collected Plays and Poems* appeared in 1915. He has received great encomium in England. His work is extraordinarily uneven, and he seems, from an examination of his many volumes, to have very little power of selection. At his best he has written such a poem as "The Pilgrims of Thibet," at his worst he has indulged in very stilted versification. But a small volume of Mr. Rice's very best poetry might surprise such critics as do not rate him very high. On occasion he has displayed both an imagination and an energy of execution that his more trivial and tedious compositions do not lead one to expect. In any event "The Pilgrims of Thibet" has always haunted me with the strange monotonous ritual chant of the Far East. It is an authentic memory, for Mr. Rice has traveled widely. He has written another unusual poem of Eastern sects, with the refrain, "But we all believe, we all believe in the Holy Sepulchre." This is in an ironic vein rather unusual for him yet a very successful poem of its kind. But "The Pilgrims" brings the actual atmosphere of the East quite as near.

THE PILGRIMS OF THIBET *

Down the road to Llasa,
Himàlayan and strange,
I thought I saw them winding
From range to lower range,
The seekers after Buddha,
Across the ice and cold,
And from their lips the mystic phrase
Of merit ever tolled :

* From *Collected Plays and Poems*, by Cale Young Rice. Copyright, 1916, by The Century Company.

'Om mane padme, hum !'
Life is but a way of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Clothed in rags and turquoise
And necklaces of skulls,
And shoes of yak worn furless,
And fleece the shepherd culls,
With faces like to parchments
Whereon alone was writ
The repetition of those words
Of wonder infinite :

'Om mane padme, hum !'
Life is but a robe of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Down the road ascetic
And desert, bleak and drear,
I thought I saw them winding
To Llasa walls more near ;
Strong man and maid and mother,
Shorn youth and sexless age,
That ever to the wind intoned
Their one acquitting page :

'Om mane padme, hum !'
Grief is but the goal of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Past the hermit's cavern—
Where he alone drew breath!—
Past nunneries where silence
Waits, acolyte of death;
Past shrines of lesser power,
Where smiling idols wear
The bliss upon their gilded lips
Of the all-granting prayer.

'Om mane padme, hum!
Leave the life of flesh and lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Down the road—and down it,
I saw them, lama-led,
'Mid holy lakes and mountains
And monasteries fed
With endless alms—and measured
By slow prostrations round,
And by the chanted syllables
That sprang as from the ground:

'Om mane padme, hum!
Life is but the lair of lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Then at last to Llasa
They reach—I see them yet!—
And touch the gods on altars
Above all others set.

Monk, man and maid and mother,
Upon the Wheel of Things
From which escape shall come alone
To him who ceaseless sings:

‘Om mane padme, hum !’
End the life of greed and lust.
Turn the wheel and beat the drum,
Till we to Nirvana come.

Amy Lowell (1874-)

As a technician—I will even say pyrotechnician—Miss Lowell is the most astonishing figure in modern American poetry. Since her second book was published she has been a determined innovator. Her poetry has a dazzlingly brilliant surface, her phrases a pulsing, coruscating color that have not been surpassed by any other living American poet. She comes of a New England family dating back to the seventeenth century in America, a family that could boast many distinguished minds. Miss Lowell's brother is now president of Harvard University. James Russell Lowell was her grandfather's cousin.

Born in Brookline, Massachusetts, she was privately educated and traveled widely abroad. She is said to have spent eight earnest years in apprenticeship to the art of poetry before her first volume appeared in 1910. This was *A Dome of Many-colored Glass*. It was traditional in matter and manner. Two years later, in *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* she emerged an entirely different poet. She immediately took up cudgels for the Imagists, a group of poets living chiefly in England who had evolved a new theory as to the proper construction of poetry. Many of their *dicta* were excellent as guiding principles, though the principles involved were not altogether new. At any rate, America badly needed a shaking, at the time, in regard to its general attitude toward poetry. Miss Lowell administered a thorough shaking. America rubbed its eyes, and sat up rather dazedly. It seemed, after all, that the discussion of poetry mattered somewhat. Miss Lowell and John Gould Fletcher began to give us our first examples of polyphonic prose, which is defined as using the "many voices" of poetry, which are characterized as meter, *vers libre*, assonance, alliteration, rhyme, and return. Polyphonic prose "employs every form of rhythm," said Miss Lowell, "even prose rhythm at times."

The East immediately began discussing exhaustively these new *dicta*, these new experiments. A lengthy, many-sided, and not

unacrimonious argument burst forth. There was some jeering. The Imagists published several Imagist Anthologies, the polyphonists continued to write polyphonic prose. Miss Lowell continued to publish her volumes of poetry, each as brilliant as the last. She exhibited great power as a narrative poet, orchestrating her narratives in a new and impressive fashion. She recreated the past in vigorously vivid tales and legends. She made startlingly impressionistic comments upon the present. She dabbled in *grotesquerie* and *diablerie*. She became Oriental and made her own exhaustive poetic researches into Japanese and Chinese legend and poetry. The delightful gusto with which she suddenly attacked history, biography, myth, modern scenery, even the most sordidly real aspects of modern New England, as an impetuous child splashes about with a new color-box, lent her extraordinary output an hilarious fascination. I still marvel at her versatility, at the exorbitant demands she has made upon her creative energy, and at the success with which she has brought off many of her effects. She is ravenously investigative, her witty and highly intelligent mind as keen as a razor. She possesses daring, pertinacity, and desire not to be outdone in any department of her craft. She has written modern epics full of the most brilliant color, clashing music, and wildfire imagination. She has fashioned extremely delicate lyrics in the new manner and poured out abundant cataracts of jeweled phrase. She has diverged into two volumes of critical essays, one on six chosen French poets and one on modern American poets, which every modern poet should read. She has been a splendidly energizing force in modern poetry and has continually fought for what she considered its best interests in the face of all sorts of opposition.

All this I believe to be true of Miss Lowell. She is one of our major poets, beyond any question. Exactly what lack it is I find in her work it is rather difficult to define. Perhaps it is what Louis Untermeyer has spoken of as "the lack of personal warmth," what he calls the frequent "substitution of mere motion for emotion." But it is hard to describe. The power of moving my strongest emotions is not in Miss Lowell's poetry; the power of delighting my senses and my intellect is always there. Of late I have thought that she continued writing at too great length, at-

Amy Lowell

tempted too many effects at once, defeated her own purpose by overwriting her subject. But after all any one poet must be appreciated for what he or she alone has to give. Miss Lowell's poem "Patterns" will certainly remain one of the most remarkable in our poetry. Her many books are a mine of æsthetic enjoyment. Her latest work has been in the translation of Chinese poetry in collaboration with an eminent scholar of Chinese. She is now publishing a *Life of Keats*.

AN AQUARIUM *

STREAKS of green and yellow iridescence,
Silver shiftings,
Rings veering out of rings,
Silver—gold—
Grey-green opaqueness sliding down,
With sharp white bubbles
Shooting and dancing,
Flinging quickly outward.
Nosing the bubbles,
Swallowing them,
Fish.
Blue shadows against silver-saffron water,
The light rippling over them
In steel-bright tremors.
Outspread translucent fins
Flute, fold, and relapse;
The threaded light prints through them on the pebbles
In scarcely tarnished twinklings.
Curving of spotted spines,
Slow up-shifts,

* The poems by Amy Lowell are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Lazy convolutions :

Then a sudden swift straightening

And darting below :

Oblique grey shadows

Athwart a pale casement.

Roped and curled,

Green man-eating eels

Slumber in undulate rhythms,

With crests laid horizontal on their backs.

Barred fish,

Striped fish,

Uneven disks of fish,

Slip, slide, whirl, turn,

And never touch.

Metallic blue fish,

With fins wide and yellow and swaying

Like Oriental fans,

Hold the sun in their bellies

And glow with light :

Blue brilliance cut by black bars.

An oblong pane of straw-colored shimmer,

Across it, in a tangent,

A smear of rose, black, silver.

Short twists and upstartings,

Rose-black, in a setting of bubbles :

Sunshine playing between red and black flowers

On a blue and gold lawn.

Shadows and polished surfaces,

Facets of mauve and purple,

A constant modulation of values.

Shaft-shaped,

With green bead eyes ;

Thick-nosed,
Heliotrope-colored;
Swift spots of chrysolite and coral;
In the midst of green, pearl, amethyst irradiations.

Outside,
A willow-tree flickers
With little white jerks,
And long blue waves
Rise steadily beyond the outer islands.

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

A BLACK cat among roses,
Phlox, lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon,
The sweet smells of heliotrope and night-scented stock.
The garden is very still,
It is dazed with moonlight,
Contented with perfume,
Dreaming the opium dreams of its folded poppies.
Firefly lights open and vanish
High as the tip buds of the golden glow
Low as the sweet alyssum flowers at my feet.
Moon-shimmer on leaves and trellises,
Moon-spikes shafting through the snow-ball bush.

Only the little faces of the ladies' delight are alert and
staring,
Only the cat, padding between the roses,
Shakes a branch and breaks the chequered pattern
As water is broken by the falling of a leaf.

Then you come.
And you are quiet like the garden,
And white like the alyssum flowers,
And beautiful as the silent sparks of the fireflies.
Ah, Beloved, do you see those orange lilies?
They knew my mother,
But who belonging to me will they know
When I am gone.

MEETING-HOUSE HILL

I MUST be mad, or very tired,
When the curve of a blue bay beyond a railroad track
Is shrill and sweet to me like the sudden springing of a
tune,
And the sight of a white church above thin trees in a
city square
Amazes my eyes as though it were the Parthenon.
Clear, reticent, superbly final,
With the pillars of its portico refined to a cautious
elegance,
It dominates the weak trees,
And the shot of its spire
Is cool and candid,
Rising into an unresisting sky.
Strange meeting-house
Pausing a moment upon a squalid hill-top.
I watch the spire sweeping the sky,
I am dizzy with the movement of the sky;
I might be watching a mast
With its royals set full

Amy Lowell

Straining before a two-reef breeze.
I might be sighting a tea-clipper,
Tacking into the blue bay
Just back from Canton
With her hold full of green and blue porcelain
And a Chinese coolie leaning over the rail
Gazing at the white spire
With dull, sea-spent eyes.

Mahlon Leonard Fisher (1874-)

Mr. Fisher, who now lives at Williamsport in Pennsylvania, is an architect by profession and founded and edits a small magazine called *The Sonnet*. He has published *Sonnets: A First Series*. So far as I know this is the only verse-form in which Mr. Fisher has written.

NOVEMBER *

HARK you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,
As kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones;
The old will feel the weight of mossy stones;
The young alone will laugh and scoff at fear.
It is the tread of armies marching near,
From scarlet lands to lands forever pale;
It is a bugle dying down the gale;
It is the sudden gushing of a tear.
And it is hands that grope at ghostly doors;
And romp of spirit-children on the pave;
It is the tender sighing of the brave
Who fell, ah! long ago, in futile wars;
It is such sound as death; and, after all,
'T is but the forest letting dead leaves fall.

* Reprinted from *Sonnets: A First Series*, by Mahlon Leonard Fisher.

Henry Herbert Knibbs (1874-)

Mr. Knibbs started in as a novelist and has published a number of novels, of which *Overland Red* is perhaps the best known. He was born at Niagara Falls and attended Harvard for three years. He settled in Los Angeles in 1911. In 1916 he brought out his *Riders of the Stars* and *Songs of the Trail* appeared in 1920. Knibbs writes excellent Western verse, with more imagination than most poets of recent years who have sung the West. Occasionally he introduces a fantastic element with effect. "Roll a Rock Down" holds an echo of the actual old rough-cast ballads made up and sung in early cow-camps of the West. It is in the most native tradition of Western song.

ROLL A ROCK DOWN

OH, out in the West where the riders are ready,
They sing an old song and they tell an old tale,
And its moral is plain: Take it easy, go steady,
While riding a horse on the Malibu Trail.

It's a high, rocky trail with its switch-backs and
doubles,
It has no beginning and never an end:
It's risky and rough and it's plumb full of troubles,
From Shifty—that's shale—up to Powder Cut Bend.

Old-timers will tell you the rangers who made it,
Sang "Roll A Rock Down," with a stiff upper lip,
And cussed all creation, but managed to grade it;
With a thousand-foot drop if a pony should slip.

Oh, the day it was wet and the sky it was cloudy,
The trail was as slick as an oil-rigger's pants,
When Ranger McCabe on his pony, Old Rowdy,
Came ridin' where walkin' was takin' a chance.

"Oh, Roll A Rock Down!" picks and shovels was
clangin',
And Rowdy a-steppin' that careful and light,
When the edge it gave way and McCabe was left
hangin'
Clean over the rim—with no bottom in sight.

I shook out a loop—bein' crowded for throwin';
. I flipped a fair noose for a rope that was wet:
It caught just as Mac lost his holt and was goin',
And burned through my fingers: it's burnin' them yet.

For Ranger McCabe never knuckled to danger;
My pardner in camp, on the trail, or in town:
And he slid into glory, a true forest-ranger,
With: "Hell! I'm a-goin'! Just roll a rock down."

So, roll a rock down where a ranger is sleepin'
Aside of his horse below Powder Cut Bend:
I ride and I look where the shadows are creepin',
And roll a rock down—for McCabe was my friend.

I've sung you my song and I've told you my story,
And all that I ask when I'm done with the show,
Is, roll a rock down when I slide into glory,
And say that I went like a ranger should go.

Leonora Speyer (1872-)

Mrs. Speyer's earliest love is music. She is a most accomplished violinist who has charmed large audiences in the past. As a poet her collection, *A Canopic Jar*, published several years ago, showed her fine feeling and forceful execution. Since its publication she has produced even more remarkable work. Her poems have frequently appeared in modern magazines.

I have chosen here two poems that may appear slight upon first glance, and do not certainly illustrate the stronger grasp and deeper insight the poet has demonstrated elsewhere. But the keen observation and imaginative intensity shown in "Crickets at Dawn" and "Garden Under Lightning" are unusual gifts, and these poems seem to me to describe to perfection certain reactions to natural phenomena that few could express so well.

CRICKETS AT DAWN

ALL night the crickets chirp,
Like little stars of twinkling sound
In the dark silence.

They sparkle through the summer stillness
With a crisp rhythm:
They lift the shadows on their tiny voices.

But at the shining note of birds that wake,
Flashing from tree to tree till all the wood is lit—
O golden coloratura of dawn!—
The cricket-stars fade slowly,
One by one.

GARDEN UNDER LIGHTNING

(Ghost-story)

OUT of the storm that muffles shining night
Flash roses ghastly-sweet,
And lilies far too pale.
There is a pang of green,
A terror of familiarity,
I see a dripping swirl of leaves and petals
That I once tended,
Borders of flattened, frightened little things
And writhing paths I surely walked in that other life—
Day?

My specter-garden beckons to me,
Gibbers horribly—
And vanishes!

Ridgely Torrence (1875-)

Ridgely Torrence's first book, *The House of a Hundred Lights*, was written after reading the couplets of Bidpai, the Persian poet, and was published in 1900. The philosophy embodied in it showed an extraordinary maturity of mind in a young man of twenty-five. Torrence was born in Ohio and educated at Miami and Princeton Universities. He has been Librarian of the Astor and the Lenox Libraries, in New York City, associate editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and is to-day poetry editor for *The New Republic*. He has for the last twenty years occasionally produced some of the most distinguished poetry of our time. "Eye-Witness" is a wholly remarkable achievement. William Vaughn Moody himself, with whom Torrence formed a lifelong friendship, also treated this idea of Christ's Second Coming in a strange and thoroughly realistic poem, but Torrence's interpretation is entirely his own and his poem excels that particular poem of Moody's. The couplets of the "Tramp's Song" are almost intolerably haunting and search the roots of the heart. The other poem, "The Son," which I have included, is a perfect example of the force of reticence and implication. All Torrence's later poetry possesses a lofty spiritual quality, which can be discerned even in curt, apparently casual statement. It inheres in a deep human sympathy, a fine sensitivity to the tragedy of wasted lives. It seems to me that when the final accounts are cast up in regard to the poetry of our era, Ridgely Torrence will take a much higher place than any now accorded him. He has also written strikingly tragic dramas, dealing with the position of the negro in America, which have been presented with success. He has written one poem upon a negro lynching which stands with one by William Ellery Leonard as a terrific commentary upon our present treatment of the negro in certain sections of the country.

EYE-WITNESS *

Down by the railroad in a green valley
By dancing water, there he stayed awhile
Singing, and three men with him, listeners,
All tramps, all homeless reapers of the wind,
Motionless now and while the song went on
Transfigured into mages thronged with visions;
There with the late light of the sunset on them
And on clear water spinning from a spring
Through little cones of sand dancing and fading,
Close beside pine woods where a hermit thrush
Cast, when love dazzled him, shadows of music
That lengthened, fluting, through the singer's pauses
While the sure earth rolled eastward bringing stars
Over the singer and the men that listened
There by the roadside, understanding all.

A train went by but nothing seemed to be changed.
Some eye at a car window must have flashed
From the plush world inside the glassy Pullman,
Carelessly bearing off the scene forever,
With idle wonder what the men were doing,
Seeing they were so strangely fixed and seeing
Torn papers from their smeary dreary meal
Spread on the ground with old tomato cans
Muddy with dregs of lukewarm chicory,
Neglected while they listened to the song.
And while he sang the singer's face was lifted,

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And the sky shook down a soft light upon him
Out of its branches where like fruits there were
Many beautiful stars and planets moving,
With lands upon them, rising from their seas,
Glorious lands with glittering sands upon them,
With soils of gold and magic mould for seeding,
The shining loam of lands afoam with gardens
On mightier stars with giant rains and suns
There in the heavens ; but on none of all
Was there ground better than he stood upon :
There was no world there in the sky above him
Deeper in promise than the earth beneath him
Whose dust had flowered up in him the singer
And three men understanding every word.

The Tramp Sings:

I will sing, I will go, and never ask me "Why?"
I was born a rover and a passer-by.

I seem to myself like water and sky,
A river and a rover and a passer-by.

But in the winter three years back
We lit us a night fire by the track,

And the snow came up and the fire it flew
And we couldn't find the warming room for two.

One had to suffer, so I left him the fire
And I went to the weather from my heart's desire.

It was night on the line, it was no more fire,
But the zero whistle through the icy wire.

As I went suffering through the snow
Something like a shadow came moving slow.

I went up to it and I said a word ;
Something flew above it like a kind of bird.

I leaned in closer and I saw a face ;
A light went round me but I kept my place.

My heart went open like an apple sliced ;
I saw my Saviour and I saw my Christ.

Well, you may not read it in a book,
But it takes a gentle Saviour to give a gentle look.

I looked in his eyes and I read the news ;
His heart was having the railroad blues.

Oh, the railroad blues will cost you dear,
Keeps you moving on for something that you don't
see here.

We stood and whispered in a kind of moon ;
The line was looking like May and June.

I found he was a roamer and a journey man
Looking for a lodging since the night began.

He went to the doors but he didn't have the pay.
He went to the windows, then he went away.

Says, "We'll walk together, and we'll both be fed."
Says, "I will give you the 'other' bread."

Oh, the bread he gave and without money!
O drink, O fire, O burning honey!

It went all through me like a shining storm:
I saw inside me, it was light and warm.

I saw deep under and I saw above,
I saw the stars weighed down with love.

They sang that love to burning birth,
They poured that music to the earth.

I heard the stars sing low like mothers.
He said: "Now look, and help feed others."

I looked around, and as close as touch
Was everybody that suffered much.

They reached out, there was darkness only;
They could not see us, they were lonely.

I saw the hearts that deaths took hold of,
With the wounds bare that were not told of;

Hearts with things in them making gashes;
Hearts that were choked with their dreams' ashes;

Women in front of the rolled-back air,
Looking at their breasts and nothing there;

Good men wasting and trapped in hells ;
Hurt lads shivering with the fare-thee-wells.

I saw them as if something bound them ;
I stood there but my heart went round them.

I begged him not to let me see them wasted.
Says, "Tell them then what you have tasted."

Told him I was weak as a rained-on bee ;
Told him I was lost.—Says : "Lean on me."

Something happened then I could not tell,
But I knew I had the water for every hell.

Any other thing it was no use bringing ;
They needed what the stars were singing,

What the whole sky sang like waves of light,
The tune that it danced to, day and night.

Oh, I listened to the sky for the tune to come ;
The song seemed easy, but I stood there dumb.

The stars could feel me reaching through them
They let down light and drew me to them.

I stood in the sky in a light like day,
Drinking in the word that all things say

Where the worlds hang growing in clustered shapes
Dripping the music like wine from grapes.

Ridgely Torrence

With "Love, Love, Love," above the pain,
—The vine-like song with its wine-like rain.

Through heaven under heaven the song takes root
Of the turning, burning, deathless fruit.

I came to the earth and the pain so near me,
I tried that song but they couldn't hear me.

I went down into the ground to grow,
A seed for a song that would make men know.

Into the ground from my roamer's light
I went ; he watched me sink to night.

Deep in the ground from my human grieving,
His pain ploughed in me to believing.

Oh, he took earth's pain to be his bride,
While the heart of life sang in his side.

For I felt that pain, I took its kiss,
My heart broke into dust with his.

Then sudden through the earth I found life springing ;
The dust men trampled on was singing.

Deep in my dust I felt its tones ;
The roots of beauty went round my bones.

I stirred, I rose like a flame, like a river,
I stood on the line, I could sing forever.

Love had pierced into my human sheathing,
Song came out of me simple as breathing.

A freight came by, the line grew colder,
He laid his hand upon my shoulder,

Says, "Don't stay on the line such nights,"
And led me by the hand to the station lights.

I asked him in front of the station-house wall
If he had lodging. Says, "None at all."

I pointed to my heart and looked in his face,—
"Here,—if you haven't got a better place."

He looked and he said : "Oh, we still must roam
But if you'll keep it open, well, I'll call it 'home.' "

The thrush now slept whose pillow was his wing.
So the song ended and the four remained
Still in the faint starshine that silvered them,
While the low sound went on of broken water
Out of the spring and through the darkness flowing
Over a stone that held it from the sea.

Whether the men spoke after could not be told,
A mist from the ground so veiled them, but they
waited

A little longer till the moon came up ;
Then on the gilded track leading to the mountains,
Against the moon they faded in common gold
And earth bore East with all toward the new morn-
ing.

THE SON

(*Southern Ohio Market Town*)

I HEARD an old farm-wife,
 Selling some barley,
Mingle her life with life
 And the name “Charley.”

Saying: “The crop’s all in,
 We’re about through now;
Long nights will soon begin,
 We’re just us two now.

“Twelve bushels at sixty cents,
 It’s all I carried—
He sickened making fence;
 He was to be married—

“It feels like frost was near—
 His hair was curly.
The spring was late that year,
 But the harvest early.”

Thomas Walsh (1875-)

Thomas Walsh is an Irish Catholic poet who has produced a number of books of verse, *vide* the *The Prison Ships* and *The Three Kings*. He is a delver in all things Spanish, has visited South America and made friends with South American poets, has written some excellent poems on various Spanish painters, is an enthusiastic member of the Hispanic Society of America, and has translated from and written articles upon South American poetry. This earlier poem of his seems to me one of the most realistic poems on a dog that we have in our own literature. The last seven lines are almost without flaw and present a vividly living picture. Mr. Walsh lives in Brooklyn.

TO AN ENGLISH SETTER

CORINTHIAN of dogs, how word the grace
That guides your movements? How portray your
face,—

The meditation of your eyes, your poise
Of royal head? Such were great Landseer's joys
Who in your woodland splendor lithe and frank
Found your race Greek from chest to slender flank
And gave you poetry for heritage.

Would that in his—your high breed's classic age—
He could have seen and caught the charm again
Of sunlight rippling through your silken mane
Of white and gold! Would he could see you now
Cleaving the goldenrod like Dian's plough

And quick with autumn's half barbaric mood
Scattering the sumac leaves in showers of blood!
Or as, in carved Olympiad runners' pose,
With ears peaked high you watch the cloud of crows
Flock with sarcastic echoes o'er the plain,
Knowing pursuit and challenge are in vain.

Robert Frost (1875-)

Frost is a New Englander, descended from many generations of New Englanders, although he was born in San Francisco. He went through the high school at Lawrence, Massachusetts, and spent a few months at Dartmouth College. He worked as a bobbin boy in one of the Lawrence mills; then began to write poems, some of which appeared in *The Independent*. He also experienced many rejections. Twenty years passed before his first book appeared.

Frost possessed an unusually independent spirit and an inquiring mind. He could afford to wait. In 1895 he married, moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and decided to enter Harvard. He attended classes for two years. Then he took to teaching. He also made shoes, became an editor, and, in 1900, a farmer at Derry, New Hampshire. He remained a farmer for eleven years, experiencing much hardship. Finally he tried teaching again. Then he came to a new decision and, in 1912, voyaged to England with his wife and four children. There he entered a literary atmosphere. He collected his best poems and took them to London. They were published as *A Boy's Will* in 1913. The following year, Frost having now settled in Gloucestershire, his second book appeared in England. It was called *North of Boston*.

His first book had been a book of lyrics, his second he called "a book of people." Though not writing in dialect it was at once apparent that he had worked out for himself an intention in his own poetry very similar to that foreshadowed by James Russell Lowell when Lowell pondered—

Is there no way left, then, I thought, of being natural, of being *naïf*,
which means nothing more than native, of belonging to the age and country
in which you were born? The Yankee, at least, is a new phenomenon;
let us try to be *that*.

The Yankee was no longer a very new phenomenon but Frost intended vigorously to belong to his own age, his own country,

Robert Frost

and his own *locale*. He has succeeded admirably, and he has succeeded through this integrity of purpose and sincerity of utterance in becoming one of the most utterly American and most entirely original poets of our day. He has made modern New England live and breathe for us as has no other American poet, he has extended the frontiers of poetic expression. He has succeeded even more actually than the poet Wordsworth, of the Lake school of the early nineteenth century, in returning to nature and interpreting it with a natural yet dramatic simplicity. His style is poles removed from "the grand manner," or any "manner." His speech is the speech of his day, without poetizing.

Frost returned to America in 1915. He became a farmer again at Franconia, New Hampshire. He found his name and his poetry widely known. In 1916 appeared his third book, *Mountain Interval*. From 1916 to 1919 Frost taught at Amherst College. In 1920 he turned again to farming in Vermont. Farming, teaching, writing poetry; through all vicissitudes the cycle has been the same.

Robert Frost is sure to remain one of the major American poets of our day. He has thought out his own principles of life; formed, after much experiment, his own style and method. He is a shrewd philosopher, both a dreamer and a man of his hands, both a man of the soil and a spirit absorbed in the true reasons for and inwardness of material phenomena. He is no mean psychologist of his fellow-man, and no one living is more sensitive than he to the beauties of wild nature. Slightly past middle-age, he still has many years before him, let us hope, of fine creation. His mind is profoundly philosophical, his work both austereley beautiful, rich in humanity, and inimitably droll. He possesses to perfection the art of hinting and implying, beyond what he actually sets down, in a way that can move us deeply. His poetry is utterly indigenous and a national heritage. Unfortunately we, as a nation, were not the first to recognize its remarkable characteristics.

MENDING WALL *

SOMETHING there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
He is all pine and I am apple-orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:

* From *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost. Copyright, 1914, by Henry Holt and Company.

"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down!" I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there,
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

BIRCHES *

WHEN I see birches bend to left and right
Across the line of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells

* From *Mountain Interval*, by Robert Frost. Copyright, 1916, by Henry Holt and Company.

Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,
And they seem not to break ; though once they are bowed
So low for long, they never right themselves :
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair

Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)

I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.

So was I once myself a swinger of birches;
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate wilfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

 THE SOUND OF THE TREES *

I WONDER about the trees.
Why do we wish to bear
Forever the noise of these
More than another noise
So close to our dwelling place?
We suffer them by the day
Till we lose all measure of pace,
And fixity in our joys,
And acquire a listening air.

They are that that talks of going
But never gets away;
And that talks no less for knowing,
As it grows wiser and older,
That now it means to stay.
My feet tug at the floor
And my head sways to my shoulder
Sometimes when I watch trees sway,
From the window or the door.
I shall set forth for somewhere,
I shall make the reckless choice
Some day when they are in voice
And tossing so as to scare
The white clouds over them on.
I shall have less to say,
But I shall be gone.

Grace Fallow Norton (1876—)

Grace Fallow Norton was born in Minnesota, and is at present living in Paris. Some years ago the poem we include appeared in one of the American magazines. We have read more of Miss Norton's poetry since then in her *Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's* (1912), *The Sister of the Wind* (1914), *Roads* (1916), *What is Your Legion?* (1916), but "Love is a Terrible Thing" is the poem that lingers, for its exact expression of a mood essentially of youth, essentially feminine. It possesses unusual clarity and intensity.

LOVE IS A TERRIBLE THING *

I WENT out to the farthest meadow,
I lay down in the deepest shadow;

And I said unto the earth, "Hold me,"
And unto the night, "O enfold me,"

And I begged the little leaves to lean
Low and together for a safe screen;

Then to the stars I told my tale:
"That is my home-light, there in the vale,

"And O, I know that I shall return,
But let me lie first mid the unfeeling fern.

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"For there is a flame that has blown too near,
And there is a name that has grown too dear,
And there is a fear. . . ."

And to the still hills and cool earth and far sky I made
moan,

"The heart in my bosom is not my own !

"O would I were free as the wind on the wing;
Love is a terrible thing!"

Willa Sibert Cather (1876—)

Miss Cather, a Virginian by birth, is one of our most distinguished American novelists. She comes from the Middle West. She graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1895, and has engaged in teaching and journalism, and was from 1906 to 1912, associate editor with S. S. McClure in the conducting of the old *McClure's Magazine*, at that time particularly distinguished for the fine quality of its fiction and poetry. Miss Cather contributed some of her earlier stories and poems to *McClure's*. They revealed a writer of rare ability.

Some years passed, however, before the worth of Miss Cather's work was very widely recognized, and it is only recently that she has been accorded a place long due her in American fiction. Her book of poems, *April Twilights*, appeared in 1903. She has written, among other novels, *O Pioneers*, *The Song of the Lark*, *My Antonia*, and *One of Ours*. *Youth and the Bright Medusa* is the title of a recent volume of her short stories; and *A Lost Lady* her masterpiece in fiction.

SPANISH JOHNNY

THE old West, the old time,
The old wind singing through
The red, red grass a thousand miles—
And, Spanish Johnny, you!
He'd sit beside the water ditch
When all his herd was in,
And never mind a child, but sing
To his mandolin.

The big stars, the blue night,
 The moon-enchanted lane ;
The olive man who never spoke,
 But sang the songs of Spain.
His speech with men was wicked talk—
 To hear it was a sin ;
But those were golden things he said
 To his mandolin.

The gold songs, the gold stars,
 The word so golden then ;
And the hand so tender to a child—
 Had killed so many men.
He died a hard death long ago
 Before the Road came in—
The night before he swung, he sang
 To his mandolin.

Arthur Upson (1877-1908)

Arthur Upson was a Minnesota poet, though born in Camden, N. Y. He led a brief and tragic existence and finally perished by drowning. He produced some three or four small volumes of delicate poems, including the fragile and beautiful *Octaves in an Oxford Garden*, which he wrote at Wadham College, Oxford. He seemed to possess a nostalgia for the old world. His academic training and passion for the classics set his soul at odds with modern industrialism in America. "After a Dolmetsch Concert" is, to my mind, the most perfect of his poems, exquisite in feeling and execution. In it he has expressed the deepest intuition he was ordained to leave us.

AFTER A DOLMETSCH CONCERT *

Out of the conquered Past
Unravishable Beauty;
Hearts that are dew and dust
Rebuking the dream of Death;
Flower o' the clay down-cast
Triumphant in Earth's aroma;
Strings that were strained in rust
A-tremble with Music's breath!

Wine that was spilt in haste
Arising in fumes more precious;
Garlands that fell forgot
Rooting to wondrous bloom;

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Youth that would flow to waste
Pausing in pool-green valleys—
And Passion that lasted not
Surviving the voiceless Tomb !

Sarah N. Cleghorn (1876-)

Miss Cleghorn was born in Virginia, but early came north and was educated in Manchester, Vermont. She then spent a year at Radcliffe, and returned to Manchester, where she has lived ever since, quite out of the modern world and yet intensely of it through her vivid social conscience and her strong sympathy with the unpopular causes of the day. Her sympathies were strongly socialistic. *Portraits and Protests*, 1917, contains poetry both of calm and quiet charm and of spirited rebellion against the social injustices of the day. More recently Miss Cleghorn has come to New York in an editorial capacity on a new magazine which is striving in every sane and sound way for social and industrial betterment.

The poem here given illustrates perhaps Miss Cleghorn's rarest gift, that of describing with wistful and exquisite charm the scenery and country characters of her native state. The religious fervor of New England ancestors is in Miss Cleghorn's blood and a traditional courtesy and scrupulous honesty mingles with a perhaps more modern passion for social justice.

EMILIA *

HALFWAY up the Hemlock valley turnpike,
In the bend of Silver Water's arm,
Where the deer come trooping down at even,
Drink the cowslip pool, and fear no harm,
Dwells Emilia,
Flower of the fields of Camlet Farm.

* From *Portraits and Protests*, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. Copyright, 1917, by Henry Holt and Company.

Sitting sewing by the western window
As the too brief mountain sunshine flies,
Hast thou seen a slender-shouldered figure
With a chestnut braid, Minerva-wise,
 Round her temples,
Shadowing her gray, enchanted eyes?

When the freshets flood the Silver Water,
When the swallow flying northward braves
Sleeting rains that sweep the birchen foothills
Where the windflowers' pale plantation waves—
 (Fairy gardens
Springing from the dead leaves in their graves),—

Falls forgotten, then, Emilia's needle;
Ancient ballads, fleeting through her brain,
Sing the cuckoo and the English primrose,
Outdoors calling with a quaint refrain;
 And a rainbow
Seems to brighten through the gusty rain.

Forth she goes, in some old dress and faded,
Fearless of the showery shifting wind;
Kilted are her skirts to clear the mosses,
And her bright braids in a 'kerchief pinned,
 Younger sister
Of the damsel-errant Rosalind.

While she helps to serve the harvest supper
In the lantern-lighted village hall,
Moonlight rises on the burning woodland,
Echoes dwindle from the distant Fall.

 Hark, Emilia!
In her ear the airy voices call.

Hidden papers in the dusty garret,
Where her few and secret poems lie,—
Thither flies her heart to join her treasure,
While she serves, with absent-musing eye,
 Mighty tankards
Foaming cider in the glasses high.

“Would she mingle with her young companions!”
Vainly do her aunts and uncles say;
Ever, from the village sports and dances,
Early missed, Emilia slips away.
 Whither vanished?
With what unimagined mates to play?

Did they seek her, wandering by the water,
They should find her comrades shy and strange:
Queens and princesses, and saints and fairies,
Dimly moving in a cloud of change:—
 Desdemona;
Mariana of the Moated Grange.

Up this valley to the fair and market
When young farmers from the southward ride,
Oft they linger at a sound of chanting
In the meadows by the turnpike side;
 Long they listen,
Deep in fancies of a fairy bride.

William Ellery Leonard (1876-)

Mr. Leonard was born in New Jersey. He received a post-graduate degree from Harvard in 1899 and then studied abroad at Göttingen and Bonn. He remained several years in Europe and has been Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin since 1906.

In 1912 he published *The Vaunt of Man*. He has also published Greek and Latin translations and paraphrases from Aesop's fables. *The Vaunt of Man* was vigorously rebel in its utterance, though Mr. Leonard's technique is ordinarily somewhat academic. In 1920 he published "The Lynching Bee," a poem of remarkable ironic power, painting a terrible picture of a negro lynching. "The Quaker Meeting-House" appeared in the *New York Nation* in February, 1922. It represents Mr. Leonard's most recent work. His is a force to be reckoned with in modern America poetry.

THE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE *

I

BEYOND the corn-rows from our Barracks stood
Along the elm-arched turnpike, out of town,
The Quaker Meeting-House, likewise of wood,
With windows burning when the sun went down;
Sided with shingles, roofed like plain big A,
With neither bell-tower, cross, nor apse. . . .
And whitest when the moon was off that way,
Beyond the rustling corn-rows, after taps. . . .

* Reprinted by permission of *The Nation*.

And in the dark the weary boys would joke
From cot to cot about the Quaker folk.

No double bars of silver braid they wore,
They never learned what the salute was for,
Nor the ten bugle-calls (as we) ;
They passed the captains in their homespun gray,
With salutation but by "yea" and "nay,"
And antique "thee" . . . and "thee" . . .

And trusted to "the inner light," they say . . .
But we? . . .

They never learned, beneath a high cross-pole,
On dummy (jerking like a living soul),
Where bayonets best may make a certain hole,
And then pull free ;
They never learned by scrunch of hand and thumb
How deftly one might make two eyeballs come,
Were trusty trench-knife lost in some melee . . .
As we . . .

But, like their humble-witted forebears, they
Would enter, from the turnpike, each First Day,
That little door—with clapboard lintel telling
By date colonial how old the dwelling
In which they bowed in silent rows to pray . . .
And all the week, under the blue sky-dome
(Fringed with the tree-tops on the inner base)
They hoed their corn-rows in the crusted loam,
Or gathered fagots, piling them in place
Against the Winter and the Fires of Home.

III

We passed each other sometimes on the pike . . .
But both were growing more and more unlike;
We donned the casques of Sargon's phalanx—they
Renewed the broad-brimmed hats of Yesterday.
And, as on chin and cheek-bone we began
Strangely to take an old barbaric face,
Swart as the profile of Assyrian,
They gained, in spite of all their toil and tan,
Yet more the blondness of their Saxon race.
Yes . . . as the wolf-tooth in us made us leer,
Their lips were tightening with resolve and pain;
And as we won the tiger's pointed ear,
They showed the scars of ears cut off again;
And, as our necks grew shorter and more strong
And heads still downward in our bodies bored,
We marked on their necks, as we jeered along,
The print-marks of a three-ply hempen cord . . .

We had our diverse business . . . had our
haunts . . .
We were the revenants . . .

While in the very sky-top every night
Above both Barracks and the House of White,
Vega, of the Lyre among the stars,
Burned in a gracious point of azure light . . .
Vega, to be (if prophets reckon right)
Sometime the pole-star for this earth of ours.

And when we quit the Barracks for the Boats
With awful shouts in throats
(Though still some human laughter),
It seemed most strange this quiet folk should quit
The Meeting-House and all the peace of it,
And follow after . . .

We neither of us quit in fact . . .
However alien the surrounding tract . . .

And whilst we worked the poison-fire and shell
(Taught, like our foes, to work them fiercely well),
This wistful, meditative folk
Would walk between in No Man's Land,
By crater-pits and molten sand,
And tree-spikes where the copses used to stand—
As if conducted by an ancient spell:
Under the roar, the flame, the smoke,
This quaint, uncanny, visionary folk
Through the barrage would enter each First Day
That legendary door with lintel telling
By *anno domini* how safe the Dwelling
(Even when the shrapnel on the roof-tree broke)
In which they bowed in silent rows to pray . . .

Or was that timbered House of seasoned oak,
Four-square in lightnings of the booming Plain,
Only a phantom and the Devil's joke
On us poor fools, the slayers and the slain? . . .

And all the week, under the red sky-dome
(Fringed round with cannon on the inner base)
They hoed their corn-rows in the charmèd loam,
Or carried back the bodies where they fell,
Each to its plot of earth and mother-race,
Or wiped from bleeding mouths the grit and foam
To give them water from a certain well,
Or gathered fagots, storing them in place—
Against the Winter and the Fires of Home. . . .

v

The Killing's over, and the Barracks creep,
Hauled by a rope and windlass, down the pike—
Sold for machine-shops, very cheap,
Or for a sty and cow-barn, if you like.

The Killing's over, but the Meeting-House
(Within forever quiet as a mouse),
After the hail of shot, the rain of fire,
Still gleams, when hoeing in the fields is done,
With shingle-siding in the setting sun,
Before the hour of Vega of the Lyre . . .
You cannot guess how beautiful it seems:
Above the Capitol and marble dome,
Above the spired Cathedral and its dreams,
Unto the way-worn sons of men it gleams
Far down the Landmarks to the Ocean Streams,
With windows burning like the Fires of Home.

Don Marquis (1878-)

Don Marquis comes from Illinois, engaged in journalism in the South, and is now the conductor of a column of *causerie* for the New York *Herald Tribune*. He has published a number of volumes, of short stories, of burlesque satire, of serious poetry. He has also written several novels.

Marquis is known principally as a humorist, and his vein is delightfully native to America. He is also an extraordinarily versatile literary craftsman and imbedded in his best work one finds a depth of philosophy that demonstrates the real proportions of his intellect. From one of his latest volumes, *Poems and Portraits*, we have selected a short section to illustrate this. Marquis has also added to our humorous literature many contributions of the first importance. He holds a unique position in American letters. No one can distinctly prophesy what he will do next. He has shown extraordinary power in a number of different directions. Some of his short stories are among the best of our time. His satires on fads are the most pungent our own generation has seen. His burlesque is inimitable. And in the time between he has steadily developed as a vigorous poet, continuing to produce at the same time a daily grist of topical humor that has maintained an unusually high average.

Intensely independent in nature, shrewdly observant of mankind, thoroughly human in all his reactions, Marquis is the only modern writer who comes near being in direct succession to Mark Twain, possessing at the same time a fineness of aesthetic perception that Mark Twain had not. Philosophically he seems to stem from him. He is one of our most entirely American writers, but he is also a thinker with a broad horizon, expressing colloquially certain profound views on the cosmos. And his acrobatics in the arena of contemporary humor have proved a popular delight.

*From PREMONITIONS **

(*From "I Have Looked Inward . . ."*)

IV

THERE was a locked door
And I burst it open;
There was a strong gate
That kept me from a house
Built between the hills:—
A great house
Hanging above a canyon
In my brain,
Swaying as the thunderous pulses
Beat;—
I smashed the gate
And entered a hall of shadows;
Out of the twilight
Out of the palpitant dusk
Two came to meet me:
My Father and my Son . . .
And they were I,
And I was both of them;—
There was a little cell
And I broke down the door.

* From *Poems and Portraits*, by Don Marquis. Copyright, 1922, by Doubleday, Page & Company, and reprinted by their permission.

VIII

I rose . . . I rose . . .
The wild raptures
And the beating wings of song
Were mine,
The sun,
The climbing flight
And the great fellowship of the stars . . .
I rose . . . I rose . . .
And when I was wearied
A cricket on a grass blade
Far above me piped:
Come up! Higher! Come up! Up!
Up here with Apollo and me!

Adelaide Crapsey (1878-1914)

Miss Crapsey was born at Rochester, New York. She graduated from Vassar in 1901, and taught history and literature in Wisconsin. She went abroad in 1905 and studied archaeology in Rome. Her health broke down when she attempted again to teach, on her return. After her breakdown she began to write a little poetry, having already been at work upon the analysis of metrics. She originated a form which she called "Cinquains." Several of these five-line poems are here given. She died at Saranac Lake, with her work practically just begun. Her collected poems, entitled *Verse*, appeared in 1915. A portion of her unfinished *Study of English Metrics* was brought out in 1918. She was tragically cut off at a time of great promise as a poet.

NOVEMBER NIGHT

Listen . . .
With faint dry sound,
Like steps of passing ghosts,
The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees
And fall.

TRIAD

These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow . . . the hour
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one
Just dead.

Grace Hazard Conkling (1878—)

Mrs. Conkling was born in New York City, graduated from Smith College in 1899, studied music at Heidelberg 1902-3 and at Paris 1903-4. She has since taught English at Smith. Her *Afternoons of April* was published in 1915, her *Wilderness Songs* in 1920. Her surprising young daughter, Hilda Conkling, who began to talk poems at the age of four, is by far the youngest, as she is one of the best, of our free verse poets of a lyrical type. Mrs. Conkling has written both in traditional forms and in free verse. Many of her poems have appeared in the magazines. She is a very graceful writer.

A BEETHOVEN ANDANTE *

THE wood wind warbled wisely
 Of how the dusk begins
Before the glow of sunset
 Had left the violins:
And a cool flute spoke purely
 As though some spirit far,
Within the sunset's hollow
 Had lit the evening star.

But when a simple oboe
 Sang low and shepherd-sweet,
It was the awaited summons
 That made the dusk complete.
Oh, quietly it led us,
 With crook of slender gold,
Across the starry pastures
 Into the farthest fold.

* The poem by Grace Hazard Conkling is used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Carl Sandburg (1878-)

Sandburg is of Swedish descent and was born at Galesburg, Illinois. He has led a hard-working and adventurous life. He had a random early education, drove a milk-wagon, was a barber-shop porter, a scene-shifter, a truck-handler, a pottery-apprentice, a hotel dish-washer, a harvest-hand. He is acquainted at first hand with the industrial life of America. In '98 he went on the Puerto Rican Campaign as a volunteer soldier in the American Army. When he came back from the Spanish War he entered Lombard College at Galesburg. Here he proved an excellent college athlete and was editor-in-chief of the college paper.

After college he managed the advertising of a department store and organized for the Social-Democratic party of Wisconsin. He became a journalist. He became an expert on the prevention of industrial accidents. In 1904 he published a first pamphlet of about twenty poems. They received no recognition. Ten years passed and then a group of Sandburg's poems appeared in the *Chicago Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, edited by Harriet Monroe. In 1916 appeared Sandburg's *Chicago Poems* and by this time his name and his work were well known in American poetry.

From the very beginning Sandburg mixed his own idiom from the slang of the street and other pungent and pithy phrase wherever he found it. He is intensely colloquial, rough, even brutal, often both in the choice of his theme and the handling of it. He can also be intensely tender and delicate. There has been and still is great debate as to whether what Sandburg writes is "poetry." However that may be, the emotional power of some of it is remarkable, a fierce energy pervades it, a Norse melancholy fills it, that not only rivet the attention but strike home to the heart. In 1918 Sandburg published *Cornhuskers*. He had gained in discipline. He sang more softly, often; more awed by the forces of nature. Two of his latest volumes have been *Smoke and Steel*, 1920, and *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, 1922.

Sandburg has been thought of very largely as a "roughneck" poet. He has displayed that side of American life in poetry more vividly than any other versifier of his day. But he has also

Carl Sandburg

displayed western cities and western prairies with an epic vigor, with a wide sweep of color, with plain words and sonorous and ringing words, with whispering words of the deepest pathos. He himself seems like an untamed force of nature, despising all main-traveled roads, striking out ever new pioneer paths for his own feet. There is a deep sincerity in him and, in spite of the dauntless and exhilarated love of life he displays, a deep racial sadness. He also possesses a profoundly shrewd wisdom. He can be bitterly ironical, and then, in the turning of a page, surprisingly gentle. He stands at present in the front rank of American poetry for his undaunted independence and his brusque, vivid, vibrantly sensitive poetic personality. He is the folk-singer going down the road with a banjo, and nearer to the true Whitman than any other modern poet. He might speak the very words of Kipling's wanderer:

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide;
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

PRAYERS OF STEEL *

LAY me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

* From *Cornhuskers*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1918, by Henry Holt and Company.

OSSAWATOMIE *

I DON'T know how he came,
Shambling, dark, and strong.

He stood in the city and told men:
My people are fools, my people are young and strong,
my people must learn, my people are terrible
workers and fighters.

Always he kept on asking: Where did that blood come
from?

They said: You for the fool killer,
you for the booby hatch
and a necktie party.

They hauled him into jail.
They sneered at him and spit on him,
And he wrecked their jails,
Singing, "God damn your jails,"
And when he was most in jail
Crummy among the crazy in the dark
Then he was most of all out of jail
Shambling, dark, and strong,
Always asking: Where did that blood come from?

They laid hands on him
And the fool killers had a laugh
And the necktie party was a go, by God.
They laid hands on him and he was a goner.

* From *Smoke and Steel*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1920, by Harcourt, Brace, and Howe, Inc.

They hammered him to pieces and he stood up.
They buried him and he walked out of the grave, by
God,
Asking again: Where did that blood come from?

PEOPLE WITH PROUD CHINS *

I TELL them where the wind comes from,
Where the music goes when the fiddle is in the box.

Kids—I saw one with a proud chin, a sleepyhead,
And the moonline creeping white on her pillow.

I have seen their heads in the starlight
And their proud chins marching in a mist of the
stars.

They are the only people I never lie to.

I give them honest answers,
Answers shrewd as the circles of white on brown chest-
nuts.

THEY ALL WANT TO PLAY HAMLET *

THEY all want to play Hamlet.
They have not exactly seen their fathers killed
Nor their mothers in a frame-up to kill,
Nor an Ophelia dying with a dust gagging the heart,
Not exactly the spinning circles of singing golden
spiders,
Not exactly this have they got at nor the meaning of
flowers—O flowers, flowers slung by a dancing
girl—in the saddest play the inkfish, Shakespeare,
ever wrote;

Yet they all want to play Hamlet because it is sad
like all actors are sad and to stand by an open
grave with a joker's skull in the hand and then
to say over slow and say over slow wise, keen,
beautiful words masking a heart's breaking,
breaking,

This is something that calls and calls to their blood.
They are acting when they talk about it and they know
it is acting to be particular about it and yet: They
all want to play Hamlet.

Vachel Lindsay (1879-)

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay was born in Springfield, Illinois, and till very recently made his permanent home there. He graduated from Springfield High School, went to Hiram College, studied art in Chicago and in New York, and engaged in lecturing and settlement work. He then departed for Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas and "preached the gospel of beauty." He renewed these trips, distributing *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread*. He wrote poetry in order to wake the people to certain of his definite and passionate ideas concerning communal betterment, artistically and in many other ways. He sang to convert, suffered the hardships of the apostle, and began a poetic evangelism in which he has never faltered since.

"General Booth Enters Into Heaven" was written in California and published in book form in 1913 with other poems. Before this Lindsay had written and illustrated pamphlets of his own and a magazine to encourage a better Springfield. But the original energy of "General Booth" immediately gained him an America-wide audience, and in 1914 he followed it with "The Congo," one of the most remarkable imaginative poems about the negro race that has ever appeared. He margined his poems with instructions as to how they should be read, declaring himself for the "Higher Vaudeville" imagination. His entirely new experiment attracted wide attention. He wrote "The Kallyope Yell" and "The Santa Fe Trail." He attempted and succeeded in a variety of intensely modern onomatopoetic effects, chanting his own poetry and beginning to appear before audiences. He followed the "Congo" with other remarkable negro poems, one of which is given here. He then branched off into the Orientally fantastical and produced *The Chinese Nightingale*, and in 1920 *The Golden Whales of California*. He seems always to write in the most exuberant spirits and with an underlying strong religious feeling inherited from his evangelical forbears. In prose he produced *A Handy*

Guide for Beggars, 1916, *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*, 1914, *The Art of the Moving Picture*, 1916 and *The Golden Book of Springfield*, 1920.

Lindsay has become known all over the United States as a reciter of his poetry and a preacher of his own gospel. Recently he has completed a lecture tour to almost every important university and high school in the United States. To-day he is most interested in bringing great art, in the form of painting and sculpture, into the lives of the average American, in making the museum the centre of American culture, even before the university. He has not turned away from poetry, but he has for years made a thorough and highly-sensitive study of the most important museums in the country and his earliest love was painting.

Lindsay is one of the best of our contemporary poets. He is certainly the most entirely original. He is striking as a reciter and has developed a new field of oral expression for poetry and has utilized the noise of America for poetic purposes with remarkable inventive genius. His career in this regard has been cyclonic. Lately he has lectured and read in England and explored the Rocky Mountains with the English writer, Stephen Graham.

THE BRONCHO THAT WOULD NOT BE BROKEN *

A LITTLE colt-broncho, loaned to the farm
To be broken in time without fury or harm,
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm,
Calling "Beware," with lugubrious singing . . .
The butterflies there in the bush were romancing,
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing?

* From *Collected Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

You were born with the pride of the lords great and
olden

Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden.

In all the wide farm-place the person most human.

You spoke out so plainly with squealing and capering,

With whinnying, snorting, contorting and prancing,

As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,

With Greek-footed figures, and Parthenon paces,

O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. "Keep whirling," they said.

The insolent sparrows called from the shed

"If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."

But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,

Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing.

You bantered and cantered away your last chance.

And they scourged you; with Hell in their speech and their faces,

O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you," rattled the crows,

As you dragged the whole reaper next day down the rows.

The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.

You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing.

You tangled the harness with bright eyes side-glancing,

While the drunk driver bled you—a pole for a lance—

And the giant mules bit at you—keeping their places.

O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

In that fast afternoon your boyish heart broke.
The hot wind came down like a sledge-hammer stroke.
The blood-sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.
And they searched out your wounds, your death-war-
rant tracing.

And the merciful men, their religion enhancing,
Stopped the red reaper to give you a chance.
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

THE EAGLE THAT IS FORGOTTEN *

(John P. Altgeld. Born December 30, 1847;
died March 12, 1902)

SLEEP softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone,
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its
own.

"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in
secret rejoiced.

They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred
unvoiced.

They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you,
day after day,

Now you were ended. They praised you, . . . and laid
you away.

The others that mourned you in silence and terror and
truth,

The widow bereft of her pittance, the boy without
youth,

The mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame
and the poor

That should have remembered forever, . . . remember
no more.

Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they
call

The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?
They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones,
A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your
sons,

The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming
began,

The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

Sleep softly, . . . eagle forgotten, . . . under the stone,
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its
own.

Sleep on, O brave hearted, O wise man, that kindled
the flame—

To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,
To live in mankind, far, far more . . . than to live in
a name.

A NEGRO SERMON:—SIMON LEGREE*

LEGREE's big house was white and green.

His cotton-fields were the best to be seen.

He had strong horses and opulent cattle,

And bloodhounds bold, with chains that would rattle.

His garret was full of curious things :
Books of magic, bags of gold,
And rabbits' feet on long twine strings.
But he went down to the Devil.

Legree, he sported a brass-buttoned coat,
A snake-skin necktie, a blood-red shirt.
Legree, he had a beard like a goat,
And a thick hairy neck, and eyes like dirt.
His puffed-out cheeks were fish-belly white,
He had great long teeth, and an appetite.
He ate raw meat, 'most every meal,
And rolled his eyes till the cat would squeal.
His fist was an enormous size
To mash poor niggers that told him lies :
He was surely a witch-man in disguise.
But he went down to the Devil.

He wore hip-boots, and would wade all day
To capture his slaves that had fled away.
But he went down to the Devil.
He beat poor Uncle Tom to death
Who prayed for Legree with his last breath.
Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew,
To the high sanctoriums bright and new ;
And Simon Legree stared up beneath,
And cracked his heels, and ground his teeth :
And went down to the Devil.

He crossed the yard in the storm and gloom ;
He went into his grand front room.
He said, "I killed him, and I don't care."
He kicked a hound, he gave a swear ;

He tightened his belt, he took a lamp,
Went down cellar to the webs and damp.
There in the middle of the mouldy floor
He heaved up a slab; he found a door—
And went down to the Devil.

His lamp blew out, but his eyes burned bright.

Simon Legree stepped down all night—

Down, down to the Devil.

Simon Legree he reached the place,

He saw one half of the human race,

He saw the Devil on a wide green throne,

Gnawing the meat from a big ham-bone,

And he said to Mister Devil:

“I see that you have much to eat—

A red ham-bone is surely sweet.

I see that you have lion’s feet;

I see your frame is fat and fine,

I see you drink your poison wine—

Blood and burning turpentine.”

And the Devil said to Simon Legree:

“I like your style, so wicked and free.

Come sit and share my throne with me,

And let us bark and revel.”

And there they sit and gnash their teeth,

And each one wears a hop-vine wreath.

They are matching pennies and shooting craps,

They are playing poker and taking naps.

And old Legree is fat and fine:

He eats the fire, he drinks the wine—
Blood and burning turpentine—
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil;
Down, down with the Devil.

THE CONGO *

(A Study of the Negro Race)

I. THEIR BASIC SAVAGERY

FAT black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the
table.

Pounded on the table,
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a
broom,
Hard as they were able,
Boom, boom, Boom,
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a
broom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom.

THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision.
I could not turn from their revel in derision.

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK

CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK

*More deliberate.
Solemnly
charted.*

Then along that riverbank
A thousand miles
Tattooed cannibals danced in files ;
Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust
 song

And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan
 gong.

And "BLOOD" screamed the whistles and
 the fifes of the warriors,
"BLOOD" screamed the skull-faced, lean
 witch-doctors,

"Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle,
Harry the uplands,
Steal all the cattle,
Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,
Bing !

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom,"
A roaring, epic, rag-time tune
From the mouth of the Congo
To the Mountains of the Moon.

Death is an Elephant,
Torch-eyed and horrible,
Foam-flanked and terrible.

Boom, steal the pygmies,
Boom, kill the Arabs,
Boom, kill the white men,
Hoo, Hoo, Hoo.

Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.
Hear how the demons chuckle and yell.
Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.

*A rapidly
piling climax
of speed and
racket.*

*With a philo-
sophic pause.*

*Shrilly and with
a heavily ac-
cented meter.*

*Like the wind
in the chimney.*

Listen to the creepy proclamation,
 Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation,
 Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay,
 Blown past the marsh where the butterflies
 play:—

"Be careful what you do,
 Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
 And all of the other
 Gods of the Congo,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."

*All the o sounds
 very golden.
 Heavy accents
 very heavy.
 Light accents
 very light. Last
 line whispered.*

II. THEIR IRREPRESSIBLE HIGH SPIRITS

Wild crap-shooters with a whoop and a call
 Danced the juba in their gambling-hall
 And laughed fit to kill, and shook the town,
 And guyed the policeman and laughed them
 down

With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,
 BOOM. . . .

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING
 THROUGH THE BLACK,

CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A
 GOLDEN TRACK.

*Rather shrill
 and high.*

*Read exactly as
 in first section.*

A negro fairyland swung into view,
 A minstrel river
 Where dreams come true.
 The ebony palace soared on high
 Through the blossoming trees to the evening
 sky.

*Lay emphasis
 on the delicate
 ideas. Keep as
 light-footed as
 possible.*

The inlaid porches and casements shone
With gold and ivory and elephant-bone.
And the black crowd laughed till their sides
 were sore
At the baboon butler in the agate door,
And the well-known tunes of the parrot
 band
That thrilled on the bushes of that magic-
 land.

A troupe of skull-faced witch-men came *With pomposity.*
Through the agate doorway in suits of
 flame,
Yea, long-tailed coats with a gold-leaf
 crust
And hats that were covered with diamond-
 dust.
And the crowd in the court gave a whoop
 and a call
And danced the juba from wall to wall.
But the witch-men suddenly stilled the
 throng
With a stern cold glare, and a stern old
 song:—

*With a great
deliberation and
ghostliness.*

“Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.” . . .
Just then from the doorway, as fat as
 shots,
Came the cake-walk princes in their long
 red coats,
Shoes with a patent leather shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.

*With overwhelm-
ing assurance,
good cheer, and
pomp.*

And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,

With growing speed and sharply marked dance-rhythm.

Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,

Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,

And bells on their ankles and little black feet.

And the couples railed at the chant and the frown

Of the witch-men lean, and laughed them down.

(O rare was the revel, and well worth while

That made those glowering witch-men smile.)

The cake-walk royalty then began

To walk for a cake that was tall as a man

To the tune of "Boomlay, boomlay, Boom,"

While the witch-men laughed, with a sinister air,

And sang with the scalawags prancing there:—

"Walk with care, walk with care,

Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,

And all of the other

Gods of the Congo,

Mumble-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.

Beware, beware, walk with care,

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,

With a touch of negro dialect, and as rapidly as possible toward the end.

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,
BOOM."

Oh rare was the revel, and well worth while *Slow philosophic calm.*
That made those glowering witch-men smile.

III. THE HOPE OF THEIR RELIGION

A good old negro in the slums of the town *Heavy bass.*
Preached at a sister for her velvet gown. *With a literal imitation of camp-meeting racket, and trance.*
Howled at a brother for his low-down ways,
His prowling, guzzling, sneak-thief days.
Beat on the Bible till he wore it out,
Starting the jubilee revival shout.
And some had visions, as they stood on
chairs,
And sang of Jacob, and the golden stairs.
And they all repented, a thousand strong,
From their stupor and savagery and sin and
wrong
And slammed their hymn books till they
shook the room
With "Glory, glory, glory,"
And "Boom, boom, Boom."

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING *Exactly as in the first section.*
THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A
GOLDEN TRACK.
And the gray sky opened like a new-rent veil
And showed the apostles with their coats
of mail.

In bright white steel they were seated round
And their fire-eyes watched where the
Congo wound.

And the twelve apostles, from their thrones
on high,
Thrilled all the forest with their heavenly
cry:—

"Mumbo-Jumbo will die in the jungle;
Never again will he hoo-doo you,
Never again will he hoo-doo you."

*Sung to the
tune of "Hark,
ten thousand
harps and
voices."*

Then along that river, a thousand miles,
The vine-snared trees fell down in files.
Pioneer angels cleared the way
For a Congo paradise, for babes at play,
For sacred capitals, for temples clean.
Gone were the skull-faced witch-men lean.

There, where the wild ghost-gods had
waived
A million boats of the angels sailed
With oars of silver, and prows of blue
And silken pennants that the sun shone
through.

'Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new
creation.

Oh, a singing wind swept the negro nation;
And on through the backwoods clearing
flew:—

"Mumbo-Jumbo is dead in the jungle.
Never again will he hoo-doo you,
Never again will he hoo-doo you."

*With growing
deliberation
and joy.*

*In a rather
high key—as
delicately as
possible.*

*To the tune of
"Hark, ten
thousand harps
and voices."*

Vachel Lindsay

Redeemed were the forests, the beasts and
the men,

And only the vulture dared again
By the far, lone mountains of the moon
To cry, in the silence, the Congo tune:—

“Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.

Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,

Mumbo . . . Jumbo . . . will . . . hoo-^{terrified}
doo . . . you.” <sup>Dying off
into a pene-
trating,
whisper.</sup>

Brian Hooker (1880—)

(William) Brian Hooker is a New Yorker born, graduated from Yale in 1902, A.M., 1904 (M.A., *honoris causa*, 1912). Till 1909 he instructed in English both at Columbia and Yale. He then became a Columbia lecturer and was also Literary Editor on the New York *Sun*, and has held other positions. Meanwhile he has written much, and variedly. He contributed many mediaeval short stories to the magazines, a vein in which he had few important rivals at the time in America. In 1908 he published his first novel, *The Right Man*, and wrote, with Wells Hastings, *The Professor's Mystery* in 1911. In 1911 his opera libretto *Mona* was awarded the prize in the Metropolitan Opera Company's competition, in conjunction with the music written for it by Horatio Parker. Mr. Hooker and Mr. Parker again won the first prize, this time from the American Opera Association, in 1915, with an opera, *Fairyland*. They wrote together *Morven and the Grail* in the same year. Mr. Hooker's *Poems* appeared in 1915 after his name had become familiar to many readers through his contributions to the magazines. "Ghosts" is one of the best of his sonnets. He is also expert in lyric meters.

GHOSTS *

THE dead return to us continually:
Not at the void of night, as fables feign,
In some lone spot where murdered bones have lain
Wailing for vengeance to the passer-by;
But in the merry clamour and full cry
Of the brave noon, our dead whom we have slain
And in forgotten graves have hidden in vain,
Rise up and stand beside us terribly.

From *Poems*, by Brian Hooker, and reprinted by permission of the Yale University Press.

Sick with the beauty of their dear decay
We conjure them with laughters onerous
And drunkenness of labour; yet not thus
May we absolve ourselves of yesterday—
We cannot put those clinging arms away,
Nor those glad faces yearning over us.

John G. Neihardt (1881-)

Neihardt was born in Illinois, graduated from Nebraska Normal College in 1897, and lived for six years among the Omaha Indians. In 1908 he published *A Bundle of Myrrh*, several of his poems and stories in magazines having already attracted attention to him as a writer. Previous to *A Bundle of Myrrh* he had published several other books. His *Man-Song* appeared in 1909, *The Stranger at the Gate* in 1911. He selected the best of the lyrics from these books for *The Quest*, 1916. He published his remarkable narrative poem of the West, *The Song of Hugh Glass*, in 1915. *The Song of Three Friends*, which divided with Gladys Cromwell's *Poems* the annual Poetry Society prize, came in 1919. These latter two long poems are part of a pioneer epic of the West. Neihardt has been praised principally for the virility of his poetry; he has also essayed poetic drama with no little success. "Prayer for Pain" is here typical of his strength and also of a rhetorical attitude that somewhat negates it. Neihardt's knowledge of the history of the West and his stories and descriptive volume on following the Missouri River are additions to Western literature. He has a sharp sense of the dramatic both in prose and poetry.

PRAYER FOR PAIN *

I DO not pray for peace nor ease,
Nor truce from sorrow:
No suppliant on servile knees
Begs here against to-morrow!

From *The Quest*, by John G. Neihardt. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, the publishers.

Lean flame against lean flame we flash,
O Fates that meet me fair;
Blue steel against blue steel we clash—
Lay on, and I shall dare!

But Thou of deeps the awful Deep,
Thou Breather in the clay,
Grant this my only prayer—Oh keep
My soul from turning gray!

For until now, whatever wrought
Against my sweet desires,
My days were smitten harps strung taut,
My nights were slumberous lyres.

And howso'e'er the hard blow rang
Upon my battered shield,
Some lark-like, soaring spirit sang
Above my battle-field.

And through my soul of stormy night
The zigzag blue flame ran.
I asked no odds—I fought my fight—
Events against a man.

But now—at last—the gray mist chokes
And numbs me. Leave me pain!
Oh, let me feel the biting strokes,
That I may fight again!

Witter Bynner (1881-)

Bynner was born in Brooklyn and graduated from Harvard in 1902. His first book, *Young Harvard*, was published in 1907. To my mind it contained some of his loveliest lyrics. "Grenstone River," here quoted, appeared in it. The title poem, "Young Harvard," is one of the most spontaneously delightful appreciations of undergraduate life that has, in America, been put into poetry. Bynner became an assistant on *McClure's Magazine*, and during that time was instrumental in choosing the best poetry for a year or more that has, in bulk, ever been chosen for a prominent magazine.

In 1915 Bynner published *The New World*. It became apparent that he felt himself spokesman for the new democracy. *Grenstone Poems* in 1917 gathered together his best work and showed him at his best as a lyrical poet. Meanwhile he had voluminously contributed poetry to many magazines. *The Beloved Stranger* appeared in 1919, and *A Canticle of Pan* in 1920. Bynner had been making many experiments in free verse, and the personality of Emmanuel Morgan, the pseudonym under which, with Arthur Davison Ficke, he had invented the Spectrist school of poetry, had turned from a burlesque personality into one that actually seemed to have become an integral part of Bynner's nature. He has shown remarkably versatile dexterity in writing in a variety of manners and forms. He was early influenced by *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. He is always fluent, often facile.

Bynner journeyed to China, after having instructed in poetry at the University of California, where he had remarkable success. He assiduously undertook the study of Chinese poetry with a native Chinese scholar, and has since published in this country a great many of his translations. "The Chaplet," one of Bynner's earliest, simplest, and most lovely lyrics, shows the early influence of Housman and yet is entirely the author's own, especially in the conclusion. It originally appeared in *McClure's Magazine*.

THE CHAPLET *

WHEN I came home at evening
With flowers in my hand,
And on my head a chaplet
From an enchanted land,
Not one of those that pass'd me
Appear'd to understand.

They thought that like the others
I wore a hat, and went
As prosy on the sidewalk
As one collecting rent—
They knew not who had kissed me
Nor all the matter meant.

GRENSTONE RIVER *

THINGS you heard that blesse^d be
You shall tell to men like me:

What you heard my lover say
In the golden yesterday,
Leaving me a childish heart,
Glad to revel, quick to start.

And though she awhile is gone
And I come to-day alone,
'Tis the self-same whisper slips
Through your ripple from her lips.

* Reprinted by permission from *Grenstone Poems*, by Witter Bynner, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Long shall she and I be dead,
While you whisper what she said;
You, when I no word can give her,
Shall forever whisper, river:

Things you heard that blessed be,
Telling them to men like me.

TRAIN-MATES

OUTSIDE hove Shasta, snowy height on height,
A glory; but a negligible sight,
For you had often seen a mountain-peak
But not my paper. So we came to speak . . .
A smoke, a smile,—a good way to commence
The comfortable exchange of difference!
You a young engineer, five feet eleven,
Forty-five chest, with football in your heaven,
Liking a road-bed newly built and clean,
Your fingers hot to cut away the green
Of brush and flowers that bring beside a track
The kind of beauty steel lines ought to lack,—
And I a poet, wistful of my betters,
Reading George Meredith's high-hearted letters,
Joining betweenwhile in the mingled speech
Of a drummer, circus-man, and parson, each
Absorbing to himself—as I to me
And you to you—a glad identity!

After a time, when others went away,
A curious kinship made us choose to stay,

Which I could tell you now; but at the time
You thought of baseball teams and I of rhyme,
Until we found that we were college men
And smoked more easily and smiled again;
And I from Cambridge cried, the poet still:
"I know your fine Greek theatre on the hill
At Berkeley!" With your happy Grecian head
Upraised, "I never saw the place," you said—
"Once I was free of class, I always went
Out to the field."

Young engineer, you meant
As fair a tribute to the better part
As ever I did. Beauty of the heart
Is evident in temples. But it breathes
Alive where athletes quicken curly wreaths,
Which are the lovelier because they die.
You are a poet quite as much as I,
Though differences appear in what we do,
And I am athlete quite as much as you.
Because you half-surmise my quarter-mile
And I your quatrain, we could greet and smile.
Who knows but we shall look again and find
The circus-man and drummer, not behind
But leading in our visible estate—
As discus-thrower and as laureate?

Francis Carlin (1881-)

Francis Carlin, whose full real name is James Francis Carlin MacDonnell, was born at Bay Shore, N. Y., and educated at parish schools in Norwalk, Conn. He became floor superintendent at Macy's. He then discovered his true calling as a poet, contributed poems to newspapers and magazines, and has published several volumes of great beauty and authentic Gaelic inspiration, notably *My Ireland* (1917) and *The Cairn of Stars* (1920). From the latter the following poems are taken. Carlin is a finished craftsman, with a delicious fancy and the true lyric voice.

THE TWO NESTS *

THE wonder was on me in Curraghmacall,
When I was as tall as the height of your knee,
That the wren should be building a hole in the wall
Instead of a nest in a tree.

And I still do be thinking it strange, when I pass
A pasture that has to be evenly ploughed,
That the lark should be building a hole in the grass
Instead of a nest in a cloud.

JOY TO YOU *

Joy to you and gladness,
And that your soul may be
As far away from sadness
As the Star was from the sea
When the Sheep-Boy, the Sheep-Boy,
Heard Heaven's melody.

* From *Cairn of Stars*, by Francis Carlin. Copyright, 1920, by Henry Holt and Company.

Smiles to you and laughter,
And also that you may
Be merry the morning after
On good St. Stephen's Day
When the Wren-Boy, the Wren-Boy
Shall sing his roundelay.

Joy to you and gladness,
And that the midnight bell
May ring away the sadness
From the stricken Old Year's knell
When the Chimes-Boy, the Chimes-Boy,
Strikes "Welcome" and "Farewell."

James Oppenheim (1882-)

Oppenheim was born in Minnesota, but his family soon moved to New York. He went to public school and to Columbia, engaged in settlement work, and was superintendent of a Technical School for Girls. He studied the lower East Side and brought out two books in the year 1909. One was a book of short stories, *Doctor Rast*, one *Monday Morning, and Other Poems*. The latter showed the influence of Whitman but also a new personality. It was a book that endeavored to bring to the world a new message of brotherhood; it was uneven and chaotic, but native power pervaded it. Oppenheim produced more short stories, novels, moving picture scenarios, his energy seemed inexhaustible. The original publication of *Songs for the New Age* finally placed him as one of our most dynamic poets. He questioned everything, delved into every superficial aspect of life to find the actual truth. His enthusiasm, his protest, his irony were stimulating. This remains his strongest book of poems. He came under the influence of psychoanalysis, and one of his latest books, *The Mystic Warrior*, is an effort at autobiography in the psychoanalytic vein. He became a practising psychoanalyst and is still writing stories and poetry. Both the study and the practice of psychoanalysis, he says, have acquainted him with a deeper knowledge of human life and its motives and spiritual struggles than he could have gained in any other way. The poems selected here are from his *Songs for the New Age*.

THE RUNNER IN THE SKIES *

Who is the runner in the skies,
With her blowing scarf of stars,
And our Earth and sun hovering like bees about her
blossoming heart?

* Reprinted by permission from *Songs for the New Age*, by James Oppenheim, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Her feet are on the winds, where space is deep,
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled;
She hurries through the night to a far lover . . .

THE SLAVE *

THEY set the slave free, striking off his chains . . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery . . .
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself. . . .

They can only set free men free . . .
And there is no need of that;
Free men set themselves free.

TASTING THE EARTH *

IN a dark hour, tasting the Earth.

As I lay on my couch in the muffled night, and the rain
 lashed my window,
And my forsaken heart would give me no rest, no pause
 and no peace,
Though I turned my face far from the wailing of my
 bereavement. . . .
Then I said: I will eat of this sorrow to its last shred,
I will take it unto me utterly,
I will see if I be not strong enough to contain it. . . .

What do I fear? Discomfort?
How can it hurt me, this bitterness?

The miracle, then!
Turning toward it, and giving up to it,
I found it deeper than my own self. . . .
O dark great mother-globe so close beneath me . . .
It was she with her inexhaustible grief,
Ages of blood-drenched jungles, and the smoking of
craters, and the roar of tempests,
And moan of the forsaken seas,
It was she with the hills beginning to walk in the shapes
of the dark-hearted animals,
It was she risen, dashing away tears and praying to
dumb skies, in the pomp-crumbling tragedy of
man . . .
It was she, container of all griefs, and the buried dust
of broken hearts,
Cry of the christs and the lovers and the child-stripped
mothers,
And ambition gone down to defeat, and the battle over-
borne,
And the dreams that have no waking. . . .

My heart became her ancient heart:
On the food of the strong I fed, on dark strange life
itself:
Wisdom-giving and sombre with the unremitting love
of ages. . . .

There was dank soil in my mouth,
And bitter sea on my lips,
In a dark hour, tasting the Earth.

Chester Firkins (1882-1915)

Chester Firkins, brother of O. W. Firkins, the distinguished American literary critic and poet in his own right, lived long enough to publish only a few of the poems that show a remarkable poetic gift maturing. "On a Subway Express" is one of the best of these and appeared originally in *The Atlantic Monthly*. There is no knowing how far Chester Firkins might have developed his definitely original powers. He remains one of the few American poets whose early loss, in view of undeniable gifts, is a tragedy.

ON A SUBWAY EXPRESS *

I, WHO have lost the stars, the sod,
For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
A new and nether Night—

Have found a fane where thunder fills
Loud caverns, tremulous ;—and these
Atone me for my reverend hills
And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
Where men sit muted by the roar,
I ride upon the whirring Spark
Beneath the city's floor.

* From *Poems*, by Chester Firkins, published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

In this dim firmament, the stars
Whirl by in blazing files and tiers ;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed ! speed ! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the head-light gleams,
As when on lakes the Moon impales
The waves upon its beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
Outgazing on majestic Power ;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
Scoff not at me—the city clod ;—
My only respite of the Day
Is this wild ride—with God.

Hermann Hagedorn, Jr. (1882-)

Hermann Hagedorn was class poet of his class at Harvard from which he graduated in 1907. He wrote, in "A Troop of the Guard," one of the most individual class poems that had been heard at Harvard for some years. He has contributed to the leading magazines for the last fifteen years and has published a number of volumes of poetry, a number of plays, a novel, several books on Roosevelt, and other literary work. He has written lyrics and ballads of unusual finish. He is a dexterous artist.

Hagedorn's sonnet, "Doors" appeared originally in *The North American Review*. It could hardly miss being included in an anthology of the best American sonnets. His lyric "The Wild Rose," written to music by Edward MacDowell, is altogether lovely in its own shyly musical variations. In it he has succeeded in catching not only the spirit but, magically, almost the very sound of the music, and therefore, though it may be considered slighter than some of his other poems, I think it one of his most brilliant achievements.

DOORS *

LIKE a young child who to his mother's door
Runs eager for the welcoming embrace,
And finds the door shut, and with troubled face
Calls and through sobbing calls, and o'er and o'er
Calling, storms at the panel—so before
A door that will not open, sick and numb,
I listen for a word that will not come,
And know, at last, I may not enter more.

* The poems by Hermann Hagedorn are used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Silence! And through the silence and the dark
By that closed door, the distant sob of tears
Beats on my spirit, as on fairy shores
The spectral sea ; and through the sobbing, hark!
Down the fair-chambered corridor of years,
The quiet shutting, one by one, of doors.

~~—~~ "THE WILD ROSE"

(For music by Edward MacDowell)

The Spirit of the Master Speaks in Deep Woods:

COME, oh, songs ! Come, oh, dreams !
Soft the gates of day close—
Sleep, my birds ! sleep, streams !
Sleep, my wild rose !

Pool and bud, hill and deep,
You who wore my robes, sleep !
Droop, East ! die, West !
Let my land rest.

Woods ! I woke your boughs !
Hills ! I woke your elf-throngs !
Land ! all thy hopes and woes
Rang from me in songs !

Come, oh, songs ! Come, oh, dreams !
In our house is deep rest.
Through the pines gleams, gleams
Bright the gold West !

There the flutes shall cry,
There the viols weep.
Laugh, my dreams, and sigh,
Song, and vigil keep.
Call to them that sleep !
Call ! call !

Arthur Davison Ficke (1883—)

Ficke, an Iowan by birth, graduated from Harvard in 1904, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1908. He served in France during the war and has now given up his law practice and is devoting himself entirely to writing. He has written some ten volumes of poetry. Some of his best work is contained in *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter*. He has also turned dramatist in *Mr. Faust* which was recently produced in New York. He has written books on Japanese prints, of which he is a collector. He and Witter Bynner, under the aliases of Anne Knish and Emmanuel Morgan, perpetrated the hoax of the Spectrist school of poetry at the time when many new schools and manners of writing were flourishing in the recent poetic renaissance. Their book *Spectra* was brought out with all solemnity and a number of volumes, as well as a number of critics, were sold. As a matter of fact the poetry in *Spectra* was in no way inferior to much that was being written and taken perfectly seriously at the time.

Ficke possesses both passion and a sense of the sardonic in his best work. It is the sardonic that is illustrated by "Immortals in Exile," which has appeared in none of his books. This poem pillories with exquisite irony the Horribly Well-meaning.

IMMORTALS IN EXILE *

BENEATH a goblin yew-tree's shade,
When autumn night was furled,
I saw them gather who have made
The history of the world:—

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Those great obscure momentous souls
Whom fame does not record,—
Whose impulse still our fate controls
With deathless deed or word.

There walked the postman from whose face
No shock the smile could oust,
Who lost, beyond our power to trace,
The sketch of Lessing's "Faust."

There came the snivelling servant-maid
With injured peevish look,
Who on the lagging fire-coals laid
Carlyle's long-labored book.

One plodded by whose father-love,
Surmounting all defeats,
Had made a first-class plumber of
A boy who was a Keats.

And ambling amiably along
The Man from Porlock strode,
Whose visit broke the wizard song
Of Kubla Khan's abode.

And many more, to me unknown,
Gathered beneath the trees,—
Men who perhaps down wells have thrown
Plays of Euripides,

Or sold some budding Shakespeare drink,
Or shut in cells some Blake,
Or forced some Shelley to death's brink
For true religion's sake.

I heard them say: "We are oppressed,
Damned by a cruel wrong,—
We who have ever meant the best
And have meant nothing long.

"Most cruelly damned, to such degree
That sinners, faring well
In warmth and good society,
Eject us even from Hell.

"Hence we are forced to seek on earth
The form of mortal wight;
And entering at the gates of birth,
Renew our ancient might."

Florence Wilkinson

Florence Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilfrid Muir Evans in private life, has written, in my opinion, nothing better than her poem "The Illuminated Canticle," although her numerous books of poetry contain much excellence. She was born in Tarrytown, N. Y. She has traveled both in Italy and Spain and from 1903 to 1905 studied at the Sorbonne and Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. She has celebrated beautifully the Seven Green Pools at Cintra, she has written remarkable poems on the New York sweatshops, and has turned her diffuse but usually effective pen to many other kinds of poetry. *The Ride Home* and other volumes are a distinct addition to American verse, and Mrs. Evans' sympathetic and cultivated mind has made a sort of poetic reporting of new scenes observed and new environments. She has also written plays, a novel, short stories, and has given many lectures and recitals. Upon such a poem as the one here included I think her reputation may safely rest. To have said

Fray Andres drew a purple snail
Because its shape was curved and small.

in just that way, and to have woven the rich pattern of this strongly individual description, blending such kind beauty with such mystery and terror, is enough to prove her distinction.

THE ILLUMINATED CANTICLE *

(Belonging to Philip II., and now in the Escorial)

I CARRY the great Singing-Book
 Of the pale king's.
Over its rich staves peacocks look,
 Like birds that dip into a brook;

* The poem by Florence Wilkinson is used by permission, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

And all its edges flow with sedges,
With rainbows, berries, jeweled wings,
Or jesting pranks, or heavenly things.

Fray Andres made it at Leon
 And good Fray Julian ;
They decked it till it laughed and shone
With every hue, rose-red, sea-blue,
And where Magnificat upran
They spread an angel, blessing man.

The sick king peers above my hands
 But makes no sound ;
He seeks and seeks in all his lands,
Yet finds no peace, to bring surcease
Of those cries from the underground
And gnawing flames that ring him round.

The kind monks in their cloister sat,
 Beneath a bell-tower tall.
They painted in the juicy figs
 That burst and fall,
The braided nests of grass and twigs,
And prickly-pears and lacelike tares
That make a pattern on the wall ;
Fray Andres drew a purple snail
Because its shape was curved and small.

The king—he has a pinched long face,
 A bloodless lip ;
And his cold stare would find no grace
In children's arts or mothers' hearts ;

Now he is old, his trembling grip
Has lost life's best, letting love slip.

I pity, yet I fear him, too ;
When mass is done
I rock in dreams of gold and blue,
Chanting for him a grave-song grim,
Laughing to think how many a one
Will stand here, when the king has gone,
Will turn the rich leaves of the Book,
And never fear his dreadful look.

Harry Kemp (1883-)

Harry Kemp was born in Ohio, came East at the age of twelve, left school for factory-work, returned to school, left high school to go to sea, shipped to Australia, China, California, and thence worked back overland to the University of Kansas. In 1909 the sea again called him and he stowed away on a voyage to London. He has lived since in New York.

His first book was a play called *Judas*. This appeared in 1910. In the meantime, his poems had been attracting attention in the magazines and he had received the title of "tramp-poet." Many of his poems recounted his own adventures on the road and in many occupations. They showed also fiery and original imagination. His first collection of poems was *The Cry of Youth*, in 1914. *The Passing God* appeared in 1919. Harry Kemp's poetry is, strangely enough, largely traditional in technique, but the inherent vigor of statement is all his own and he has written lyrics of great beauty. His *Chanteys and Ballads* appeared in 1920, and gave expression to his ardent and early love of the sea. In 1922 he published an autobiography, and contemplates a series of poetic dramas wrought around the character of Don Juan, several of which he has completed. Harry Kemp has always something very definite, often striking, to say in his poetry. "In a Storm," selected here, shows his imaginative grasp, "Blind," a certain mystical feeling which is also in him. He founded his own theatre in New York, stage-managed his own plays, and acted in them. He has lived an entirely independent and varied life, and has been inevitably a poet.

IN A STORM *

UPON a great ship's tilted deck
I stand, an undiscernèd speck;

* From *Chanteys and Ballads*, by Harry Kemp. Copyright, 1920, by Brentano's.

And, where the vast wave-whitened sea
Leaps at the moon enormously
In green-ridged tides, the ship's expanse
Dwindles to insignificance.
Through ether, perilously hurled,
Thunders the huge bulk of the world;
But in the eyes of other spheres
Itself a sunlit mote appears.
In turn all suns and stars in sight
Lessen to needle-points of light,
Flung helpless through an awful void
Where measures fail and time's destroyed.
And still dost note when sparrows die?
Oh, God, where art Thou? Here am I!

BLIND *

THE Spring blew trumpets of color;
Her Green sang in my brain—
I heard a blind man groping
“Tap—tap” with his cane;

I pitied him in his blindness;
But can I boast, “I see”?
Perhaps there walks a spirit
Close by, who pities me,—

A spirit who hears me tapping
The five-sensed cane of mind
Amid such unguessed glories—
That I am worse than blind.

William Carlos Williams (1883-)

William Carlos Williams is of the extreme left wing of modern poets; by that I mean that he has experimented in the most radical of the modern poetic movements. He has in fact gone farther in his poetic experimentation than I, for one, can follow him. To me Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, and Mina Loy stand out as modern poets whose intelligence I respect, but whose work awakes no actual response either in my particular kind of mind or in my emotional nature. Of them all Williams seems to me to possess the keenest intellect, where all are keen. He has chosen to follow his own ideas as to the creation of poetry. So have the others. Their work appeals to a certain audience as of primary importance. It is too highly cerebral and too oddly constructed to make the same appeal to me. The poem I here include, appeared originally in his book, *The Tempers*, published by Elkin Mathews in London in 1913. This particular poem has a fine, fantastic, imaginative quality. It conveys beautifully the awe and wonder, almost the terror, of an intensely starry night.

In a complete study of American poetry the poets I have named, together with one other I have not been able to include here, Alfred Kreymborg, should by no means be neglected. They are all of the small group "Others" that flourished just before the war. Kreymborg was their encourager, their champion, their publisher. Miss Moore has recently brought out her first volume in England, and she was for long a contributor to *The Egoist* in London, to which "H.D." another American writer I have already mentioned, was also a contributor. No complete study of modern American poetry can be made without taking into account the work of all these poets.

PEACE ON EARTH *

THE Archer is awake!
The Swan is flying!
Gold against blue
An Arrow is lying.
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till to-morrow.

The Bears are abroad!
The Eagle is screaming!
Gold against blue
Their eyes are gleaming!
Sleep!
Sleep safe till to-morrow

The Sisters lie
With their arms intertwining;
Gold against blue
Their hair is shining!
The Serpent writhes!
Orion is listening!
Gold against blue
His sword is glistening!
Sleep!
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till to-morrow.

* From *The Tempers*. Copyright, 1913, by Elkin Mathews, England.

Anna Hempstead Branch

Miss Branch was born at New London, Connecticut. She graduated from Smith College in 1897. The next year she won the first of the Century prizes awarded to college graduates for the best poem submitted to *The Century Magazine*. *The Shoes that Danced* and *Rose of the Wind* are her two best volumes. The former appeared in 1905, the latter in 1910. Her long poem, "Nimrod" has in passages an exaltation and magnificence attained only by the major American poets. Her play *Rose of the Wind* was produced in New York in 1907 and 1908. Her shorter poem, "The Monk in the Kitchen" has been much admired. She has vivacity of imagination, and has often written with a mystical energy that is most unusual. She is a mystic and an ascetic, deeply religious in her own fashion. "An Unbeliever" shows at their noblest and strongest these qualities of her spirit. She leads not only a literary life but the life of a settlement worker, and remains remote from the literary market place.

AN UNBELIEVER *

ALL these on whom the sacred seal was set,
They could forsake thee while thine eyes were wet.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet having seen I cannot once forget.

I have looked long into those friendly eyes,
And found thee dreaming, fragile and unwise.
Brother, not once have I believed in thee,
Yet have I loved thee for thy gracious lies.

* The poem by Anna Hempstead Branch is used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

One broke thee with a kiss at eventide,
And he that loved thee well has thrice denied.
Brother, I have no faith in thee at all,
Yet must I seek thy hands, thy feet, thy side.

Behold that John that leaned upon thy breast;
His eyes grew heavy and he needs must rest.
I watched unseen through dark Gethsemane
And might not slumber, for I loved thee best.

Peace thou wilt give to them of troubled mind,
Bread to the hungry, spittle to the blind.
My heart is broken for my unbelief,
But that thou canst not heal, though thou art kind.

They asked one day to sit beside thy throne.
I made one prayer, in silence and alone.
Brother, thou knowest my unbelief in thee.
Bear not my sins, for thou must bear thine own.

Even he that grieves thee most "Lord, Lord," he saith,
So will I call on thee with my last breath!
Brother, not once have I believed in thee.

Yet I am wounded for thee unto death.

Sara Teasdale (1884-)

Sara Teasdale is one of the finest lyric poets in America. She was born and educated at St. Louis, Missouri, and has traveled in Europe and the Near East. In 1914 she married Ernst B. Filsinger, and now lives in New York City. Her first book, *Sonnets to Duse*, appeared in 1907, *Helen of Troy* in 1911. Her series of monologues in this volume show remarkable control of a sort of lyrical blank verse. *Rivers to the Sea*, 1915, contains some of her most beautiful lyrics. Her *Love Songs* appeared in 1917 and *Flame and Shadow* in 1920. She has for years contributed to the leading magazines, and her name and her work have become widely known.

Sara Teasdale succeeds through the directness and simplicity of her utterance and the pure musical quality of her poetry. In *Flame and Shadow* her technique has become somewhat sharper-edged, and, in other poems, her rhythm freer. She has compiled two anthologies, one of love lyrics by women and one of poems for children. "I Shall Not Care" seems to me one of the perfect lyrics in American poetry. It is absolutely inevitable in expression, its emotional power through its apparent lack of emotion is of the highest order. "Song" that I have quoted is hardly its inferior. Both are exquisite examples of the lyric genius that is Sara Teasdale's.

I SHALL NOT CARE *

WHEN I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

* From *Flame and Shadows*, by Sara Teasdale. Used by special permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough,
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.

SONG *

LET it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten forever and ever—
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten
Long and long ago—
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
In a long forgotten snow.

* From *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale. Used by special permission of
The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Laura Benét (1884-)

Laura Benét is the older sister of Stephen Vincent Benét, and has been writing fairy poems and delicate lyrics for years. She has so far published one small volume, *Fairy Bread*. The poems in this book possess an elfin quality of imagination. She is entirely at home in the old fairy-tales, but the later work she has been doing—such as *The Bird of Paradise*—has displayed a marked increase of imaginative power. She recently assisted Lola Ridge in the office of *Broom*.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE*

FIERY bitter blue it burns
Against the mountain snow,
Pale eyries of the scaly rocks
Take color from its glow,
Where the tall trees break the air
Its cry is clear.

Hunters falter in the climb,
Tremulous is that place
Where the painted feathers flutter
And sink in space.
The bird's voice is terrible
As a poisoned well.

From distant India it flew
One rainbow-colored spring
That tinged its youth with ecstasy.
It strove to sing,
And flung itself to soar
Where the deep forests are.

Dumbly in cold sunlight,
Spirit-tortured sits the bird,
Beating upon unmeaning hours
To wrench one crystal word;
Gazing on the hollow skies
For immortality it cries.

Fannie Stearns Gifford (1884-)

Mrs. Gifford's earlier work appeared under her maiden name, Fannie Stearns Davis. She graduated from Smith College in 1904, and has published *Myself and I*, *Crack O' Dawn*, etc. She has contributed to the leading magazines, notably *The Atlantic Monthly*. Despite voluminous writing, her poetry has ever retained a freshness and wildness of spirit that makes it often utterly delightful. Here again is a lyrist born, not made. "The Pupil to His Master" was first published in *The Literary Review*. It is a fine example of her seemingly effortless command of lovely phrase, and of a dryad-like quality that is in most of her work.

THE PUPIL TO HIS MASTER

IT is because they troubled me
I am come back to you.
They would not leave my eyelids free
To stare at the noon's high blue.

They would not let my ears escape
Their clack and clamoring.
They would not let my dreams take shape
To one clear lovely thing.

They talked to me, and talked to me,
And sat up close, and stared.
I would have cast them in the sea,
Or choked them, had I dared.

But they were kind ; and hurting seems
A childish hatefulness. . . .
All that I need now are my dreams,
Quiet and comradeless. . . .

Oh, I will work my hands to bone,
And sew my lids with thorns,
For you, who leave me all alone
As the moon's polished horns !

Oh, I will serve you like a slave—
Because you know that I
Must keep alone, alone, to save
The soul you taught to fly !

Louis Untermeyer (1885-)

Louis Untermeyer was born in New York City and has lived there ever since. His earliest love was music and he desired to be a composer. As it is he is an accomplished pianist. Since the age of seventeen he has been designer and factory manager of his father's jewelry manufacturing establishment. His first volume, he says, was *The Younger Quire*, a burlesque of a contemporary anthology *The Younger Choir*. To the discerning it might have hinted at the fact that Untermeyer was destined to become, as well as one of our leading poets, the best poetic parodist we now have in America. In the same year was published Untermeyer's first book of poems, *First Love*. It showed influences but also a spontaneity and spirited attitude toward life that was very refreshing. *Challenge*, appearing in 1914, revealed Untermeyer's awakened social consciousness and a strongly dramatic gift, blent with increased lyrical power. *These Times* followed in 1917, and showed his gift for sharp social satire increased. "Swimmers" is one of the best of the poems of this volume. *The New Adam* appeared in 1920. Here Untermeyer's technical gift is at its greatest perfection, revealing a far sharper and subtler knowledge of life than in the books that went before. Untermeyer's earlier failing was a too persistent overstressing of the "brave, buoyant and blithe."

This poet has written other poetry, and several volumes of critical parodies that are brilliant in their intellectual ingenuity. He has also published a strict metrical translation of Heine's poems and a volume of prose criticism, *The New Era in American Poetry*. He has compiled two anthologies, of Modern American and Modern English poetry, which are now used as textbooks in American schools, and *This Singing World*, an Anthology of Poems for children.

Louis Untermeyer's versatility and his abilities as a craftsman are of a very high order. He has written poetry that will be remembered.

SWIMMERS *

I TOOK the crazy short-cut to the bay;
Over a fence or two and through a hedge,
Jumping a private road, along the edge
Of backyards full of drying wash it lay.
I ran, electric with elation,
Sweating, impetuous and wild
For a swift plunge in the sea that smiled,
Quiet and luring, half a mile away.
This was the final thrill, the last sensation
That capped four hours of violence and laughter:
To have, with casual friends and casual jokes,
Hard sport, a cold swim and fresh linen after . . .
And now, the last set being played and over,
I hurried past the ruddy lakes of clover;
I swung my racket at astonished oaks,
My arm still tingling from aggressive strokes.
Tennis was over for the day—
I took the leaping short-cut to the bay.

Then the swift plunge into the cool, green dark—
The windy waters rushing past me, through me;
Filled with a sense of some heroic lark,
Exulting in a vigor clean and roomy.
Swiftly I rose to meet the feline sea
That sprang upon me with a hundred claws,
And grappled, pulled me down and played with me.
Then, tense and breathless in the tightening pause

* From *These Times*, by Louis Untermeyer. Copyright, 1917, by Henry Holt and Company.

When one wave grows into a toppling acre,
I dived headlong into the foremost breaker;
Pitting against a cold and turbulent strife
The feverish intensity of life.

Out of the foam I lurched and rode the wave,
Swimming, hand over hand, against the wind;
I felt the sea's vain pounding, and I grinned
Knowing I was its master, not its slave.
Oh, the proud total of those lusty hours—
The give and take of rough and vigorous tussles
With happy sinews and rejoicing muscles;
The knowledge of my own miraculous powers,
Feeling the force in one small body bent
To curb and tame this towering element.

Back on the curving beach I stood again,
Facing the bath-house, when a group of men,
Stumbling beneath some sort of weight, went by.
I could not see the hidden thing they carried;
I only heard: "He never gave a cry"—
"Who's going to tell her?"—"Yes, and they just mar-
ried"—
"Such a good swimmer, too." . . . And then they
passed;
Leaving the silence throbbing and aghast.

A moment there my buoyant heart hung slack,
And then the glad, barbaric blood came back
Singing a livelier tune; and in my pulse
Beat the great wave that surges and exults. . . .

Why I was there and whither I must go
I did not care. Enough for me to know
The same unresting struggle and the glowing
Beauty of spendthrift hours, bravely showing
Life, an adventure perilous and gay;
And Death, a long and vivid holiday.

GOD'S YOUTH *

I OFTEN wish that I had been alive
Ere God grew old, before His eyes were tired
Of the eternal circlings of the sun;
Of the perpetual Springs; the weary years
Forever marching on an unknown quest;
The yawning seasons pacing to and fro,
Like stolid sentinels to guard the earth.
I wish that I had been alive when He
Was still delighted with each casual thing
His mind could fashion, when His soul first thrilled
With childlike pleasure at the blooming sun;
When the first dawn met His enraptured eyes,
And the first prayers of men stirred in His heart.
With what a glow of pride He heard the stars
Rush by Him singing as they bravely leaped
Into the unexplored and endless skies,
Bearing His beauty, like a battle-cry.
Or watched the light, obedient to His will,
Spring out of nothingness to answer Him,
Hurling strange suns and planets in its joy
Of fiery freedom from the lifeless dark.
But more than all the splendid heavens He made,

The elements new-tamed, the harnessed worlds;
In spite of these, it must have pleased Him most
To feel Himself branch out, let go, dare all,
Give utterance to His vaguely-formed desires,
And loose a flood of fancies, wild and frank.

Oh those were noble times; those gay attempts,
Those vast and droll experiments that were made
When God was young and blithe and whimsical.
When, from the infinite humor of His heart,
He made the elk with such extravagant horns,
The grotesque monkey-folk, the angel-fish,
That make the ocean's depths a visual heaven;
The animals like plants, the plants like beasts;
The loud, inane hyena, and the great
Impossible giraffe, whose silly head
Threatens the stars, his feet embracing earth.
The paradox of the peacock, whose bright form
Is like a brilliant trumpet, and his voice
A strident squawk, a cackle and a joke.
The ostrich, like a snake tied to a bird,
All out of sense and drawing, wilder far
Than all the mad, fantastic thoughts of men.
The hump-backed camel, like a lump of clay,
Thumbed at for hours, and then thrown aside.
The elephant, with splendid, useless tooth,
And nose and arm and fingers all in one.
The hippopotamus, absurd and bland—
Oh, how God must have laughed when first He saw
These great jests breathe and love and walk about;
And how the heavens must have echoed Him. . . .
For greater than His beauty or His wrath

Was God's vast mirth before His back was bent
With Time and all the troubling universe,
Ere He grew dull and weary with creating. . . .
Oh, to have been alive and heard that laugh
Thrilling the stars, convulsing all the earth,
While meteors flashed from out His sparkling eyes,
And even the eternal, placid Night
Forgot to lift reproving fingers, smiled
And joined, indulgent, in the merriment . . .
And, how they sang, and how the hours flew
When God was young and blithe and whimsical.

Jean Starr Untermeyer (1886-)

Jean Starr Untermeyer is the wife of Louis Untermeyer. She was born in Ohio and educated in the city of her birth, Zanesville. She later took special courses at Columbia University, New York City, and married Louis Untermeyer in 1907. It was not till more than ten years later that her first book of poems appeared, *Growing Pains*, published in 1918. Mrs. Untermeyer had been writing for some years without thought of publication and had at last made a careful selection of all the poems she thought worthy of preservation. *Growing Pains* is an excellent first book. It has stern strength and vivid color. "Autumn" is perhaps the best poem in it, entirely convincing as a picture, richly racial, invigorating in its energetic, forthright description. *Dreams out of Darkness*, Mrs. Untermeyer's second book, does not, to my mind, surpass her first, though there are the same qualities evident in it. It is unusual, however, to find two such interesting poets in one family. Their life is a particularly vivid partnership in literature.

AUTUMN *

(*To My Mother*)

How memory cuts away the years,
And how clean the picture comes
Of autumn days, brisk and busy;
Charged with keen sunshine.
And you, stirred with activity,
The spirit of those energetic days.

* From *Growing Pains*, by Jean Starr Untermeyer. Copyright, 1918, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

There was our back-yard,
So plain and stripped of green,
With even the weeds carefully pulled away
From the crooked red bricks that made the walk,
And the earth on either side so black.

Autumn and dead leaves burning in the sharp air.
And winter comforts coming in like a pageant.
I shall not forget them:—
Great jars laden with the raw green of pickles,
Standing in a solemn row across the back of the porch,
Exhaling the pungent dill;
And in the very centre of the yard,
You, tending the great catsup kettle of gleaming copper,
Where fat, red tomatoes bobbed up and down
Like jolly monks in a drunken dance.
And there were bland banks of cabbages that came by
 the wagon-load,
Soon to be cut into delicate ribbons
Only to be crushed by the heavy, wooden stompers.
Such feathery whiteness—to come to kraut!
And after, there were grapes that hid their brightness
 under a grey dust,
Then gushed thrilling, purple blood over the fire;
And enamelled crab-apples that tricked with their
 fragrance
But were bitter to taste.
And there were spicy plums and ill-shaped quinces,
And long string beans floating in pans of clear water
Like slim, green fishes.
And there was fish itself,
Salted, silver herring from the city. . . .

And you moved among these mysteries,
Absorbed and smiling and sure;
Stirring, tasting, measuring,
With the precision of a ritual.

I like to think of you in your years of power—
You, now so shaken and so powerless—
High priestess of your home.

John Gould Fletcher (1886—)

Fletcher was born in Arkansas, went to Andover and to Harvard, graduated from Harvard in 1907, lived in Massachusetts for several years, and then moved to England. He still lives in England, where he married, paying occasional visits to America. In 1915 he is said to have published five small books of poems. Two years later came *Irradiations—Sand and Spray*, his first important work. Here is brilliant and imaginative improvising. In *Goblins and Pagodas*, the year following, Fletcher went in for "color-symphonies." The two books were largely experiments with language, fascinating experiments, but mere orchestration. Still, they contained passages of remarkable loveliness.

Fletcher was early an Imagist and appeared in the three Imagist anthologies. He began to deal with real life and real emotion and published several more volumes. His most recent one, *Breakers and Granite*, published in 1921, shows the development of a sharp-edged, vigorous technique. His poem on "Lincoln" and his poem "The Black Rock," on Thomas Hardy, are two of his finest efforts of recent years. He has also begun to develop his powers as a critic. He is certainly one of the most interesting poets of our time. He has painted pictures of America with large sweep and broad strokes,—of western and southwestern and southern America principally.

SPRING *

At the first hour, it was as if one said, "Arise."

At the second hour, it was as if one said, "Go forth."

And the winter constellations that are like patient ox-
eyes

Sank below the white horizon at the north.

* From *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916*. Copyright by William Stanley Braithwaite.

At the third hour, it was as if one said, "I thirst";
At the fourth hour, all the earth was still:
Then the clouds suddenly swung over, stooped, and
 burst;
And the rain flooded valley, plain and hill.

At the fifth hour, darkness took the throne;
At the sixth hour, the earth shook and the wind cried;
At the seventh hour, the hidden seed was sown,
At the eighth hour, it gave up the ghost and died.

At the ninth hour, they sealed up the tomb;
And the earth was then silent for the space of three
 hours.

But at the twelfth hour, a single lily from the gloom
Shot forth, and was followed by a whole host of flowers.

FROM "IRRADIATIONS" *

OVER the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds:
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the
 street.

Whirlpools of purple and gold,
Winds from the mountains of cinnabar,
Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins swaying and
 balancing,

* The poems by John Gould Fletcher are used by permission of, and by
special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

Amid the vermillion pavilions, against the jade balustrades;

Glint of the glittering wings of dragon flies in the light
Silver filaments, golden flakes settling downwards;
Rippling, quivering flutters; repulse and surrender,
The sun broidered upon the rain,
The rain rustling with the sun.

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street.

THE SKATERS

BLACK swallows swooping or gliding
In a flurry of entangled loops and curves;
The skaters skim over the frozen river.

And the grinding click of their skates as they impinge
upon the surface,
Is like the brushing together of thin wing-tips of silver.

John Hall Wheelock (1886—)

John Hall Wheelock is a graduate of Harvard, 1908, and studied also at the University of Göttingen and the University of Berlin. His first book *The Human Fantasy* (1911), was of remarkable lyric quality. This was followed by *The Beloved Adventure, Love and Liberation*, and *Dust and Light*. He has been too fluent. He has written, like Sara Teasdale, far too many love poems. But in both poets there is a most authentic lyrical voice, the passion for singing, which is rare even among the best poets we have been considering. Wheelock has never "weeded out" his poems with great enough care. His lyrical energy conserved, and the product strictly selected from, one could get a much better idea of his actual powers as a poet. Of late it has seemed to me that he has become aware of the necessity for some such process and that his work has grown in strength. "Sunday Evening in the Common" is one of the best poems of his earlier phase, "The Black Panther," one of his more recent poems, a powerfully imaginative piece of work.

SUNDAY EVENING IN THE COMMON *

Look—on the topmost branches of the world
The blossoms of the myriad stars are thick;
Over the huddled rows of stone and brick,
A few, sad wisps of empty smoke are curled
Like ghosts, languid and sick.

* From *The Human Fantasy*, by John Hall Wheelock. Copyright, 1911, by Sherman, French & Company.

One breathless moment now the city's moaning
Fades, and the endless streets seem vague and dim;
There is no sound around the whole world's rim,
Save in the distance a small band is droning
Some desolate old hymn.

Van Wyck, how often have we been together
When this same moment made all mysteries clear;
—The infinite stars that brood above us here,
And the gray city in the soft June weather,
So tawdry and so dear!

THE BLACK PANTHER *

THERE is a panther caged within my breast,
But what his name there is no breast shall know
Save mine, nor what it is that drives him so,
Backward and forward, in relentless quest:
That silent rage, baffled but unsuppressed,
The soft pad of those stealthy feet that go
Over my body's prison to and fro,
Trying the walls forever without rest.

All day I feed him with my living heart,
But when the night puts forth her dreams and stars
The inexorable Frenzy reawakes;
His wrath is hurled upon the trembling bars,
The eternal passion stretches me apart—
And I lie silent, but my body shakes.

* From *The Black Panther and Other Poems*, by John Hall Wheelock.
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Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918)

Joyce Kilmer was born in New Jersey and graduated from Rutgers College in 1904. He received a degree from Columbia two years later. He then instructed in Latin in Morristown, New Jersey, helped edit a journal for horsemen, became a book-salesman, a book-reviewer, a lexicographer, a socialist, a churchman, a journalist. He passed in rapid succession through many intellectual and æsthetic attitudes and finally found that which he was seeking in conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. *Summer of Love*, Kilmer's first book of poems, was not particularly brilliant, *Trees and Other Poems*, 1914, contains in the title-poem his most widely quoted poem, and gave evidence of a new individuality. *Main Street, and Other Poems* is still more individual, anticipating in its title at least the title of one of the most successful novels of recent years. Kilmer did a great deal of his best poetic work in the midst of a perfect maelstrom of journalism. He loved activity, comradeship, food and drink, the adventures of daily life. He was a mystical romantic, deeply tender at heart, a good fighter, a good friend, a good enemy. Having accepted Catholicism his ideas were cut according to the Roman pattern, but he also brought an unusual æsthetic appreciation to Catholic poetry, which is the work of some of the finest poets who have ever lived. When the war came Kilmer joined the Officers' Reserve Training Corps but soon resigned from it and within three weeks of America's entry into the international struggle enlisted as a private in New York's Seventh Regiment. He was transferred at his own request to the 165th Infantry. He served in France, went to the front, was made a sergeant, and was killed in action, making a daring reconnaissance, two days after the beginning of the Battle of the Ourcq.

No one knowing Joyce Kilmer was surprised either at his immediate enlistment, or at his determination to be in the thick of the fighting—a determination he succeeded in having fulfilled—or at his gallantry in action. Though a poet of deep dreams he was also a man of action; he took a spiritual view of the issues involved in the war, and felt it to be a spiritual test. To

fail no spiritual test upon this earth had become his watchword, and he was a first-rate fighting man.

I have selected an earlier poem, "Martin" which somewhat reflects his early and lasting admiration for the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson, and also the beautiful "Rouge Bouquet," which he wrote for his "outfit" in France. He sent back from France many high-hearted letters and a number of beautiful descriptions in prose. Robert Cortes Holliday, his literary executor, has edited his posthumous *Collected Works*. Kilmer himself edited a selection of Hilaire Belloc's poetry and *Dreams and Images*, an anthology of Catholic poets. He wrote short stories also, many signed interviews for the *New York Times*, and had probably the most versatile career as a journalist and *littérateur* of any American of his age. Dying before he was thirty-two he had naturally given but comparatively slight evidence of what he might have done, though the proportions of his literary output, and the high average it maintained considering that he worked always at high pressure, was remarkable enough.

With Alan Seeger, Joyce Kilmer was our greatest loss, due to the war, from the ranks of poetry. As a man he was lovable, always quick to "give a leg up" to any writer in need, a remarkably hard worker, a buoyant spirit in spite of it, a man with the strongest sense of responsibility, with a kind heart and a very noble side to his character. His friends still miss the man as well as the poet.

MARTIN *

WHEN I am tired of earnest men,
 Intense and keen and sharp and clever,
Pursuing fame with brush or pen
 Or counting metal disks forever,
Then from the halls of shadowland
 Beyond the trackless purple sea
Old Martin's ghost comes back to stand
 Beside my desk and talk to me.

* From *Poems, Essays and Letters*, by Joyce Kilmer. Copyright, 1918, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Still on his delicate pale face
A quizzical thin smile is showing,
His cheeks are wrinkled like fine lace,
His kind blue eyes are gay and glowing.
He wears a brilliant-hued cravat,
A suit to match his soft gray hair,
A rakish stick, a knowing hat,
A manner blithe and debonair.

How good, that he who always knew
That being lovely was a duty,
Should have gold halls to wander through
And should himself inhabit beauty.
How like his old unselfish way
To leave those halls of splendid mirth
And comfort those condemned to stay
Upon the bleak and sombre earth.

Some people ask: What cruel chance
Made Martin's life so sad a story?
Martin? Why, he exhaled romance
And wore an overcoat of glory.
A fleck of sunlight in the street,
A horse, a book, a girl who smiled,—
Such visions made each moment sweet
For this receptive, ancient child.

Because it was old Martin's lot
To be, not make, a decoration,
Shall we then scorn him, having not
His genius of appreciation?

Rich joy and love he got and gave;
His heart was merry as his dress.
Pile laurel wreaths upon his grave
Who did not gain, but was, success.

ROUGE BOUQUET *

IN a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade or pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they sought to free
And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
The bugle sing:
“Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.

Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of buglenotes
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

Aline Kilmer

Aline Kilmer is the widow of Joyce Kilmer, whom she married in 1909, and the mother of delightful children whom she has put into equally delightful poems. Her "Song against Children" which relates how *all* the berries were eaten off *both* the mistletoe bough, the holly wreath, and the barberry bright, around Christmas-time, is my favorite of these. During Joyce Kilmer's lifetime Mrs. Kilmer contributed an occasional rarely distinguished poem to the periodicals. After his death she began lecturing upon contemporary poetry, and produced her first book, *Candles that Burn*. Since then she has brought out several other volumes of poems of distinction. The poignance of some of her work is striking, the delicate humor of part of it beguiling; she deals not so much with dreams as with actualities and her poetry is almost entirely subjective, with a fine restraint and a deep wisdom. "Shards," for a poem so brief, is remarkable in its feminine insight, and perfectly phrased. Mrs. Kilmer is the step-daughter of the late Henry Mills Alden, long editor-in-chief of *Harper's Magazine*.

SHARDS *

I CAN never remake the thing I have destroyed;
I brushed the golden dust from the moth's bright wing,
I called down wind to shatter the cherry-blossoms,
I did a terrible thing.

I feared that the cup might fall, so I flung it from me;
I feared that the bird might fly, so I set it free;
I feared that the dam might break, so I loosed the river:
May its waters cover me.

* From *Vigils*, by Aline Kilmer. Copyright 1921, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Theresa Helburn (1887-)

Miss Helburn has published but little poetry. Indeed, "Youth" is the only poem of hers with which I am acquainted. It appeared some years ago in *The Century Magazine*, but it then made an impression upon me that has not since faded. I select it here for its particular applicability to this volume. Miss Helburn is now Executive Director of the Theatre Guild in New York, an organization which has produced excellent drama.

YOUTH *

You hear Youth laughing down green, budding aisles,
 You glimpse her dancing limbs, her hair of gold,
The care-free, sweet defiance of her smiles,
 For you are old.

But I can see her eyes gray with alarm,
 Misty with longings that can find no tongue,
The hooded Future clutching at her arm,
 For I am young.

* Copyright, 1908, by The Century Company, and reprinted by their permission.

Orrick Johns (1887-)

Mr. Johns was born in Missouri. He became an advertising copywriter. In 1912, the year of the "Lyric Year" competition, he won first prize with a poem called "Second Avenue." His work began to appear sporadically in the magazines. He became interested in the earliest free verse experimentation, and turned to that. In 1917 he published his first book of poems, *Asphalt*. It is uneven in merit, but the poem here quoted from it is unusually haunting. In 1920 he published *Black Branches*, again a mixture. But Johns' work has ever been increasing in sincerity and power. He sings spontaneously, and his artistic execution has consistently improved.

THE INTERPRETER *

In the very early morning when the light was low
She got all together and she went like snow,
Like snow in the springtime on a sunny hill,
And we were only frightened and can't think still.

We can't think quite that the katydids and frogs
And the little crying chickens and the little grunting
hogs,
And the other living things that she spoke for to us
Have nothing more to tell her since it happened thus.

She never is around for any one to touch,
But of ecstasy and longing she too knew much . . .
And always when anyone has time to call his own
She will come and be beside him as quiet as a stone.

* Reprinted by permission from *Asphalt*, by Orrick Johns, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Lola Ridge (1884-)

Lola Ridge comes from Australia. Her first book, *The Ghetto*, was a startlingly vivid and actual book of poems of the lower East Side. She is one writer of free verse whose salience, strength, fieriness of spirit and nobility of purpose burning through her sinewy lines, have been able to make that medium run molten song. You forget, in reading Miss Ridge's work, the form of it, so urgent seems what she has to say. She never overwrites; she packs her poems with vitality. Such energy in so frail a frame, such dauntlessness in a person physically so slight, is one of the mysteries of genius. She has a grip upon a great theme that most masculine writers could well envy.

"Sons of Belial" is a great and terrible theme. The brute mob is the worst blot on our civilization still. This celebrates it, rocks even with the mob's own delirium, catches breath and sobs at its horrible fury, ends strongly, fatalistically, with the utterance of a sibyl, leaving us deeply stirred.

The poem appeared in Miss Ridge's second book, *Sun-Up*. No critic or reviewer noticed it. It was originally printed in *The New Republic*.

SONS OF BELIAL*

I

We are old,
Old as song.
Before Rome was
Or Cyrene.
Mad nights knew us
And old men's wives.

* From *Sun-up*, by Lola Ridge. Copyright, 1920, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

We knew who spilled the sacred oil
For young-gold harlots of the town. . . .
We knew where the peacocks went
And the white doe for sacrifice.

II

We were the sons of Belial.
One black night
Centuries ago
We beat at a door
In Gilead. . . .
We took the Levite's concubine
We plucked her hands from off the door . . .
We choked the cry into her throat
And stuck the stars among her hair. . . .
We glimpsed the madly swaying stars
Between the rhythms of her hair. . . .
And all our mute and separate strings
Swelled in a raging symphony. . . .
All that night our blood sang paeans
Till dawn fell like a wounded swan
Upon the fields of Gilead.

III

We are old. . . .
Old as song. . . .
We are dumb song.
(*Epics tingled
In our blood
When we haled Hypatia
Over the stones
In Alexandria.*)

Could we loose
The wild rhythms clinched in us. . . .
March in bands of troubadours. . . .
We would be of gentle mood.
When Christ healed us
Who were dumb—
When he freed our shut-in song—
We strewed green palms
At his pale feet. . . .
We sang hosannas
In Jerusalem.
And all our fumbling voices blent
In a brief white harmony.
*(But a mightier song
Was in us pent
When we nailed Christ
To a four-armed tree.)*

IV

We are young.
When we rise up with singing roots,
*(Warm rains washing
Gutters of Berlin
Where we stamped Rosa . . . Luxemburg
On a night in spring.)*
Rhythms skurry in our blood.
Little nimble rats of song
In our feet run crazily
And all is dust . . . we trample . . . on.

Mad nights when we make ritual
(*Feet running before the sleuth-light . . .*
And the smell of burnt flesh
By a flame-ringed hut
In Missouri,
Sweet as on Rome's pyre. . . .)
We make ropes do rigadoons
With copper feet that jig on air. . . .
We are the Mob. . . .
Old as song. . . .
Tyre knew us
And Israel.

WIND IN THE ALLEYS *

WIND, rising in the alleys,
My spirit lifts in you like a banner
streaming free of hot walls.
You are full of unshaped dreams . . .
You are laden with beginnings . . .
There is hope in you . . . not sweet . . .
acrid as blood in the mouth.
Come into my tossing dust
Scattering the peace of old deaths,
Wind rising out of the alleys
Carrying stuff of flame.

Elinor Wylie (1887-)

Elinor Wylie began writing poetry in her childhood. She was born in Pennsylvania and lived most of her early life in Washington, D. C. Her father was Solicitor General of the United States under Roosevelt. She has distinguished forebears on both sides of the family and comes of old American stock. Her first small, privately printed volume appeared about ten years ago. It is long out of print. It was early work, and, although giving evidence to the judicious of unusual talent, cannot be mentioned in the same category with *Nets to Catch the Wind*, which appeared in 1921, after a number of the poems included in it had already attracted attention upon their publication in various magazines. The book received wide praise. It showed a technical perfection and a passionate intensity of spirit, held in the strictest control, that is as rare in the new poetry as in the old. The inevitability of phrase in this book, and the pure, unflawed beauty and nobility of its conceptions, set the author at once among the leading poets of America. Since its publication Elinor Wylie has contributed many poems to the magazines, not only maintaining the standard originally set, but demonstrating even greater subtlety and versatility. Her second collection of poems was *Black Armour*, her first novel the distinguished *Jennifer Lorn*, and she is now completing a second shorter novel. I have given here one of her own favorites among the poems in her first book, "Velvet Shoes," also the beautifully fantastic "Escape" and a later ballad.

VELVET SHOES*

LET us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

* From *Nets to Catch the Wind*, by Elinor Wylie. Copyright, 1921, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.

ESCAPE *

WHEN foxes eat the last gold grape,
And the last white antelope is killed,
I shall stop fighting and escape
Into a little house I'll build.

But first I'll shrink to fairy size,
With a whisper no one understands,
Making blind moons of all your eyes,
And muddy roads of all your hands.

And you may grope for me in vain
In hollows under the mangrove root,
Or where, in apple-scented rain,
The silver wasp-nests hang like fruit.

THE PURITAN'S BALLAD

My love came up from Barnegat;
The sea was in his eyes;
He trod as softly as a cat
And told me terrible lies.

His hair was yellow as new-cut pine
In shavings curled and feathered;
I thought how silver it would shine
By cruel winters weathered.

But he was in his twentieth year
This time I'm speaking of;
We were head over heels in love with fear
And half afeared of love.

My hair was piled in a copper crown,
A devilish living thing;
And the tortoise-shell pins fell down, fell down,
When that snake uncoiled to spring.

His feet were used to treading a gale
And balancing thereon;
His face was brown as a foreign sail
Threadbare against the sun.

Within his arms I feared to sink
Where lions shook their manes,
And dragons drawn in azure ink
Leapt quickened by his veins.

But our palms were welded by a flame
The moment we came to part,
And on his knuckles I read my name
Enscrolled within a heart.

And something made our wills to bend
As wild as trees blown over;
We were no longer friend and friend
But only lover and lover.

"In seven weeks or seventy years—
God grant it may be sooner—
I'll make a handkerchief for your tears
From the sails of my Captain's schooner.

We'll wear our loves like wedding rings
Long polished to the touch,
We shall be busy with other things
And they cannot bother us much.

When you are skimming the wrinkled cream
And your ring clinks on the pan,
You'll say to yourself in a pensive dream,
'How wonderful a man!'

When I am slitting a fish's head
And my ring clanks on the knife,
I'll say with thanks, as a prayer is said,
'How beautiful a wife!'

And I shall fold my decorous paws
In velvet smooth and deep,
Like a kitten that covers up its claws
To sleep and sleep and sleep.

Like a little blue pigeon you shall bow
Your bright alarming crest;
In the crook of my arm you'll lay your brow
To rest and rest and rest."

Will he never come back from Barnegat
With thunder in his eyes,
Treading as soft as a tiger-cat
To tell me terrible lies?

Margaret Widdemer

Margaret Widdemer is a novelist as well as a poet. She was born in Pennsylvania, educated at home, and graduated from the Drexel Institute Library School in 1909. She has published many volumes of poems, her first book being *The Factories, and Other Poems*, which showed a refreshing charm as well as poignance of expression. Despite the socially conscious title poem the main characteristic of Margaret Widdemer's work was a more than nodding acquaintance with elves, fairies, and sworded—not sordid—angels. This characteristic has persisted through her work; sentimentality has been her besetting sin. In her latest poetry, however, she has emerged, through deeper experience, a stronger poet with a keener insight. The floweriness of her early poetry—and of her early prose—has been judiciously pruned. She was always a very pretty lyrst. "The Dark Cavalier" is one of the best examples of her decided lyrical gift. I believe that Miss Widdemer is but just coming into her full powers as a poet. Recently also she has become a parodist of keen discernment. Her "Tree With a Bird in It," just published, is a brilliant travesty of the styles of contemporary poets.

THE DARK CAVALIER *

I AM the Dark Cavalier ; I am the Last Lover :
My arms shall welcome you when other arms are
tired ;
I stand to wait for you, patient in the darkness,
Offering forgetfulness of all that you desired.

* From *The Old Road to Paradise*, by Margaret Widdemer. Copyright, 1918, by Henry Holt and Company.

I ask no merriment, no pretense of gladness,
I can love heavy lids and lips without their rose;
Though you are sorrowful you will not weary me;
I will not go from you when all the tired world goes.

I am the Dark Cavalier; I am the Last Lover;
I promise faithfulness no other lips may keep;
Safe in my bridal place, comforted by darkness,
You shall lie happily, smiling in your sleep.

Alan Seeger (1888-1916)

Alan Seeger was born in New York, and lived through boyhood on Staten Island. He spent a part of his youth in Mexico with his family, graduated from Harvard in 1910, where he was one of the editors of *The Harvard Monthly*, and in 1913, after sojourning in New York for a while, went to Paris. Before the World War was three weeks old, Seeger had enlisted in the Foreign Legion. He was in action for nearly two years. He was mortally wounded on the Fourth of July, 1916, advancing in the first wave at the action of Belloy-en-Santerre. His squad was destroyed by machine-gun fire. Seeger died on the morning of July 5th. His collected *Poems* were published, with an introduction by William Archer, in 1916. His letters from the front were published in 1917. His most famous poem, and prophecy, is here given.

Alan Seeger was an intense, almost a mediæval, romantic in temperament. Though there are fine lines and passages in his other poems, "I Have a Rendezvous" remains the highest flight. He died at twenty-eight and what he might have accomplished as a poet will always remain conjecture. He had a fine classical equipment and unusual talent. He faced life proudly and gallantly to the end.

"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH" *

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

* From *Poems*, by Alan Seeger. Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Dana Burnet (1888—)

Dana Burnet was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, graduated from high school there and took a degree from the Cornell University College of Law in 1911. The Monday after his graduation he became a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun*, where he remained from 1911 to 1918. He published his *Poems* in 1915, and has also published many short stories and several novels. His first play has just been produced. His is a command of ringing metres and a sinewy expression of simple themes. He possesses a keen sense of the dramatic.

From "THE SACK OF OLD PANAMA" *

THEY sat in a tavern in wicked Port Royal,
Grim Morgan and Brodley and one or two others,
A flagon of rum on the table between them
And villainy binding them closer than brothers.

And Morgan dropped hint of Old Panama's riches ;
Said little, but said it with evil suggestion,
Till Brodley swayed up, with his glass in his fingers,
And swore that a Don was an aid to digestion !

But Morgan said, idly, " 'Twould be a long journey"—
Cried Brodley : "What odds, when the end of it's yellow ?
I mind me the pockets of dead men I lightened
That year of our Lord when we sacked Porto Bello !"

From *Poems* by Dana Burnet. Copyright, 1915, by Harper & Brothers.

Then Morgan stood straight, with his face of dark
smiling:

"I'll rake them once more—then I'll stop all such
capers;

Come home and be Governor! Aye, but I will, though,
And hang every master that can't show his papers.

"I'll have me a house that will front the blue water,
And devil a pirate shall sit at my table;
But now, and once more, I've a will to go courting,
To dance with a Don while I'm hearty and able."

He laughed and drew breath; and they tipped up the
flagon,

And fashioned his words in a stormy sea ditty.
Then swiftly fell silent, with dream-darkened faces,
And thought of their hands at the throat of a city. . . .

* * *

The sea was as blue as the breast of the morning
When Morgan went down to his last buccaneering;
His sails were like low-fallen clouds in the distance,
Blown onward, and fading, and slow disappearing.

And so he put out—and was part of the distance,
A blur of slow wings on the blue ring of heaven,
With two thousand devils adream below hatches,
And steel, and dry powder, and ships thirty-seven.

And all down the decks there was talk of the venture—
How Morgan had wind of unthinkable treasure;
How Panama's streets were the sweetness of silver, . . .
Where men in gold gutters threw pearls for their
pleasure!

And Brodley went forward and took San Lorenzo,
With patience and passion, as men take a woman,
And Morgan came up, with his face of dark smiling,
And saw the sword's kiss on the heart of the foeman.

* * *

The dawn saw them marching—twelve hundred brown
devils,
With steel and dry powder and gay crimson sashes;
And so they put on . . . and were dead in the jungle
Of great shaking fevers and little barbs' gashes.

* * *

The tenth day was sleeping in tents of red splendor
When Morgan crept up to the walls of the city—
Behind him his madmen came shouting and sobbing,
And mouthing the words of an old pirate ditty.

Their souls were in tatters! And still they came singing,
Till all the hushed foreland was waked from its dream-
ing,

And high in their towers the sweet bells of vesper
Were drowned and made dim by the mad, measured
screaming.

A gun roared, and deep in the heart of the city
Wild pulses began. . . . A young mother ran crying,
"The English are on us!" Swords silvered the twilight,
And priests turned their books to the prayers for the
dying.

Then out from his gates came the desperate Spaniard;
The swords were like flame, and the towers were ringing!

But Morgan's men waited; lay down with choked muzzles,

And dealt out their death to the pulse of their singing.

Their volleys belched forth like a chorus of thunder,
A great whining song that went on without pity,
Till night drew her veil . . . then they rose from their bellies,

And spat at the dead—and went into the city.

* * *

The Governor sat in his window at evening,
His window that looked on the star-furrowed water;
A ship had come into the clasp of the harbor,
Clear-lined from the darkness the bright moon had wrought her.

* * *

He clapped his fat hands; and a black lad stood bowing.
“Bring candles—and rum,” said the Governor, grinning.
And then he sat down with his boots on the table,
And dozed until Morgan should come from his singing. . . .

He came, with an oath, in his great greasy sea-boots,
A sash at his waist, and a pistol stuck in it,
His beard to his throat, and his little eyes leering—
“Your voice,” said Sir Thomas, “is sweet as a linnet!”

"My pockets are sweeter," said Morgan; and, winking,
He drew from his sash a creased bag of black leather,
Unloosed it and spilled on the bare wooden table
Red jewels that kindled like swords struck together!

* * *

The jewels lay warm in the dusk of the candles,
Like soulless red eyes that no tears might set blinking . . .

And Thomas Sir Modyford crooked his hot fingers,
And chose the King's profit, whilst Morgan sat drinking.

"Sweet baubles! Sweet pretties! They've blinded my candles.

They're flame, Pirate, flame! See my hand, how they've burned it."

He laughed, and drew forth from his pocket a parchment—

"It's yours, by our bargain; and damme, you've earned it."

They spread out the parchment between them. Said Morgan:

"God's name! I'm respectable!" "Aye," said Sir Thomas,

"Ye're Lieutenant-Governor, lately appointed
By will of the Crown—in accord with our promise!"

* * *

Day broke . . . and the throat of the harbor was clouded

With sail. 'Twas the fleet of the pirates returning—

But down their grim ports no black muzzles peered
frowning,
Nor naked steel leaped for the dawn to set burning.

They came as calm merchantmen, shriven with morn-
ing

(For in the King's harbors the law is hard-fisted!)
And so they stole in, like whipped hounds to a kennel,
Their loosed anchors lolling like tongues when they
listed.

The candles were dead in the Governor's chamber ;
And in at the window the young light came creeping—
As sprawl at the table sat Morgan the Pirate,
And under his boot-heels Sir Thomas lay sleeping.

The anchors splashed down in the ruffled blue water,
The great wings were furled with a rattle of gearing ;
But Morgan sat clutching a folded gray parchment,
A glass at his lips, and his little eyes leering.

Clement Wood (1888—)

Clement Wood came north from Alabama, after engaging in the law in his native state, with an insurrectionary light in his eye and a determination to better the world. He became a socialist, contributed to socialist periodicals, made soap-box speeches, suffered hardship, held office in the socialist party, made literary friendships, began to find himself as a writer, and, under the influence of James Oppenheim, turned to poetry. He had already proved himself an amusing writer of light verse and he had read voraciously in modern poetry and modern fiction. To-day Clement Wood is established as the author of a number of volumes of poetry, as a prize-winner for special poems, as a hard-hitting novelist, a humorist with a decided gift for satire, the father of a family, a respected householder—for some things that he expected and some things that he did not expect.

He has taught and lectured and written everything from epics to parodies. His verse drama *Jehovah* was extremely ambitious and his volumes of poems, *Glad of Earth*, *The Earth Turns South*, etc., contain some unusually vigorous writing. The "negro spiritual" I include here is a triumph of its kind. It is infectious in its irresistible high spirits. Mr. Wood has caught perfectly both the manner and the spiritual intoxication of the American negro.

Mr. Wood, however, is far from being a "dialect" poet. He has considerable strength both as a poet of the new era and as a realistic novelist.

DE GLORY ROAD

O DE Glory Road! O de Glory Road!
I'm gwine ter drap mah load upon de Glory Road.

I lay on mah bed untell one erclock,
An' de Lawd come callin' all His faithful flock.

An' He call "Whoo-ee!", an' He call "Whoo-ee!"
An' I knowed dat de Sabior wuz ercallin' me.
An' He call "Whoo-ee!", an' He call "Whoo-ee!",
An' I cry, "Massa Jesus, is you callin' me?"
An' He call "Whoo-ee!", an' He call "Whoo-ee!",
An' I riz up f'um mah pallet, an' I cry, "Hyahs me!"

De Lawd sez, "Niggah, ain' I call yer thrice
Ter ride erlong behin' me up ter Paradise,
On de Glory Road, on de Glory Road?"
An' I clime up ter de saddle, an' I jined de load!

De hawse he wuz longer dan a thousan' mile';
His tail went lashin', an' his hoofs wuz wil';
His mane wuz flamin', an' his eyes wuz moons,
An' his mouth kep' singin' Halleluyah tunes!

De Lawd sez, "Niggah, why 'n' cher look erroun'?"
An' dar we wuz flyin' over risin' groun'.
Powerful hills, an' mountains too,
An' de earth an' de people wuz drapt f'um view.
An' I hyahd all 'roun' me how de sperits sang,
An' de Lawd sang louder dan de whole shebang!

De Lawd sez, "Niggah, why 'n' cher look ergin'?"
An' dar wuz de Debbil, on de back uv Sin,
A-bangin' on de critter wid his whip an' goad,
An' boun' he gwine ter kotch us, on de Glory Road!
"O Lawdy, it 's de Debbil, comin' straight f'um Hell!
I kin tell him by his roarin', an' de brimstone smell!"
But de Lawd sez, "Niggah, he ain' kotch us yit!"
An' He lashed an' He hustled, an' He loosed de bit.

Den de Debbil crep' closuh, an' I hyahd him yell,
"I'm gwine ter kotch a niggah, fur ter roas' in Hell!"
An' I cried, "Lawd, sabe me!" An' de Lawd cry, "Sho!"
An' hyah it was Hebben, an' we shet de do'.

O Glory, Glory, how de angels sang!
O Glory, Glory, how de rafters rang!
An' Moses 'n' Aaron, an' Methusalam,
Dey shout an' dey holler, an' dey beat de drum.
King Solomon kissed me, an' his thousan' wives,
Jes' like dey'd knowed me, durin' all dey lives!
An' de Lawd sez, "Niggah, take a gran'-stan' seat.
But I 'specks youse hongry; have a bite ter eat?"
An' de ravens fed me, an' Elijah prayed,
An' de Sabed Ones gathered, while de organ played,
An' dey cry, "O sinnah, come an' lose yuh load
On de Glory Road, on de Glory Road.
An' come an' dwell in de Lawd's abode,
Glory, Glory, on de Glory Road!"

Sez de Lawd, "No, sinnah, you mus' trabbel back
Ter he'p po' niggahs up de Glory Track;
Ter he'p old mo'ners, an' de scoffin' coons,
By shoutin' loud Halleluyah tunes."

O come, mah breddren, won' you drap yuh load,
An' ride ter Hebben up de Glory Road?

Willard Wattles (1888—)

Willard Wattles comes from Kansas, where he graduated from the University of Kansas in 1909. Since then he has taught English, harvested wheat, and is now teaching in the Connecticut Agricultural College. He states that his real interests are more mechanical, economic, agricultural than literary.

Mr. Wattles published his first book, an anthology, in 1914. It was called *Sunflowers: A Book of Kansas Poems*. *Lanterns in Gethsemane* appeared in 1918. It is almost wholly religious and mystical poetry. But here also was absolute sincerity and simplicity. "The Builder" is the best instance of this, a poem noteworthy for the power in its apparent casualness, the rugged strength of its simplicity.

THE BUILDER

SMOOTHING a cypress beam
With a scarred hand,
I saw a carpenter
In a far land.

Down past the flat roofs
Poured the white sun;
But still he bent his back,
The patient one.

And I paused surprised
In that queer place
To find an old man
With a haunting face.

“Who art thou, carpenter,
Of the bowed head;
And what buildest thou?”
“Heaven,” he said.

John Crowe Ransom (1888—)

Mr. Ransom is the author of *Poems about God* (1919) of which my own selection here is the first poem in the book. It is individual and vivid in phrase and almost a more actual interpretation of the mood of the swimmer, at least the inland swimmer, than Louis Untermeyer's of the venturer into the salty sea or sound. Let us say it is a better fresh-water poem; it is certainly a remarkable picture of the dog-days. Ransom's other poems in his volume are all most interesting. Mr. Ransom graduated from Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, in 1909 and was Rhodes Scholar at Oxford till 1913. He is now Associate Professor of English at Vanderbilt University. His sonnets have a peculiar quirk in them that reminds one of some of the seventeenth century English poets. He writes abundantly, somewhat crabbedly. He has an intensely original way of thinking that he finds difficult to express. At present he is most interested in *The Fugitive*, which he describes as "a more or less modest periodical of verse published in Nashville, Tennessee," and wholly devoted to original poetry, the work of nine or ten different men. His latest volume of poems is *Chills and Fever* (1924).

THE SWIMMER *

IN dog-days plowmen quit their toil,
And frog-ponds in the meadow boil,
And grasses on the upland broil,
And all the coiling things uncoil,
And eggs and meats and Christians spoil.

* From *Poems About God*, by John Crowe Ransom. Copyright, 1919, by Henry Holt & Company.

A mile away the valley breaks
(So all good valleys do) and makes
A cool green water for hot heads' sakes,
And sundry sullen dog-days' aches.

The swimmer's body is white and clean,
It is washed by a water of deepest green
The color of leaves in a starlight scene,
And it is as white as the stars between.

But the swimmer's soul is a thing possessed,
His soul is naked as his breast,
Remembers not its east and west,
And ponders this way, I have guessed:

I have no home in the cruel heat
On alien soil that blisters feet.
This water is my native seat,
And more than ever cool and sweet,
So long by forfeiture escheat.

O my forgiving element!
I gash you to my heart's content
And never need be penitent,
So light you float me when breath is spent
And close again where my rude way went.

And now you close above my head,
And I lie low in a soft green bed
That dog-days never have visited.
“By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread:”
The garden's curse is at last unsaid.

What do I need of senses five?
Why eat, or drink, or sweat, or wive?
What do we strive for when we strive?
What do we live for when alive?

And what if I do not rise again,
Never to goad a heated brain
To hotter excesses of joy and pain?
Why should it be against the grain
To lie so cold and still and sane?

Water-bugs play shimmer-shimmer,
Naked body's just a glimmer,
Watch ticks every second grimmer:
Come to the top, O wicked swimmer!

Conrad Aiken (1889—)

Conrad Aiken was born in Georgia, graduated from Harvard in 1912, and thereafter traveled for three years. He has lived since then chiefly in South Yarmouth, though he has recently taken another trip abroad. He has published over half a dozen volumes of poems since 1914. He has come under many influences and is still influenced, but the influences have always changed, and the harmonics that are peculiar to Aiken have increased in his poetry, though the advance has been slow. The most interesting of his recent volumes is *Punch, the Immortal Liar*. Here he has combined grim realism and phantasmagoria, his own haunting music rising and falling through it. Aiken's poetry is apt to become vague, monotonous, and strangely diluted. In a recent study of the progress of modern love, *Priapus and the Pool*, he gives us some exquisitely melodious passages, some beautifully reticent effects. But after reading much of Aiken's poetry one cries out for sharper outlines, for phrase of more certainty, for crystallization of thought, less mere meandering of tired emotion. In the following selections the poet seems to us at his best.

WHEN TROUT SWIM DOWN GREAT ORMOND STREET . . .*

WHEN trout swim down Great Ormond Street . . .
And sea-gulls cry above them lightly
And hawthorns heave cold flagstones up
To blossom whitely

* From *Priapus and the Pool*, by Conrad Aiken, and reprinted by permission of the Dunster House Bookshop, Cambridge, Mass.

Against old walls of houses there,
Gustily shaking out in moonlight
Their country sweetness on sweet air;
And in the sunlight

By the green margin of that water
Children dip white feet and shout,
Casting nets in the braided water
To catch the trout:

Then I shall hold my breath and die,
Swearing I never loved you; no,
'You were not lovely!' I shall cry,
'I never loved you so.'

SEE, AS THE CARVER CARVES A ROSE . . .*

SEE, as the carver carves a rose,
A wing, a toad, a serpent's eye,
In cruel granite, to disclose
The soft things that in hardness lie,

So this one, taking up his heart,
Which time and change had made a stone,
Carved out of it with dolorous art,
Laboring yearlong and alone,

The thing there hidden—rose, toad, wing?
A frog's hand on a lily pad?
Bees in a cobweb?—No such thing!
A girl's head was the thing he had,

Small, shapely, richly crowned with hair,
Drowsy, with eyes half closed, as they
Looked through you and beyond you, clear
To something farther than Cathay:

Saw you, yet counted you not worth
The seeing, thinking all the while
How, flower-like, beauty comes to birth;
And thinking this, began to smile.

Medusa! For she could not see
The world she turned to stone and ash.
Only herself she saw, a tree
That flowered beneath a lightning-flash.

Thus dreamed her face—a lovely thing,
To worship, weep for, or to break. . . .
Better to carve, a claw, a wing,
Or, if the heart provide, a snake.

Hervey Allen (1889—)

Hervey Allen is one of our younger poets, who published recently a volume of poems, *Wampum and Old Gold*, which contained promising work. He has also collaborated with a Charleston poet, Du Bose Heyward, in the creation of a book of poems in various styles out of the rich material afforded by the history of Charleston. Allen is not a native of Charleston, but he has lived and taught there. He saw active service in France during the war. He has published *The Bride of Huitzel* in a small limited edition. Some of the series of Charleston Poems by Allen and Heyward have already appeared in a Southern number of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. The poem I quote here appeared originally in *The Measure*, a poetry magazine to which I have already alluded in speaking of the work of Winifred Welles. *Gargantua* I find fascinating, a remarkable imaginative flight. It is one of the best poems in the weird and fantastic by a comparatively new writer. Its craftsmanship is excellent, its mystery compelling. Though the bulk of Allen's work so far has not interested me as much as this particular poem, he has produced others of marked originality, and I believe that he is going far.

GARGANTUA *

GARGANTUAN ranges of blue-dappled hills
Roll down titanic coasts of cobalt shires,
And inland dreams a sunstruck city's ghost
And herds of mooncalves graze near towered byres.
Down, down the hills a bull-voiced waterfall
Plunges from cloudy cliffs that climb so high,
It shudders like an organ from a hall
Up stairs that wind into the windy sky.

* Reprinted by permission of *The Measure*

And there are bestial footprints in the sand
That twist up rusty roadways red as snakes
Onto an upland paved with level floors
Of copper water stagnant in iron lakes.
And hooded peaks vault into clouded wonder,
From whence the island's voice drifts out to sea,
Reverberating words of blatant thunder,
Dull as a demon's glee.
Its hills sequester meadows, walled with fire,
On which like evil prayers the sphinxes lie,
With flame-like plumes that bloom upon their wings,
While red clouds wither by—
The eagle's shadow drifts along its cliffs
And in the evening from a mountain's dome,
Remote as thought, there blurs the sound of drums
That call the giants home.

Christopher Morley (1890—)

Christopher Morley was born at Haverford, Pa., and is a graduate of Haverford College, went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, is the son of a noted mathematician, has published an incredible number of books for a writer of his age, has a mind of the greatest cultivation, and a literary style that has been the delight of thousands.

Morley has declared his ambition to be the laureate of the commuter. The best of his various volumes of verse is contained in the selected volume *Chimneysmoke*, recently issued. Here we have every kind of versification from that in the lightest vein celebrating the most trivial daily happening to poetry of remarkable skill and a beautiful imaginative quality.

Morley is one of Saturday's children: he has worked for his living as a columnist upon the New York *Evening Post*, but in spite of constant demands upon his time and energy has also produced literature. In the past he has given us *Parnassus on Wheels*, *The Haunted Book-shop*, *Kathleen*, *Shandygaff*, *Mince Pie*, *Plum Pudding*, short stories, essays, novels, light verse, serious poetry, a book of philosophic parody on the current fad for Chinese poetry, called *Translations from the Chinese*, a daily brew of mixed literary criticism and a pun-pudding of witticism in his column, "The Bowling Green," the best parody on the profession of advertising that has yet appeared, "Ginger Cubes," and constant exhortations to read certain authors he considers the greatest in the world. His lively influence in the world of letters would be greatly missed, were it withdrawn. His besetting sin is the bad pun. He is jovial and free-handed to his friends and there is no tavern south of Park Place that he does not know all about. *Where the Blue Begins* is (1922) his latest and perhaps his most important book.

Formerly Morley served with Doubleday Page & Co., on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and even was given a palatial office

on *The Ladies Home Journal*, where he secretly smoked an old pipe and languished.

But our consideration here is of Morley as a poet. *At the Mermaid Cafeteria* is a completely successful epigrammatic poem, shot with imagination, one of the most difficult forms of poetry. Herrick did things differently, but he did no one thing any better. The elucidating phrases of this poem are memorable. It should become classic. "Of a Child That Had Fever" is keenly philosophical, full of refreshing phrase. Morley, like Don Marquis, is no mere acrobat in a literary circus. He possesses great literary discrimination and his mental horizon is wide.

AT THE MERMAID CAFETERIA *

TRUTH is enough for prose:
Calmly it goes
To tell just what it knows.

For verse, skill will suffice—
Delicate, nice
Casting of verbal dice.

Poetry, men attain
By subtler pain
More flagrant in the brain—

An honesty unfeigned,
A heart unchained,
A madness well restrained.

* From *Chimneysmoke*, by Christopher Morley. Copyright, 1921, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

OF A CHILD THAT HAD FEVER *

I bid you, mock not Eros
Lest Eros mock with you—
His is a hot distemper
That hath no feverfew.

Love, like a child in sickness,
Brilliant, languid, still,
In fiery weakness lying,
Accepts, and hath no will.

See, in that warm dispassion
Less grievance than surprise:
And pitiable brightness
In his poor wondering eyes.

O delicate heat and madness,
O lust unnerved and faint:
Sparkling in veins and fibres
Division and attaint!

I bid you, mock not Eros:
He knows not doubt nor shame,
And unaware of proverbs
The burnt child craves the flame.

* From *Parson's Pleasure*, by Christopher Morley. Copyright, 1923, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Francis E. Falkenbury

To Witter Bynner is due the original discovery of this poem by Francis E. Falkenbury and his early encouragement of the author. The poem originally appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Bynner has written me in regard to it, "Falkenbury was a youngster—I think a High School student—overjoyed by the acceptance but long since vanished. I have an instinctive sense that he must be dead—else, with his ardor for poetry, he would have let me, or some of us, hear from him again."

If Falkenbury was actually a High School student when this poem was written it seems to me one of the most remarkable instances of precocity in our literature. The varying rhythm is quite the poet's own, the music and glamour of the poem are achievements worthy almost any poet of reputation. The imaginative quality is keen and vivid. "South Street" remains one of my particular favorites in recent American verse.

SOUTH STREET *

As I came down to the long street by the water, the
sea-ships drooped their masts like ladies bowing,
Curtseying friendly in a manner olden,
Shrouds and sails in silken sunlight flowing,
Gleaming and shimmering from silvern into golden,
With the sea-winds through the sunlit spaces blowing.

* Reprinted by permission of *McClure's Magazine*.

As I came down to South Street by the glimmering,
tossing water, the sweet wind blew, oh, softly,
sweetly blew

O'er the lean, black docks piled high with curious bales,
Odorous casks, and bundles of foreign goods,
And all the long ships with their fair, tall sails,
Lading the winey air with the spices of alien woods.

As I came down by the winding streets to the wondrous
green sea-water, the sounds along the water-
front were tuned to fine accord;

I heard the racket of the halliards slapping,
Along the bare poles stabbing up aloft;
I saw loose men, their garments ever flapping,
Lounging a-row along each ruined wooden stair:
Their untamed faces in the golden sun were soft,
But their hard, bright eyes were wild, and in the sun's
soft flare

Nothing they saw but sounding seas and the crash of
ravenging wind;

Nothing but furious struggle with toil that never would
end.

The call of mine ancient sea was clamoring through
their blood;

Ah, they all felt that call, but nothing they understood,
As I came down by the winding streets to South Street
by the water.

As I came down to South Street by the soft sea-water,
I saw long ships, their mast-heads ever bowing:
Sweet slender maids in clinging gowns of golden,
Curtseying stately in a fashion olden,

Francis E. Falkenbury

Bowing sweetly—each a king's fair daughter—
To me, their millionth, millionth lover,
I, the seventh son of the old sea-rover,
As I came down to South Street by the myriad moving
water.

Edwin Curran (1892-)

Curran was born in Zanesville, Ohio, and educated in that city. He worked as an unskilled laborer, learned telegraphy in 1914, and is a telegraph operator in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

His first poems, a small pamphlet, appeared in 1917. It was Louis Untermeyer who first discovered in the unevenness of the work presented evidence of the real stuff of poetry. He called attention to the fact and has aided Curran's development as a poet as much as he could. There are striking lines in Curran's work, cheek by jowl with the most inept lines. There are splendid short flights, and then a chaos. But in one poem he has stamped forever his own signature upon a description of natural American scenery. "The Painted Hills of Arizona" could hardly have been bettered by the hand of any other American poet.

THE PAINTED HILLS OF ARIZONA

THE rainbows all lie crumpled on these hills,
The red dawns scattered on their colored sills.
These hills have caught the lightning in its flight,
Caught colors from the skies of day and night
And shine with shattered stars and suns ; they hold
Dyed yellow, red and purple, blue and gold.

Red roses seem within their marble blown,
A painted garden chiseled in the stone ;
The rose and violet trickling through their veins,
Where they drop brilliant curtains to the plains—
A ramp of rock and granite, jeweled and brightening,
Like some great colored wall of lightning !

Maxwell Bodenheim (1892-)

Bodenheim was born at Natchez, Mississippi. He went to grammar school, and, from 1910 on, served a three year enlistment in the United States Army. He then studied law and art in Chicago. He began writing, and wrote for five years without an acceptance. His first book *Minna and Myself*, appeared in 1918. It was fantastic in imagery, often abstruse in meaning. But Bodenheim's use of language was markedly his own, his fantasticality deeply intriguing. *Advice*, his second book, appeared in 1920. The intellectuality of his poetry was here intensified, the fantasticality was even more riotous. His highly metaphorical language often became a labyrinth in which one groped for a clue. But a keen intelligence sat in the middle of the web of words, eying its prey like a spider. His latest books show an increase in tenuous and brittle thought, the filaments are spun even finer. The interrogations we pose are like flies caught in Bodenheim's glittering subtlety. He has become a master of highly recondite epigram. Approaching with apparent gravity he waylays one with the grotesque. But some of his comments on life, some of his probings into the actual nature of things are like stabs of lightning. He is an eccentric poet who has steadily deepened the channel of his thought. He is often over-ornate, often unnecessarily obscure. He is for the entirely sophisticated to enjoy. The two poems I have included here from his earlier work are his least abstruse. The poem on death illustrates his success with new and astonishing imagery. The five lines on the steel rail show a precision of unusual epithet and qualifying word that is one of Bodenheim's main characteristics and chief merits.

DEATH

I SHALL walk down the road;
I shall turn and feel upon my feet
The kisses of Death, like scented rain.

For Death is a black slave with little silver birds
Perched in a sleeping wreath upon his head.
He will tell me, his voice like jewels
Dropped into a satin bag,
How he has tip-toed after me down the road,
His heart made a dark whirlpool with longing for me.
Then he will graze me with his hands,
And I shall be one of the sleeping, silver birds
Between the cold waves of his hair, as he tip-toes on.

TO A DISCARDED STEEL RAIL

Straight strength pitched into the surliness of the
ditch,
A soul you have—strength has always delicate secret
reasons.
Your soul is a dull question.
I do not care for your strength, but for your stiff smile
at Time—
A smile which men call rust.

Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-)

Edna St. Vincent Millay is to-day one of the leading poets of America. Her childhood was spent in New England. Before entering Vassar College, she wrote "Renascence," the most remarkable poem by a girl of nineteen that has ever appeared in America, and one of the most unusual mystical poems in our literature. It is not perfect, there are bad lines in it, weak phrases, but the spiritual power and unflagging imaginative drive of "Renascence," and its cumulative emotional effect set it apart. It was first printed in 1912 in the anthology of a poetic competition, called "The Lyric Year." It did not win first prize, a remarkable instance of the strangeness of prize-giving. Miss Millay developed her lyrical gift and has since published *Renascence, and Other Poems*, *Aria Da Capo*, poetic drama, *The Lamp and the Bell*, poetic drama, and *Second April*, her latest single book of poems. She is now in the height of her powers. One of her most recent poems, "The Harp-Weaver," a ballad published in *Vanity Fair*, is a decided achievement. Her *Aria Da Capo* was produced with success by the Provincetown Players, her *The Lamp and the Bell* at Vassar. A small brochure of a few of her poems, *A Few Figs from Thistles* has been brought out by Frank Shay. Her later work has been published by Harper's. Miss Millay's lyrical gift is rare, her expression direct, her gift of irony unusual in a woman; she achieves a fluid perfection of technique. She has also written short stories under various pen-names.

RENASCENCE *

ALL I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;

*From *Renascence and Other Poems*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Copyright, 1917, by Mitchell Kennerley.

I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from ;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood.
Over these things I could not see ;
These were the things that bounded me ;
And I could touch them with my hand,
Almost, I thought, from where I stand.
And all at once things seemed so small
My breath came short, and scarce at all.
But, sure, the sky is big, I said ;
Miles and miles above my head ;
So here upon my back I'll lie
And look my fill into the sky.
And so I looked, and, after all,
The sky was not so very tall.
The sky, I said, must somewhere stop,
And—sure enough !—I see the top !
The sky, I thought, is not so grand ;
I 'most could touch it with my hand !
And, reaching up my hand to try,
I screamed to feel it touch the sky.
I screamed, and—lo !—Infinity
Came down and settled over me ;
And, pressing of the Undefined
The definition on my mind,
Held up before my eyes a glass
Through which my shrinking sight did pass

Until it seemed I must behold
Immensity made manifold ;
Whispered to me a word whose sound
Deafened the air for worlds around,
And brought unmuffled to my ears
The gossiping of friendly spheres,
The creaking of the tented sky,
The ticking of Eternity.

I saw and heard, and knew at last
The How and Why of all things, past,
And present, and forevermore.
The universe, cleft to the core,
Lay open to my probing sense
That sick'ning, I would fain pluck thence
But could not,—nay ! But needs must suck
At the great wound, and could not pluck
My lips away till I had drawn
All venom out.—Ah, fearful pawn !
For my omniscience paid I toll
In infinite remorse of soul.
All sin was of my sinning, all
Atoning mine, and mine the gall
Of all regret. Mine was the weight
Of every brooded wrong, the hate
That stood behind each envious thrust,
Mine every greed, mine every lust.
And all the while for every grief,
Each suffering, I craved relief
With individual desire,—
Craved all in vain ! And felt fierce fire

About a thousand people crawl;
Perished with each,—then mourned for all!
A man was starving in Capri;
He moved his eyes and looked at me;
I felt his gaze, I heard his moan,
And knew his hunger as my own.
I saw at sea a great fog-bank
Between two ships that struck and sank;
A thousand screams the heavens smote;
And every scream tore through my throat.
No hurt I did not feel, no death
That was not mine; mine each last breath
That, crying, met an answering cry
From the compassion that was I.
All suffering mine, and mine its rod;
Mine, pity like the pity of God.
Ah, awful weight! Infinity
Pressed down upon the finite Me!
My anguished spirit, like a bird,
Beating against my lips I heard;
Yet lay the weight so close about
There was no room for it without.
And so beneath the weight lay I
And suffered death, but could not die.

Deep in the earth I rested now;
Cool is its hand upon the brow
And soft its breast beneath the head
Of one who is so gladly dead.
And all at once, and over all,
The pitying rain began to fall;

O God, I cried, give me new birth,
And put me back upon the earth!
Upset each cloud's gigantic gourd
And let the heavy rain, down-poured
In one big torrent, set me free,
Washing my grave away from me!

I ceased; and, through the breathless hush
That answered me, the far-off rush
Of herald wings came whispering
Like music down the vibrant string
Of my ascending prayer, and—crash!
Before the wild wind's whistling lash
The startled storm-clouds reared on high
And plunged in terror down the sky,
And the big rain in one black wave
Fell from the sky and struck my grave.

I know not how such things can be
I only know there came to me
A fragrance such as never clings
To aught save happy living things;
A sound as of some joyous elf
Singing sweet songs to please himself,
And, through and over everything,
A sense of glad awakening.
The grass, a tip-toe at my ear,
Whispering to me I could hear;
I felt the rain's cool finger-tips
Brushed tenderly across my lips,
Laid gently on my sealèd sight,
And all at once the heavy night

Fell from my eyes and I could see,—
I lay and heard each pattering hoof
Upon my lowly, thatched roof,
And seemed to love the sound far more
Than ever I had done before.
For rain it hath a friendly sound
To one who's six feet underground;
And scarce the friendly voice or face:
A grave is such a quiet place.

The rain, I said, is kind to come
And speak to me in my new home.
I would I were alive again
To kiss the fingers of the rain,
To drink into my eyes the shine
Of every slanting silver line,
To catch the freshened, fragrant breeze
From drenched and dripping apple-trees.
For soon the shower will be done,
And then the broad face of the sun
Will laugh above the rain-soaked earth
Until the world with answering mirth
Shakes joyously, and each round drop
Rolls, twinkling, from its grass-blade top.
How can I bear it; buried here,
While overhead the sky grows clear
And blue again after the storm?
O, multi-colored, multiform,
Beloved beauty over me,
That I shall never, never see
Again! Spring-silver, autumn-gold,
That I shall never more behold!

Sleeping your myriad magics through,
Close-sepulchred away from you !
A drenched and dripping apple-tree,
A last long line of silver rain,
A sky grown clear and blue again.
And as I looked a quickening gust
Of wind blew up to me and thrust
Into my face a miracle
Of orchard-breath, and with the smell,—
I know not how such things can be!—
I breathed my soul back into me.
Ah ! Up then from the ground sprang I
And hailed the earth with such a cry
As is not heard save from a man
Who has been dead, and lives again.
About the trees my arms I wound ;
Like one gone mad I hugged the ground ;
I raised my quivering arms on high ;
I laughed and laughed into the sky,
Till at my throat a strangling sob
Caught fiercely, and a great heart-throb
Sent instant tears into my eyes ;
O God, I cried, no dark disguise
Can e'er hereafter hide from me
Thy radiant identity !
Thou canst not move across the grass
But my quick eyes will see Thee pass,
Nor speak, however silently,
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.
I know the path that tells Thy way
Through the cool eve of every day ;

God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.

TRAVEL *

THE railroad track is miles away,
And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by
Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky,
And I hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm with the friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing,
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take,
No matter where it's going.

Winifred Welles (1893-)

The work of Winifred Welles, Mrs. Harold H. Shearer, has steadily increased in power and significance since the publication of her book, *The Hesitant Heart*, in 1920. She was born in Norwich Town, Connecticut, and educated there. She is now married and living in New York City. The lyrics in *The Hesitant Heart* possessed remarkably delicate beauty. Her work is strongly feminine. She has considerable psychological insight, a proud poise of spirit combined with true tenderness of heart. Since the publication of her volume, and indeed before that, her work has appeared frequently in various magazines. "Silver for Midas," here selected, appeared originally in *The Measure*, a small poetry magazine of which Winifred Welles is one of the editors, a magazine which has maintained an unusually high standard in its contributed work. This poem is exquisitely fantastical and is both brilliantly imagined and executed with an artistic perfection Cellini might have admired, had Cellini been a poet rather than an artificer in metals. Other recent poems by Winifred Welles have been of deeper emotional quality, of graver dignity, but "Silver for Midas" is perfection after its kind.

SILVER FOR MIDAS*

SOME day, Midas, the daffodils
Will jangle out of tune,
You will come down from your brassy hills
Sick and tired of the noon.

* Reprinted by permission of *The Measure*.

To my silver house of birch bark
 You will come down, not asking much,
But reaching through the still dark
 For the things I love to touch:

My cobweb bells that bead the lawn,
 That ring more tinily than tears
Beneath my silver-stepping fawn
 With his pussywillow ears—

My squirrel with his tail curved up
 Like half a silver lyre,
My glassy flowers with stem and cup
 Glazed in a silver fire.

Oh you shall kneel to the star in my pool,
 There your hot cheeks shall be lost,
Your yellow head rise up as cool
 As an aster dipped in frost.

And you shall stand in a moonlit place
 As still as sculpture stands,
A look of wonder on your face
 Laid there by my silver hands.

Herbert S. Gorman (1893-)

Herbert Gorman was born at Springfield, Massachusetts. He attended the Technical High School, became an actor and then a journalist. Lately he has been connected with the Literary Section of the *New York Times*, doing regular literary work also for *The Christian Science Monitor*. His first book of poems, *The Fool of Love* was published in 1920. His second book of poems, *The Barcarole of James Smith, and Other Poems* (Putnam) appeared in 1922. His first novel is soon to be published. His critical study of James Joyce has met with praise.

I have quoted here one of Mr. Gorman's earlier poems. Some of his work later on, in *The Fool of Love*, for instance, reflects the strong admiration he has felt for Edwin Arlington Robinson and his work. But there is every evidence that Herbert Gorman is striking out new trails for himself and he possesses a technical knowledge and a critical judgment that ought to take him far. More than this, he distinctly has something of his own to express and strong powers of imagination.

THE SATYRS AND THE MOON *

WITHIN the wood behind the hill

The moon got tangled in the trees.
Her splendor made the branches thrill
And thrilled the breeze.

The satyrs in the grotto bent

Their heads to see the wondrous sight.
"It is a god in banishment
That stirs the night."

* From *The Barcarole of James Smith, and Other Poems*, by Herbert S. Gorman. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York and London.

The little satyr looked and guessed:

“It is an apple that one sees,
Brought from that garden of the West—
Hesperides.”

“It is a cyclops’ glaring eye.”

“A temple dome from Babylon.”

“A Titan’s cup of ivory.”

“A little sun.”

The tiny satyr jumped for joy,

And kicked his hoofs in utmost glee.

“It is a wondrous silver toy—

Bring it to me!”

A great wind whistled through the blue

And caught the moon and tossed it high;

A bubble of pale fire it flew

Across the sky.

The satyrs gasped and looked and smiled,

And wagged their heads from side to side,

Except their shaggy little child,

Who cried and cried.

John V. A. Weaver (1893-)

John V. A. Weaver came to New York from Chicago shortly after *In American* appeared, a first volume of poems in which current slang, the language of the ordinary American in the street, was celebrated with remarkable cleverness and made the medium for poetic ejaculation and dramatic monologue. It was a brilliant performance. Wallace Irwin had written his *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum* years before, but the idiom has changed since then. New expressions of great pungency were utilized by Weaver, but a quality in which he outdistanced Irwin or any former writer in American slang was the spiritual alertness of his interest in American life. Weaver is still quite young, but he is more sensitive to the tragedy of common people than our other best slang writers. He is not so successful as a humorist, but there is more depth and delicacy in his discernment. This is illustrated, I think, in the poem I quote, which has not yet appeared in a book.

Weaver has held creditably the position of literary editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. He has published one trivial and amusing story in bookform, *Margie Wins the Game*, which is of no great account, but the work he may do in poetry will, I think, be of some account.

LEGEND

I WONDER where it could of went to;
I know I seen it just as plain:
A beautiful, big fairy city
Shinin' through the rain.

Rain it was, not snow—in winter!
Special-order April weather
Ticklin' at our two faces
Pressed up close together.

Not a single soul was near us
Standin' out there on the bow;
When we passed another ferry
He says, sudden, "Now!"

Then I looked where he was pointin'. . . .
I seen a magic city rise. . . .
Gleamin' windows, like when fields is
Full of fire-flies.

Towers and palaces in the clouds, like,
Real as real, but nice and blurred.
"Oh!", I starts in—but he whispers
"Hush! Don't say a word!"

"Don't look long, and don't ast questions,
Elset you make the fairies sore.
They won't let you even see it
Never any more.

"Don't you try to ever go there—
It's to dream of, not to find.
Lovely things like that is always
Mostly in your mind."

Somethin' made me say, "It's Jersey!"
Somethin' mean. . . . He hollers, "Hell!
Now you done it, sure as shootin',
Now you bust the spell!"

Sure enough, the towers and castles
Went like lightnin' out of sight. . . .
Nothin' there but filthy Jersey
On a drizzly night.

Babette Deutsch (1895—)

Only recently has Babette Deutsch (Mrs. Avraham Yarmolinsky) begun to come into her own in poetry. She published her first book in 1919, entitled *Banners*. It exhibited great technical skill as well as a keen intellect, and a powerful emotional quality. "Tuppence Coloured" is in one of her lighter moods. She and her husband have edited anthologies of Modern German and Modern Russian Poetry.

"TUPPENCE COLOURED" *

WHEN days were vaster and the dark more tragic
Than nights or days these years can ever be,
We knew the secret of a living magic
Whose colour cried more keen than ecstasy.

When we had quit the islands of adventure,
And Guinea and Peking began to pall,
When Jason had been freed from our indenture
And Spain was less than Troy upon the fall,

We knew another idle deep enchantment
More rich than gold and sharper than the blade ;
A thing to soothe Promethean resentment,
A rage to make Semiramis afraid.

* Reprinted by permission of the "Literary Review," of the New York *Evening Post*.

The tongue between the teeth, the brush poised, dripping,

Heedless of havoc in our painty wake,

We sighed with passion, drunk with marvel, dipping

The pointed camel's-hair in "*crimson lake.*"

Richer than rubies, redder than the sunset

Flaming on gusty clouds like hearts of fire,

More terrible than tigers in their onset,

Prouder than leopards seeking their desire;

Colour of blood, colour of sacrifices,

Colour of battle, and the running of

The waters under boughs of tropic spices,

Colour of wrath and death, colour of love.

The glow is gone that cannot be rekindled.

These hours are green and gold, or only gray.

The nights are longer, but the days have dwindled;

Instant Cassandras now have more to say.

Yet when I grope for syllables of splendour

Lost in a darkness even bats forsake,

I break the sword of youth in fierce surrender

To drown it fathomless in crimson lake.

Stephen Vincent Benét (1898-)

Stephen Vincent Benét was born at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, younger son of Colonel James Walker Benét of the United States Army—now retired. He has lived at Watervliet, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., San Francisco, California, and Augusta, Georgia. His schooling was in Augusta, and before he had entered the class of 1919 at Yale University he had published his first small volume of poems, *Five Men and Pompey*. These were historical miniatures of Ancient Rome. While still an undergraduate his second book was published, *Young Adventure*, and after graduation appeared his third book of poems, *Heavens and Earth*. In the next year came his first novel, *The Beginning of Wisdom*. His second novel, *Young Peoples' Pride*, was published in 1922, and his third, *Jean Huguenot*, in 1923. He has contributed short stories and poems to the leading magazines.

An omnivorous reader, with an early love especially of poetry, and a native gift for metaphor, Stephen Benét's work has always displayed exuberant vitality. He has now shaken off the earlier influences that were apparent in his poetry, despite the startling originality of some of it, and should have before him, at the age of twenty-six, a splendid literary career. As a prose writer he has already proved his ability.

I have selected here, from his latest volume of poems, one that seems particularly applicable to this book and is also one of the most technically perfect and originally imagined poems of his earlier period. It was written while he was still at Yale and appeared in *The Yale Review*.

FLOOD TIDE *

LIFE went whistling a catch, between the plum and the cherry,

Rolling a blossom of pink like almonds under his tongue,
Looked at us all as we grew, and made exceedingly
merry,

“Lord! how I’ll dibble and prune, when you aren’t so
beautifully young!”

There was moon like a spilling of milky sap from the sky,

And the tree of the sky was a candle of creamy flame,
Each white-fire leaf of a star distinct; and old wind
went by

Hooded in dark and ashamed as it whispered some mut-
tering name.

We were huddled up in the launch like a sleepy parcel
of birds.

The plunging silence engulfed us. We heard as if we
had died

The throb of the engine’s heart erase our tiptoeing
words,

And the slow, mysterious mouth of the water against
the side.

* From *Heavens and Earth*, by Stephen Vincent Benét. Copyright, 1920, by Henry Holt and Company.

If you dripped your fingers aware, wet star dust clung
to the skin,
Spangling the wax-cool hand with the pollen and seeds
of dawn,
And the wake like a fish of fire went twisting alive
within
The willow-dark cage of green, and in splinters of foam
was gone.

Then we saw the cloudy old house, and the waters deep
at its stair
Bright in an endless flood, irradiate, calm, and wise,
Like the milk-white body of Truth asleep in her naked
hair,
And the blood and strength of the Earth arose to our-
dazzling eyes !

Quiet, quiet, and quiet, said the march of the wave
beneath.

Oh, immaculate shone the mind as the lotos of silence
grew !

And the sore heart heavy with youth was a clean blade
straight in its sheath,

As we drank with a matchless dream in that chrism
of salt and dew !

Death jams down on his spade in the bloom of our
elvish orchard,

Even the root-curls crawl at the skeleton jokes he
cracks ;

Let's hold boughs for a while, as our Youth goes out
to be tortured,

We shall remember a moon till they hew us under the
axe !

THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM Sycamore *
(1790-1880)

My father he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer.
He was quick on his feet as a running deer,
And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.

My mother she was merry and brave
And so she came to her labor,
With a tall green fir for her doctor grave,
And a stream for her comforting neighbor.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,
And some like a godling's scion.
But I was cradled on twigs of pine
In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched lap
And a ewer with silver handles.
But I remember a coonskin cap
And the smell of bayberry candles.

The cabin logs with the bark still rough,
And my mother who laughed at trifles,
And the tall, lank visitors, brown as snuff,
With their long, straight squirrel-rifles.

* Copyright, 1922, by The Brick Row Book Shop, and reprinted by their permission.

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,
Through the deepest one of my slumbers,
The fiddle squeaking the boots along
And my father calling the numbers.

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-floor,
And the fiddle squeaking and squealing,
Till the dried herbs rattled above the door
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,
But never a child so lucky!
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky!

When I grew tall as the Indian corn,
My father had little to lend me,
But he gave me his great old powder-horn
And his woodsman's skill to befriend me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,
And a redskin nose to unravel
Each forest sign, I carried my pack
As far as a scout could travel.

Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,
A girl like a Salem clipper!
A woman straight as a hunting-knife
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!

We cleared our camp where the buffalo feed,
Unheard-of streams were our flagons,
And I sowed my sons like the apple-seed
On the trail of the Western wagons.

They were right, tight boys, never sulky or slow,
A fruitful, a goodly muster!
The eldest died at the Alamo.
The youngest fell with Custer.

The letter that told it burned my hand.
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"
But I could not live when they fenced the land,
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt
And rode him into the day there,
And he threw me down like a thunderbolt
And rolled on me as I lay there.

The hunter's whistle hummed in my ear
As the city-men tried to move me,
And I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.

And your life's easy where mine was rough,
My little clerks of the city!
But an easy body is fragile stuff
And I find you easy to pity.

Stephen Vincent Benét

I lie in the heart of the fat, black soil
Like the seed of a prairie-thistle;
It has washed my bones with honey and oil
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of Spring,
And my sons, like the wild geese flying
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing
And have much content in my dying.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.

Hilda Conkling (1910-)

Our book ends with Hilda Conkling, still by far the youngest of all American poets. She is the daughter, as has already been said, of Grace Hazard Conkling. She was born at Catskill-on-Hudson and came to Northampton when she was three. She began, at four, to talk poetry. Otherwise she has remained a perfectly normal little girl. Her mother has divided her poems into lines and read them over to her for correction. "Poems by a Little Girl" was published in 1920, when the child was nine. Her phrase is often refreshingly spontaneous and vividly descriptive. I have selected here the poem of hers I like the best. Hers is one of the most remarkable instance of poetic precocity we have. How far she may develop as a poet there is no telling. She has shown the most remarkable originality and spontaneity so far. Children's unconscious phrases for things often display a piquancy and fantastic accuracy that surprises us. It is therefore not so strange that within a more or less literary atmosphere, Hilda's powers of description and comment should have burgeoned. But with all that considered, she remains an infant phenomenon. I hope she may continue with as startling success.

I KEEP WONDERING *

I saw a mountain,
And he was like Wotan looking at himself in the water.
I saw a cockatoo,
And he was like sunset clouds.
Even leaves and little stones
Are different to my eyes sometimes.

* Reprinted with permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

I keep wondering through and through my heart
Where all the beautiful things in the world
Come from.
And while I wonder
They go on being beautiful.

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